# Liberty

APRIL 27, 1946

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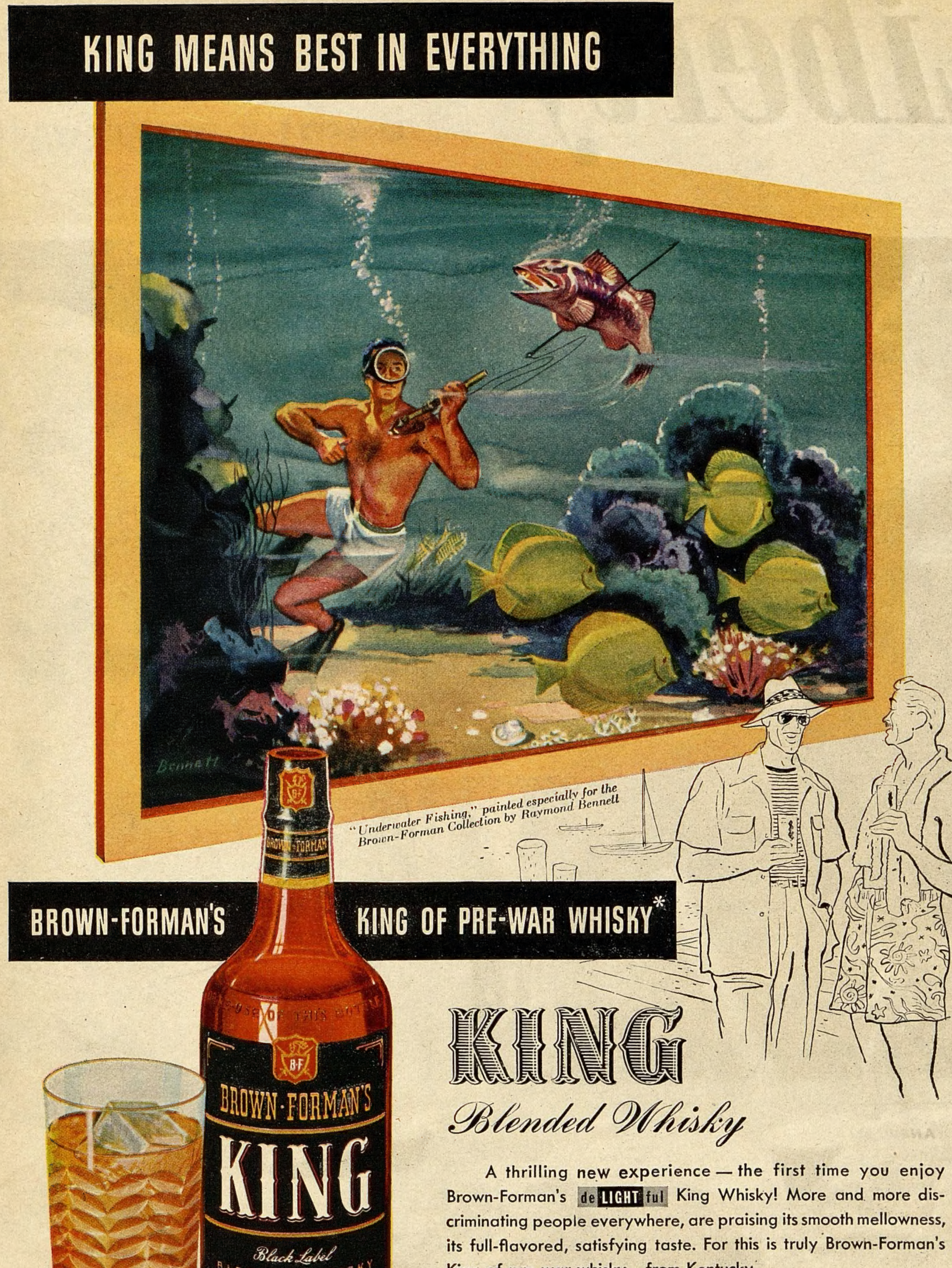
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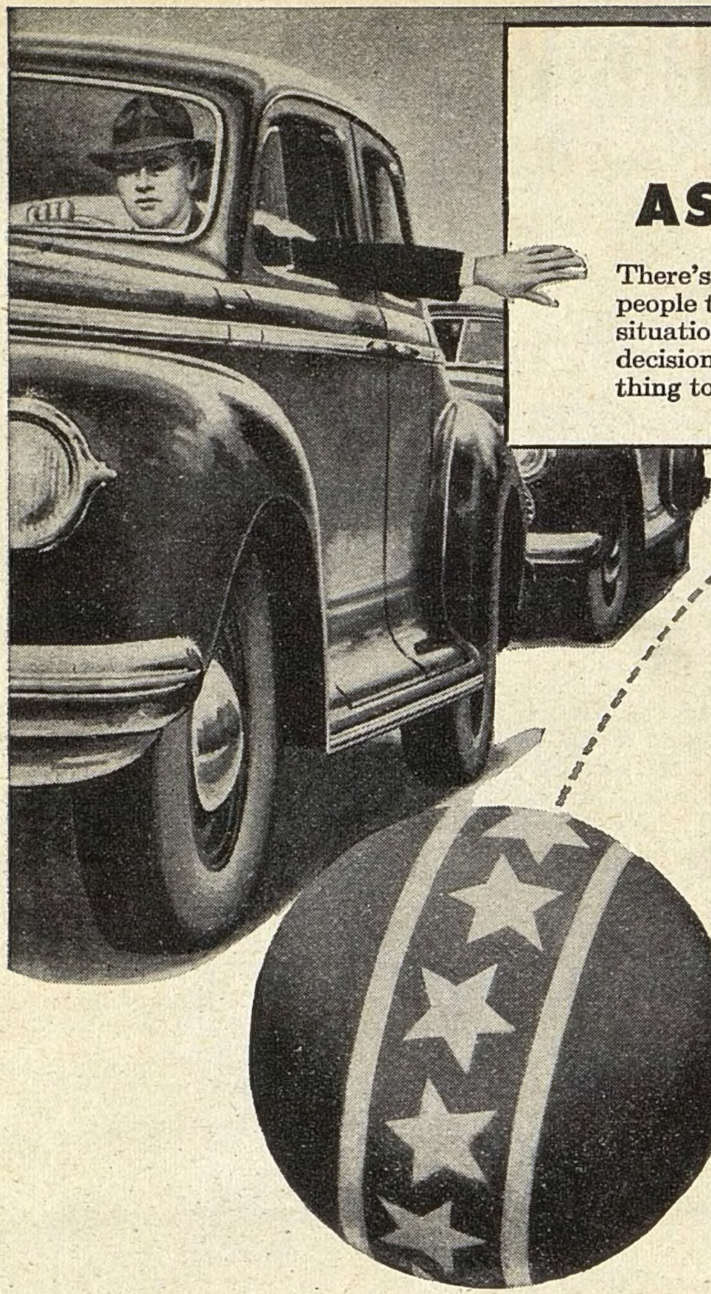


# HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN AUTOMOBILE DRIVER?

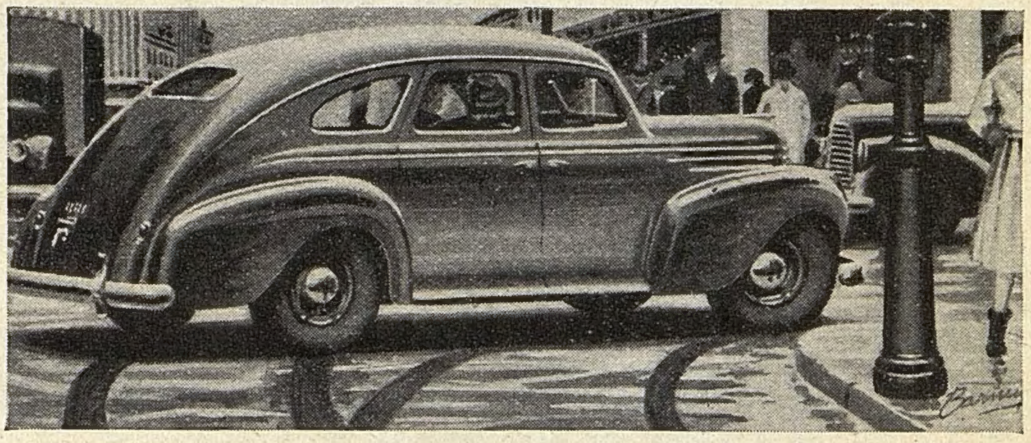
There's a lot more to driving than some people think. A good driver meets many situations with the right split-second decision because he knows the correct thing to do.

What would *you* do in the typical situations presented below?

Three answers right out of five is good —all five answers right is an expert's rating.

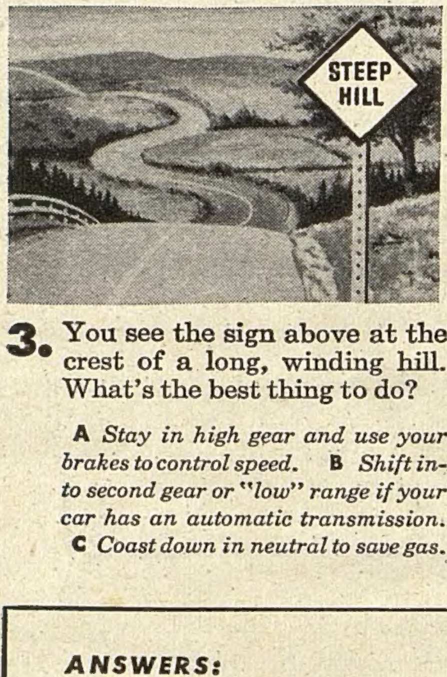
**1.** As you roll along a residential street a rubber ball comes bouncing across the road in front of you. What would you do?

**A** *Ignore it.* **B** *Swerve your wheels to avoid running over it.*
**C** *Blow your horn.* **D** *Slow down and get set for an emergency stop.*



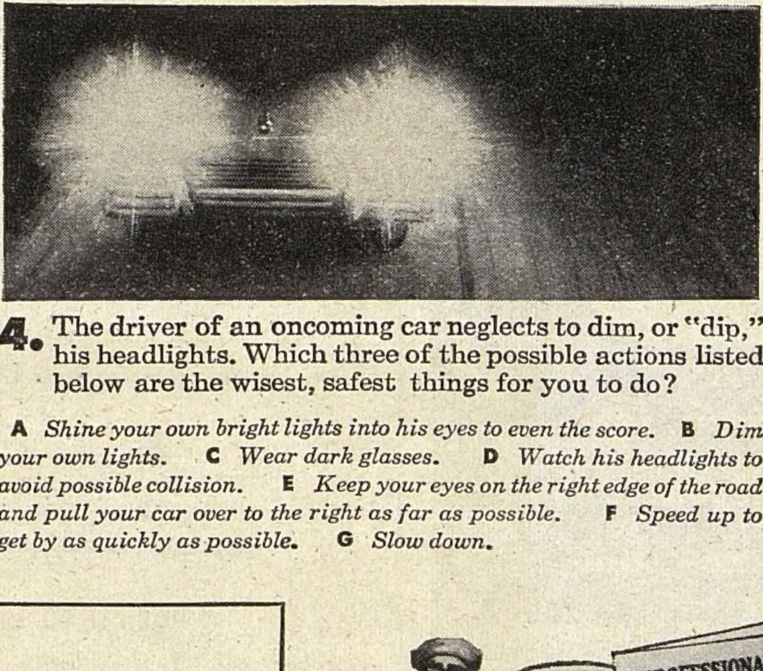
**2.** In making a right turn on wet pavement your car suddenly starts to skid as shown in the picture. Which two of these five possible actions would help you control the skid?

**A** *Jam on the foot brakes.* **B** *Pull up the hand (emergency) brake.*
**C** *Turn steering wheel to the left.* **D** *Turn steering wheel to the right.*
**E** *Keep your foot on the accelerator and continue feeding gas.*



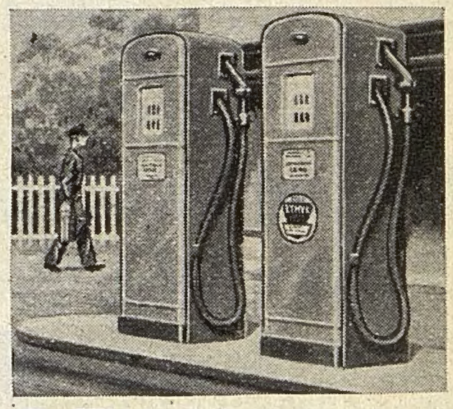
**3.** You see the sign above at the crest of a long, winding hill. What's the best thing to do?

**A** *Stay in high gear and use your brakes to control speed.* **B** *Shift into second gear or "low" range if your car has an automatic transmission.* **C** *Coast down in neutral to save gas.*



**4.** The driver of an oncoming car neglects to dim, or "dip," his headlights. Which three of the possible actions listed below are the wisest, safest things for you to do?

**A** *Shine your own bright lights into his eyes to even the score.* **B** *Dim your own lights.* **C** *Wear dark glasses.* **D** *Watch his headlights to avoid possible collision.* **E** *Keep your eyes on the right edge of the road and pull your car over to the right as far as possible.* **F** *Speed up to get by as quickly as possible.* **G** *Slow down.*



**5.** Which of these two pumps would you stop at to get this service station's highest quality gasoline?

***ANSWERS:***

1. (D) is correct—but it's also good to blow the horn. Remember, a rubber ball bouncing into the street is likely to be followed by a child trying to catch it.
2. (C) and (E). Always turn in the direction of a skid to control it. Never use the brakes, but feed a little gas to get traction.
3. (B) is right. Coasting is dangerous. Use second gear to save brakes.
4. (B), (E) and (G) are right. Dim your lights, and the other driver probably will, too. Don't stare at oncoming headlights—you'll be blinded. For safety, keep your eyes on the right edge of the road, pull over to the right and slow down.
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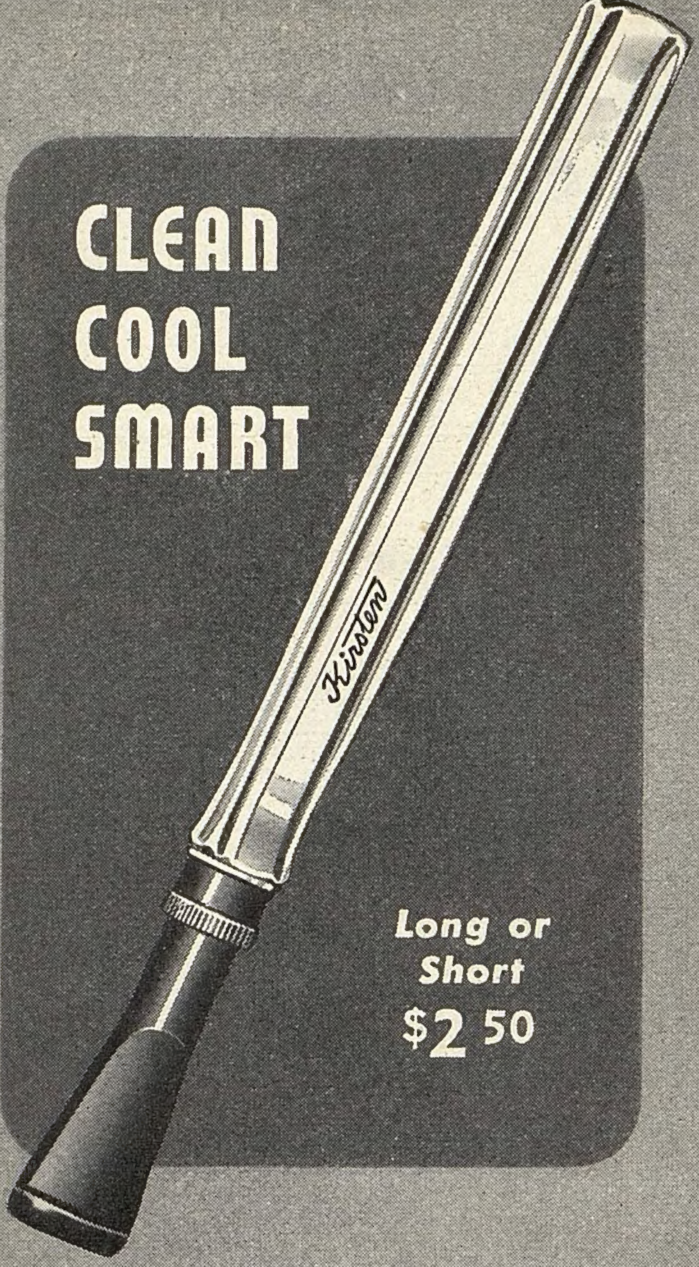
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*Cover: Great North Country*
*Painted by C. I. Gilbert*

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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Liberty, April 27, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 17. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927. at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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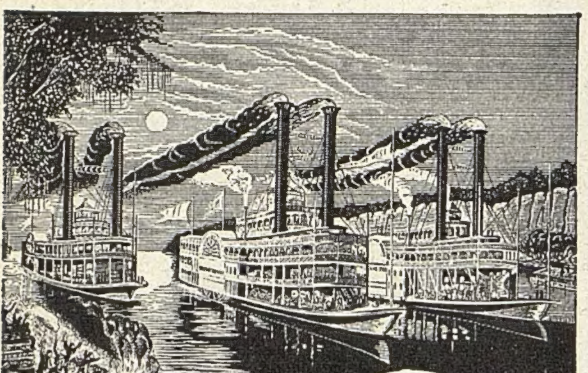

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# VOX POP

## *"The Voice of the People"*

### CUT OUT INFLATION

KANSAS CITY, MO.—In Full Employment—For Business, Too! (March 16) Henry A. Wallace contends that the wage level is the basic source of buying power. In truth, buying power and productive power come out of the same pot. Under conditions of a true price level, which we haven't seen since 1914 and which is possible only by a total absence of inflation, buying power equals productive power.

That's what we should aim for. Now, with inflation steadily climbing, more and more uncompleted economic exchanges—excess credit—will pile up in the banks.—*Otto Kiekert.*

### BIG, BAD WALLACE

GREENSBORO, N. C.—Why do you clutter up your magazine with articles by Henry A. Wallace? He was the man who advocated and was responsible for killing little pigs and plowing up every third acre of corn and cotton.—*William A. Henry.*

### CROOKED COURTS

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The short short story, A Buck's a Buck, by A. E. Hotchner (March 16) is nearer truth than fiction. Entirely too many of our antiquated Justice of the Peace courts are that crooked or worse. And it's a good thing to let the public know about it.—*John W. McAdams.*

### STUDENT OF HISTORY

AUSTIN, TEXAS—I must take issue with Herbert R. Smith (Vox Pop, March 16) when he says that the weak must always lose. Not if we take the long view of history. There is profound truth in the words of the Sermon on the Mount: "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Take the case of China. Many times overrun by the strong, its people have always swallowed and absorbed their conquerors. In the beginning of this era, China was still the land of Confucius and Buddha, not of Genghis Khan or the Manchus.

In India the memory of Gandhi will be cherished long after the successors of Clive have gone back to Britain.

In the Western world, who prevailed through the centuries—the Imperial Caesar or the lowly Christ? No, I am not a pacifist nor a church member; just a student of history. —*Francis A. Brogan.*

### MAKE THE INDUSTRIALISTS PAY

APO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—We have read with great alarm that Justice Robert Jackson, chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, has expressed the belief that the German industrialists, "one of the chief causes of the war," might never be tried.

What a morale-breaking prospect, to think that any of these despicable creatures, who grew fat while others starved, suffered, and died, might go scot free.

Early in his rise to power, Hitler enlisted the aid of Gustav and Alfred Krupp and also put to use the vast empire of I. G. Farben, whose factories are still not more than 10 per cent destroyed. Without the complete co-operation of the German industrialists, Hitler's dream of world conquest would have remained only a dream.

For the sake of all the little people who go to make up humanity, we demand that justice be meted out to Herr Krupp and his ilk.

For until all of those who make war and profit from war are made to pay for their crimes, and until the would-be financiers of destruction in the future are made to see what would be their lot, then there will be war.—*T/4 Fred W. Payton, T/3 Rocco L. Santangelo.*

### PREVENTING WAR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Vox Pop (March 16) Walter L. Monk seems

(*Continued on page 8*)

# Sleeping Car Restrictions Removed!

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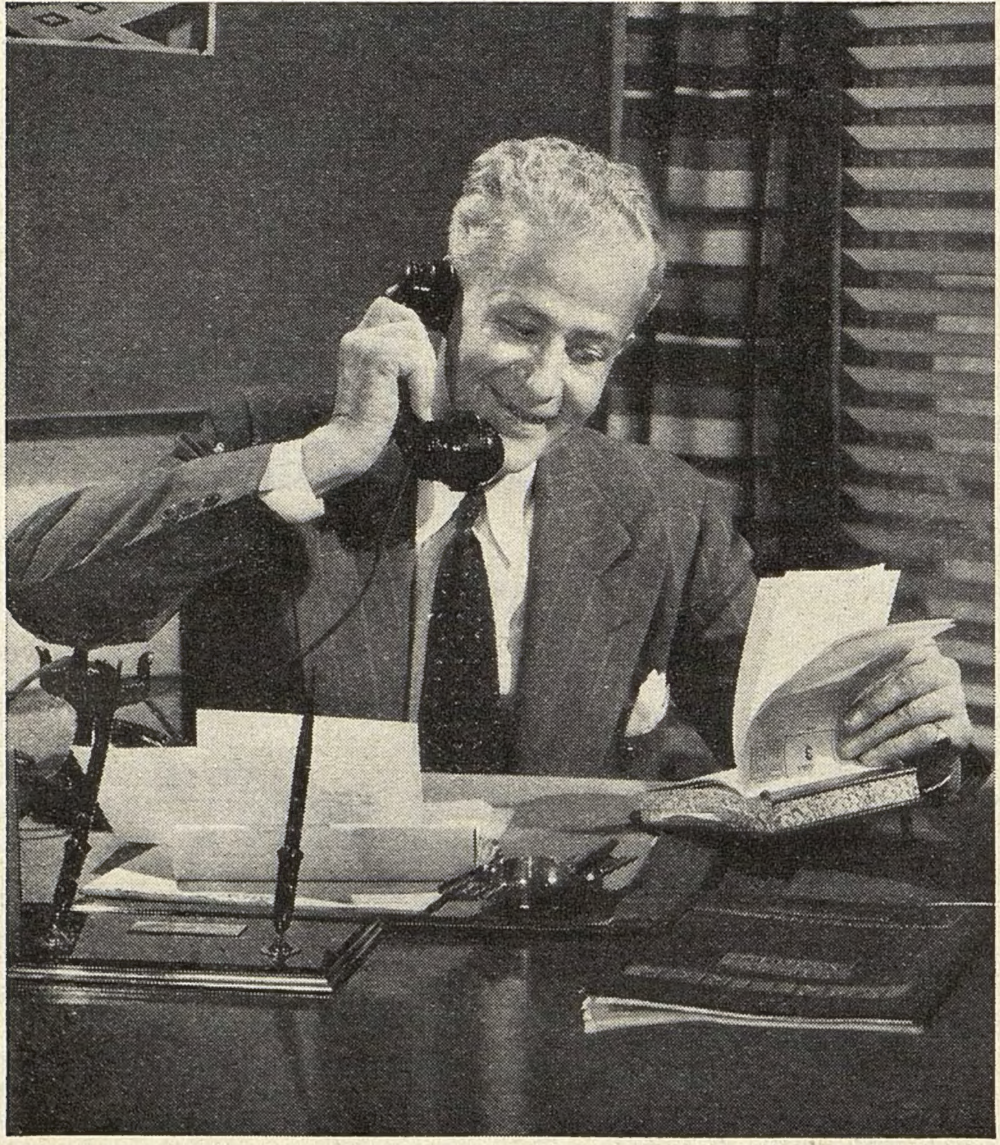

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* Pullman's war job won't be over till the last veteran is home, but future military travel requirements permit the government to lift the ban on the operation of overnight sleeping car lines and to remove the restrictions on advance reservations of accommodations.

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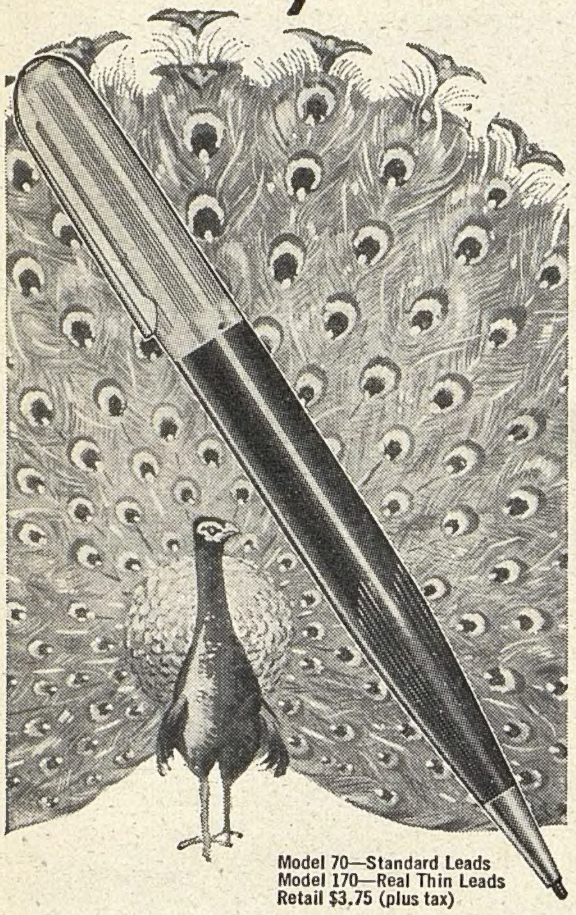

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(*Continued from page 6*)

to think that if there's another war, it will be all Russia's fault. That kind of thinking on a national basis is what makes war all by itself, never mind blaming Russia.

No country is all black or all white. I don't condone everything Russia does. She's made mistakes. But so have we. And so have the British. If we'd all sit down and try to understand the other guy's point of view for a change, instead of trying to force our own way of thinking on everybody else, we might be able to preserve the peace.—*Audrey Sparten.*

Any other ideas on how to preserve the peace?—VOX POP EDITOR.

## ON FARMING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Frankly, I was very much disappointed to read the article by C. Hartley Grattan, Don't Get Stuck with a Farm (March 2).

I have always felt that the concentration of populations in congested areas is dangerous and not conducive to real Americanism. If the article had been modified to the extent of urging people to go in for back-yard gardening in order to take care of part of their requirements by owning a place in the suburbs adjacent to their place of employment, that might have helped. But the whole thing just stressed the point that it is impossible to make a living on a farm. It doesn't seem to me that sort of propaganda is either necessary or really in the best interest of Americans.—*Charles R. Leo.*

But you still can't make a living on a farm.—VOX POP EDITOR.

CORNING, CALIF.—C. Hartley Grattan refrains from mentioning that our Fractional Reserve System is one of the outstanding reasons why some farmers get stuck with farms.

This system legalizes usury by enabling bankers to lend five times as much money as they really have and collect interest to the tune of five times as much as they are entitled to.

The banker simply monetizes the people's credit for his own unearned profit.—*John Silbersack.*

## ORPHAN-CHILD TVA

NORWICH, CONN.—Morris Markey's article, Old Man River Goes Straight (March 16), nicely omits any part the TVA played in holding the waters of the Tennessee until they were no longer dangerous. The Army engineers had been laying concrete mats and building higher levees for years and still the floods came. The TVA stops floods before they start. A few more TVAs on the Mississippi's tributaries, and floods would be much less of a menace. And the water would spend its energy in turning turbines instead of eating dikes.—*Graham R. Hodges.*

## IT'S STARVATION, BROTHER

BOSTON MASS.—Perry M. doesn't know what he's talking about in Vox Pop (March 23) when he says that all the talk of starvation in Europe is exaggerated. Has he been there recently?

Well, I have, and I know the people are starving. Sure, there are black markets, but did it ever occur to Perry M. that black markets are the direct result of shortages? And when you have shortages of everything, you've got starvation, brother. —*Johnny K.*

## PLAN FOR SAFE DRIVING

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Murder by Connivance (March 9), was tops. During my twelve years as a municipal judge, "tag fixing" was one of the problems I constantly had to contend with.

Mr. Hunter is right. We must "do something about it." And here is one plan which would help.

Each person who possesses a legally issued operator's license may apply for membership in the Drive Rite Club. Each applicant must sign a pledge agreeing to drive with more care, obey all traffic laws, not to drive after having had any intoxicating liquor, and to have his motor vehicle in good condition at all times. To each member is issued an emblem for his car. For each year a member drives without receiving a traffic citation or without causing an accident, he receives a star to add to his emblem, and the fifth year he receives a "safe driver's" emblem.

But at any time that he receives a traffic citation or is responsible for an accident (or the person whom he has permitted to drive his car is), the member must surrender his membership emblem for a certain period.

Membership must be free and the plan should be operated from the local police department in each city. —*Sophus F. Neble.*

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

### ABOUT OUR VETERANS' EDITOR

MATT URBAN entered the Army fresh from Cornell, where he was a boxing and track star. He started out as a second lieutenant in the infantry in Africa and ended up, at the age of twenty-six, a major in Germany with a string of decorations and a bullet through his larynx. He was saved under fire by two G.I.s, and that's one reason why he was determined to take up his pen to help returned servicemen. It was at a veterans' luncheon that opportunity knocked in the form of Liberty's editor, who asked Urban to come up to the office for a talk. The net result was a job, editing the VETERANS' BULLETIN BOARD, a regular Liberty feature.

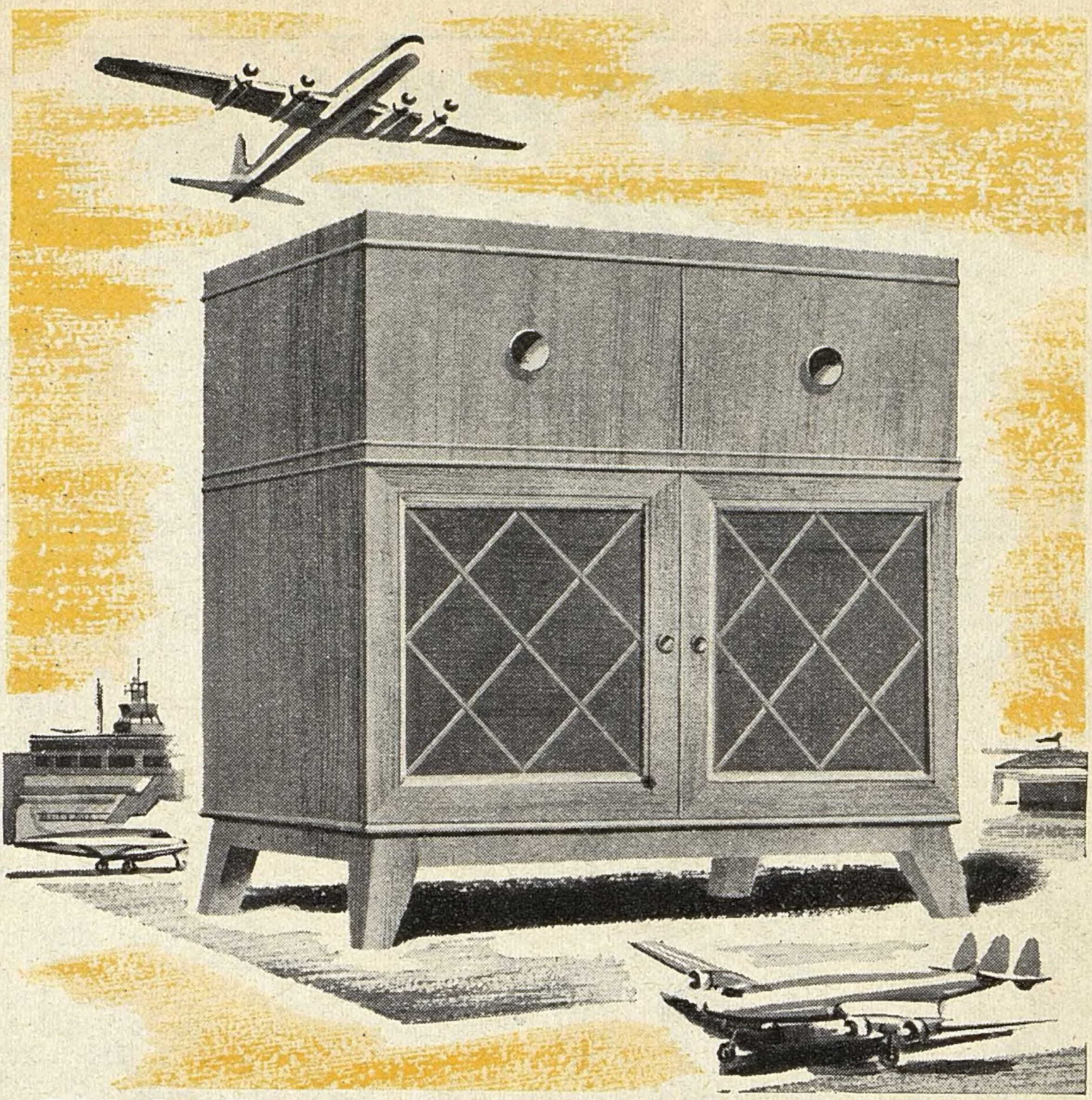
### GILBERT AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS

C. I. GILBERT is addicted to the great outdoors as well as to art. And paintings, like the original on this week'scover, GREAT NORTH COUNTRY, are the result. This one stems from Mr. Gilbert's hiking trip to the White Mountains two years ago. He's the fisherman by the waterfall. "When I go into the mountains," he says, "I take a fishing rod to be able to stay longer. Brook trout and berries save the provisions." When he comes home, it's always with a pile of sketches. Last summer he brought back fifty water colors from a trip to the Gaspé Peninsula. Mr. Gilbert studied art in his native Sweden, in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France. He came to the United States in 1925 and has been freelancing here ever since.

## NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: FOREVER POSSESS
WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED MICHIGAN

NOW it can be told—the secret story of Nipponese parachute bombs. In WHEN THE JAPS BOMBED MICHIGAN, Jerry MacMullen shows how they worked and why they fizzled. . . . Look at Carleton Morse's radio writing income and you'll agree with Dickson Hartwell THERE'S MONEY IN THE AIR. . . . Read a money-saving WARNING FROM WALL STREET in an article on the president of New York's Stock Exchange. . . . Edwin Rutt spins the funniest yarn of his career in CALLAHAN AND THE PAINTED JEZEBEL. Liberty's Book Condensation, FOREVER POSSESS, by Alexandra Phillips, is a tale of romance and revolt in old New York.



With the airways as a background,

LEAR *brings you New Home Radios* ★

Since 1930 Lear has been building aircraft radios — radios that pilots have depended on to guide their precious planes and passengers safely.

It takes extra skill and extra care to build radios like these. And building constantly toward perfection has become a habit with Lear.

Now this kind of manufacture is going into radios you can buy for your home. In a little while you will see Lear Radios at your dealer's. We won't rush them — Lear Radios cannot be built that way.

Some will include television. Some will have the new Lear Tape Recorder. There'll be radio-phonograph combinations and models with FM and short wave. There will be sets over a wide price range.

But no matter which set you select, you'll be sure that you get the most for every dollar you invest in a Lear Radio.

LEAR, Incorporated, Home Radio Sales and Merchandising Division, 110 Ionia Ave., N.W., Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.

The "Chairside" Lear Console, about **$189.50**
—other models from about **$500.00** to **$19.95**
*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies*

LEAR *The Name Men Fly By*

# VETERANS' Bulletin Board

### BY MATT URBAN

REPLIES to your letters are the first and last order of business this week, so here goes:

*Mike Kauffman, San Diego, Calif.* You're perfectly right, Mike, in strongly advocating that something be done to help veteran doctors get back on their feet. There certainly ought to be enough surplus medical equipment lying around with which to stock up the empty offices of returning doctors and dentists. So why not give these medical men high priority and quick service in getting it? In our talk with Major General Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, at the New York State Medical Department press conference, we were impressed by the willingness of the general to help the veteran in his quest for medical equipment. More power to you, General! And to you too, Mike!

Surplus!

* * *

*Sgt. C. J. Kerel, Robertsdale, Ala.* Our letter to you came back marked "Insufficient Address." But you read our page every week anyway, Sergeant, so you're sure to see this answer to your question. The Office of Dependency Benefits tells us that your wife will receive an accumulated Family Allowance check when you return to active duty at the end of your re-enlistment furlough. Part of her allowance is taken from your pay, and since your pay is being held for you, she has to wait for hers.

* * *

*G. R. Shaw, FPO, New York, N. Y.* By the time you read this, the new Navy retirement bill will probably have been signed by the President. Under this bill a Fleet Reservist would be retired, after twenty or more years' service, at 2½ per cent of base pay plus allowances received at the time of transfer, multiplied by the number of years' service on active duty. The pay must not exceed 75 per cent of his base pay. Men credited with extraordinary heroism in line of duty, and with conduct marks of 95 per cent of the maximum for twenty years, will receive 10 per cent extra. Sounds like a good reason for staying in!

* * *

*W. R., Austin, Tex.* Your wife is right. You're worse than foolish to have let your "pride" stand in the way of expert medical care and a service-connected pension. The term "service-connected" includes those injured while being examined for induction—and, just for an extreme example, fainting at the sight of his own blood and cracking his skull so hard he'd never again be able to earn a decent living would be no snickering matter to any inductee, his family, or the Veterans Administration. So listen to reason and file that claim pronto!

* * *

*Pfc. Max Small, Boca Raton, Fla.* The term "volunteer," as used in General Eisenhower's demobilization speech, refers to those who recently signed agreements to remain in service for the duration plus six months, regardless of points, and those who enlisted in the Regular Army. It doesn't concern volunteers for wartime service.

* * *

*Sgt. A. R. Hughes, Halloran General Hospital, N. Y.* Show your friend Section 1507 of the amended G.I. Bill of Rights. In brief, the idea is that any person on terminal leave, or while hospitalized pending final discharge, who meets the length-of-service and other-than-dishonorable-discharge requirements, may take advantage of the educational, vocational rehabilitation, or loan benefits. No subsistence allowance will be paid, however, under the above conditions.

* * *

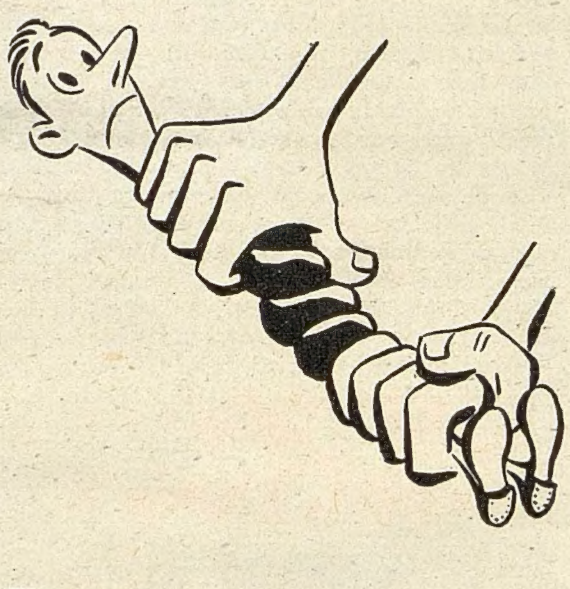
*R. T. B., Dallas, Tex.* The War Department Clemency Board has already started to review the case of every one of the approximately 33,500 military prisoners serving general court-martial sentences, with a view to leveling off sentences handed down by courts-martial in the different theaters of war. The Board reviews the entire civilian and military history of the prisoner, then makes a recommendation for or against clemency. If it is felt that your son was unjustly sentenced, appropriate action will be taken.

* * *

*S1c George Lovett, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.* Yes, you can change the beneficiary on your National Service Life Insurance policy, within the approved classes, of course, and without the knowledge of either person, if that's the way you want it. Get hold of a Veterans Administration Form 336, fill it out carefully, and send it to the Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration Hqs., Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

*Richard J. Schwartz, St. Louis, Mo.* I don't blame you for being peeved at the railroad you're apprenticed to! But they are within their rights in refusing to approve the subsistence allowance to which you are entitled under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Unfortunately they can't be forced to approve it. You've put your John Hancock on a two-year contract as a telegrapher's apprentice at $100 a month. There is nothing in it to the effect that in addition to your salary you may receive supplemental funds from the government. Your boss's statement that approval is withheld "because you would be getting almost as much as a qualified operator, and you're just not worth that much as a beginner," sounds logical on the face of it. But why he wants to wring every nickel's worth out of you, when the subsistence allowance would make the going so much less tough, I don't know.



Wrung out

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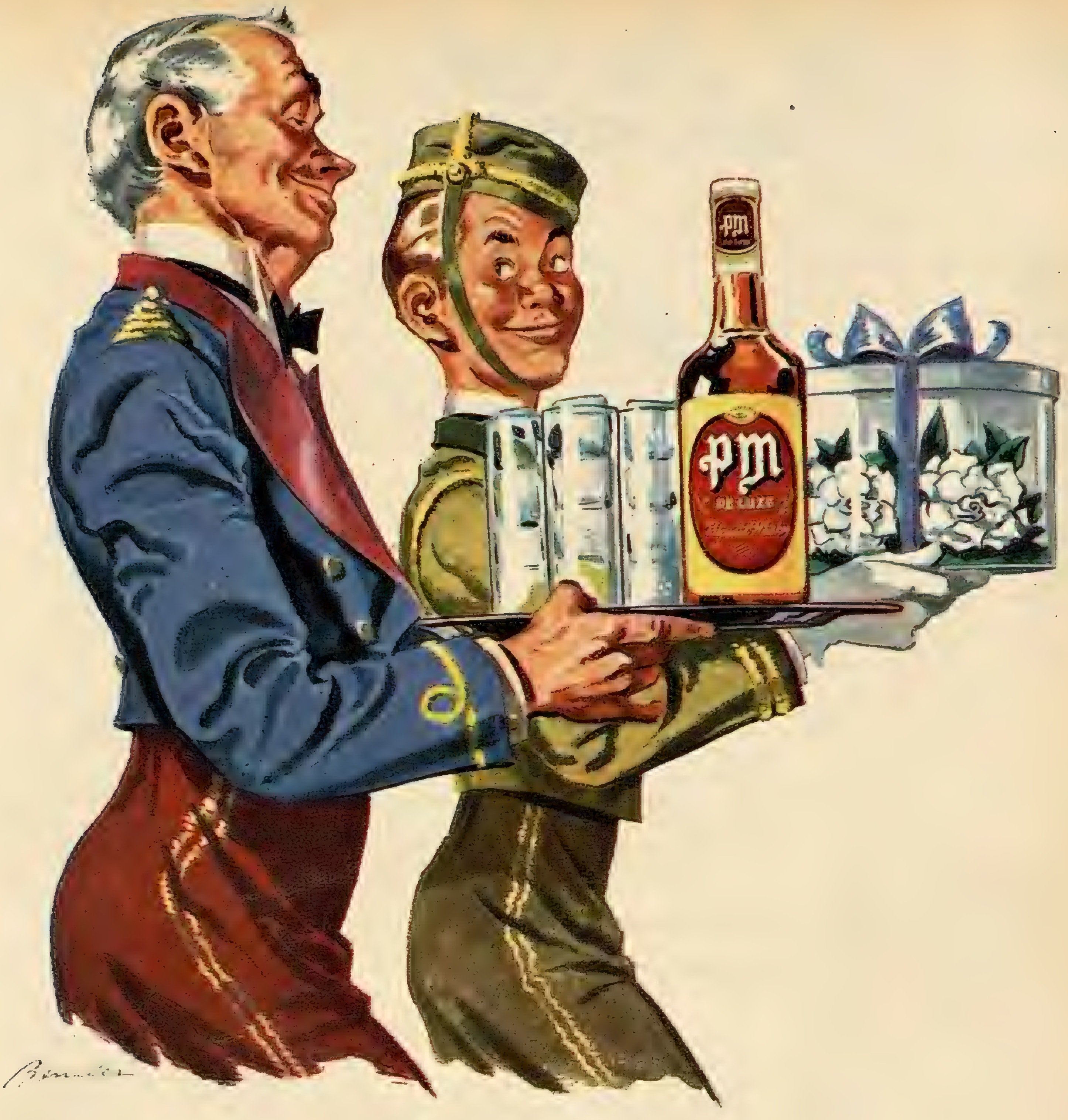
VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



*FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM's the Popular Mixer . . .*
*it blends with all your friends!*
*Pour its satisfying mellowness quickly onto the waiting ice . . .*
*add soda, gardenias and cheerios . . .*
*and three's not a crowd, it's a party!*

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

# ON THE BEAM

### BY WAYNE PARRISH

**Well, by summertime there *will* be at least one helicopter on sale—price, only 48 grand . . . How and why the XP-81 is combination-powered**

SOME weeks ago we said there would be no helicopters available for the private flyer this year. Well, maybe we were wrong. It all depends on your pocketbook. There *will* be at least one helicopter for sale starting this summer, but the fly-away price at the factory will be about $48,000.

That doesn't make it exactly the aircraft you'd pick up in a bargain basement, but the manufacturer expects to see quite a few customers, even so.

It's the Sikorsky S-51, commercial model of the first production helicopter the Army ordered during the war. It will accommodate pilot and three passengers and the visibility is unusually good.

The helicopter isn't yet the sort of aircraft you can learn to fly in five short lessons. It's complicated. It will have its first uses in commercial work, such as taxiing short distances. Its cruising range is 150 miles, its speed somewhere around 100 miles an hour. As everyone knows, a helicopter is an up-and-down aircraft, and the manufacturer can make one claim that the builders of conventional airplanes can't make: the helicopter's minimum flying speed can go down to zero and, in fact, it can fly backward with considerable ease.

If you're interested in more details, the S-51 has a service ceiling of 13,000 feet, a hovering ceiling of 3,500 feet, an average cruising speed of 85 miles an hour, gross weight of 4,900 pounds, useful load of 1,250 pounds, and weight empty of 3,650 pounds. The cruising range can be extended to 245 miles by substituting more fuel for a passenger. The engine is a Pratt & Whitney Wasp Junior.

There has been a lot of talk about using helicopters from big air-line terminals to downtown locations, and you'll see some experimenting along this line. In the Los Angeles area the helicopter should prove out as a connecting or taxi service, and in isolated mining areas it may well serve a vital purpose in transportation where the use of conventional airplanes is impossible. It has uses in agriculture, in traffic control, and in taking an animal census and the like.

However, as for your back-yard helicopter purchasable at the price of an automobile, you'll still have to wait a while.

### Gas Turbine's Pioneer Plane

The first plane to fly in the United States powered by a gas turbine engine driving a propeller has been designed and built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. It's the XP-81, at this writing being test flown in California at Muroc Flight Test Base.

A combination fighter, it has a propeller in the nose and a jet engine in the rear, and advance reports have indicated much greater speed than the conventional fighter's. A gas turbine engine in the nose converts jet power into rotational energy, drives the four-bladed propeller, and provides additional thrust from an exhaust jet.

This is the first of many airplanes you'll be reading about as using the gas turbine principle. Here, in brief, is how the XP-81 rates in the constantly changing power picture. Until the development of jet propulsion, we had the conventional aircraft engine—either air-cooled or liquid-cooled—which drives the propeller. Pure jet propulsion, as used in the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star, employs no propeller. The intermediate stage is this XP-81 use of jet propulsion along with a propeller, giving greater over-all power control for commercial uses, and this stage utilizes the gas turbine.

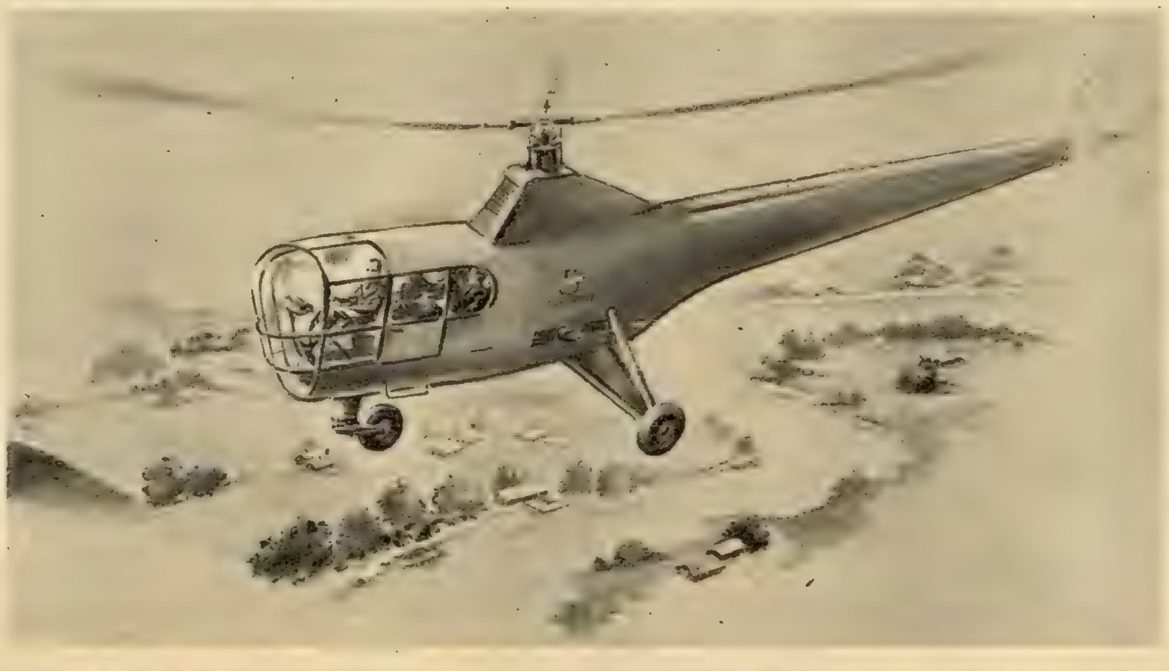
Speaking more technically, the gas turbine in the front of the XP-81 has an axial-flow compressor, as compared to the centrifugal type compressor used in the jet engine. Two large air scoops provide air to operate the jet engine in the rear, which exhausts its gases in a tail arrangement similar to the Lockheed P-80's.

The XP-81 can operate on either engine or on both, and both engines use the same type fuel. For maximum speed, pure jet is the answer. But for slowing down, for landings and take-offs, and for commercial purposes until pure jet is better understood, the gas turbine arrangement is the answer.

### Red Tape Clouds Tropic Skies

Many private pilots have ambitions to fly through Mexico and Central America as far as the Canal Zone. But to date an air trip through Latin America is beset with a maze of red tape, delays, obstacles, and added expenses. It's a real headache. And by no means is all the trouble in Central America. The United States requires more forms to be filled out than any other country, and is one of the worst in complicating the problem of the civilian pilot who just wants to fly on a vacation trip.

Government officials are trying to ease up the regulations on the U. S. side, and various flying clubs in Mexico and Central America are doing their best to cut through the red tape in their countries. One of civil aviation's best-known enthusiasts in Latin America is John C. L. "Tex" Adams, who heads his own company at Panama City. Adams has flown many personal airplanes to Panama, knows and likes the Latin Americans very well, and is spearheading a campaign for simplicity of regulations. Early in the war, he was one of the first crusaders within the Army Air Corps for the "grasshopper" lightplanes for use by liaison, artillery, and other units. He won his battle in the Army and he'll probably win the new battle he's just started. Pilots of all countries will back the crusade.



**How about a honeymoon in Cairo in this? It's a Sikorsky S-51, sketched from life.**

## A secretary dictates her own future

—and what a pleasure it will be to do what she wants most to do—sunning on the jewel-like islands of the Caribbean; thrilling to the scenic beauties of the Rockies—or, perhaps, just leisurely enjoying the companionship of friends at home.

This young woman has made her future happiness secure by means of a Penn Mutual Monthly Retirement Income. It doesn't take much out of her earnings, and when she reaches 55 or 60, she'll have a monthly income for life, so that whether her other plans work out or not, she'll feel independent.

Let a Penn Mutual Underwriter explain a Retirement Income Policy to you. Learn how it will fit in with Social Security and continue *as long as you live.* Penn Mutual Underwriters are accustomed to planning financial programs for many people and can, perhaps, help you more than you suspect. An interview does not obligate you.

**THE PENN MUTUAL**
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
FOUNDED IN 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

**YOUR LIFE PLAN DESERVES THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF A PENN MUTUAL UNDERWRITER**

# CHECKS that have come every year for 100 years

SINCE its founding 100 years ago, the Pennsylvania Railroad has paid to its employees, stockholders and bondholders approximately twelve and a half billion dollars.

Never once over that century has it failed to meet a financial obligation when due.

To its employees the Pennsylvania has paid in wages a sum exceeding ten billion dollars.

To stockholders, it has paid a cash return in every year since 1847—a total of a billion and a quarter dollars.

To bondholders—individuals, and insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies, representing the savings of many millions of individuals—it has paid in interest more than a billion dollars.

From the beginning, the Pennsylvania has been a railroad built by the people for the people. The money to construct it as the shortest route between East and West came from people of all walks of life in the form of subscriptions to shares of $50 each, payable in ten $5 installments. Today, with 13,167,754 shares outstanding, the average holding is only 61¼ shares, and of the 214,995 stockholders of the railroad 106,139—or more than 49%—are women.

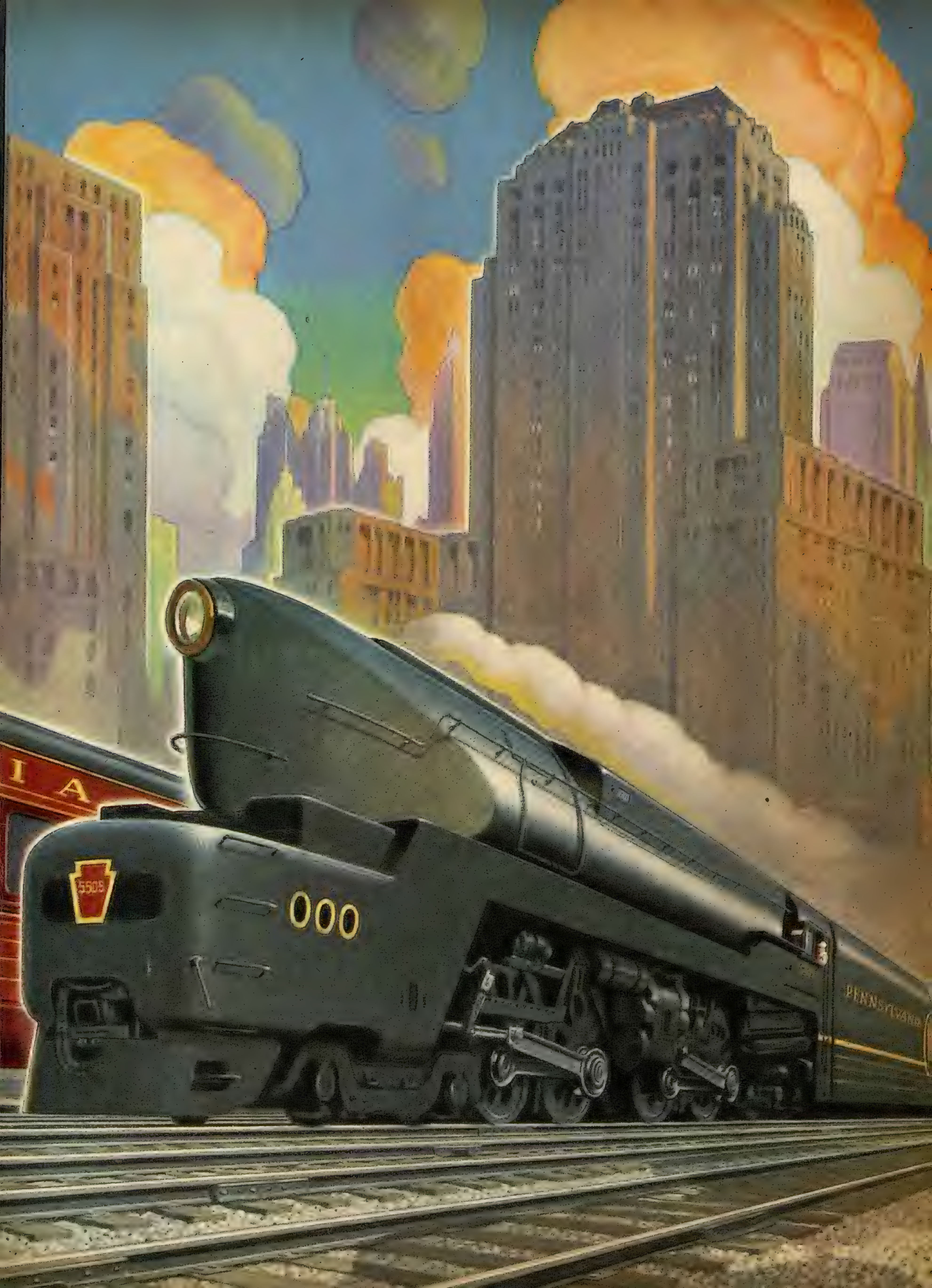
Thus, not only has the Pennsylvania Railroad served the American people through continually improving transportation at low cost—but through wages, dividends and interest (plus huge purchases of materials in the area served)—it has contributed vitally to the prosperity of communities and to the welfare and economic security of many thousands of American citizens.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

100 YEARS 1846 1946

*1846* *1946*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS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PENNSYLVANIA

## Long Distance is catching up too

More Long Distance calls go through as you hold the wire. Long delays are fewer.

The service is getting better, but we've still got a good way to go before we get back to pre-war service.

Once we catch up with that, we'll keep right on going and try to make the record even better.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

LIBERTY PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

This World War I veteran, 47, with an ailing wife and two children, needs a job badly, but employers say he's too old. With $21 a month in compensation, he has been cashing war bonds to meet his living costs of $40 a week. He can't go on.

# It Pays to Be Idle

### BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

**Unemployment compensation is a strong tonic for an ailing national economy — but, like many powerful medicines, there is danger in an overdose**

THERE is one business in this country that booms when all other industries are stagnant. In the slack times of 1939 its transactions totaled $429,298,000 and the following year they were $518,700,000. Contrariwise, when industrial wheels were singing their loudest war song in 1944, cash registers of this peculiar enterprise rang up only $62,385,000. This is the business of unemployment compensation. In ten years nearly 50,000,000 American workers have accumulated credits entitling them to financial help when out of work, and hundreds of millions of dollars have been disbursed.

Unemployment compensation is one of two types of social insurance provided for in the Social Security Act of 1935. Its financial benefits are not to be confused with those of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance. The latter is administered by the federal government and pays monthly benefits to retired workers who have reached age sixty-five and who were insured under the system, or to their survivors if they die. Unemployment compensation, often referred to as U. C., makes cash payments to eligible workers during periods between jobs and during lay-offs. The federal government pays administration costs of unemployment compensation, but all details are handled by state administrators and their commissions according to state laws, with the Social Security Board at Washington acting in an advisory capacity.

In unemployment compensation, each state's fund has accrued through a tax on payrolls paid *entirely* by the employer, except in four states where workers also are assessed up to 1 per cent of their earnings. Uncle Sam acts as trustee for all unemployment compensation monies and

(*Continued on page 76*)

# Something for the Boys

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

### Everyone but Donald Duck took a bow when Rita Hayworth became a star — but here's the real low-down on the rise of Hollywood's heavenly body

ALMOST any day in the week you can start an argument in Hollywood over who made Rita Hayworth a star. Any number of people take bows, but the facts indicate that honors should be equally divided among her one-time husband Edward Judson, the Columbia Pictures publicity department, and, of course, Rita herself.

Between shows, Miss Hayworth and Glenn Ford relax for a bit.

Three months after she signed her Columbia contract, Rita, then eighteen, married Edward Judson and he took over her career. A born promoter, Judson was invaluable to her. He saw to it that she slimmed down, that she took lessons in diction, voice, and dramatics. He had her appear in popular night clubs in low-cut evening gowns on evenings when producers were out in full force. He needled Harry Cohn, Columbia's production chief, for better parts and better prices.

In 1939, fate smiled broadly at Rita. The Columbia lot was temporarily bereft of major talent. Jean Arthur was having one of her feuds with Cohn; Grace Moore had checked off the lot; and Gene Tierney's option had been dropped. The praise agents, looking around for a new face and figure to publicize, took a look at Rita in Only Angels Have Wings. From then on no copy left the studio for the newspapers and fan magazines unless it mentioned Miss Hayworth.

Rita had always played heavies in her pictures. The publicity folk changed all that and played her up as the beautiful and sympathetic heroine who always got the man. Rita was a hard worker and did what she was told.

Then came her big publicity break. A Los Angeles department store had acquired a dress made of pearls which cost a quarter of a million dollars. One of the sales people in Los Angeles told a studio flack about it. Rita modeled the dress at a huge press cocktail party. The dress weighed sixty pounds, and Rita was black and blue from walking around in it. She gave an interview to a syndicated writer on how it feels to have a quarter of a million on your back. The story got a big play all over the country. It was the publicity stunt of the year.

The studio cashed in on it by giving Rita her first important part—the lead opposite Fred Astaire in You'll Never Get Rich. Hollywood characters said Miss Hayworth couldn't keep up with Astaire. Eleanor Powell had failed, and so had Paulette Goddard. Hollywood was unimpressed with the new team—until the picture was previewed. Then Rita was a sensation! Astaire said of her, "She learned steps faster than anyone I've ever known. I don't know how she does it. She's what I've been looking for." Everyone was surprised except Rita and her father, Eduardo Cansino, who is a dancer in his own right. "We planned it that way," said Papa.

After the release of that picture she was given a salary boost and star billing. She was loaned to Darryl Zanuck and appeared with Charles Boyer in Tales of Manhattan, and in My Gal Sal with Victor Mature. She and Judson had separated in the meantime and Victor offered her a broad shoulder to cry on. It was Hollywood's most talked-about romance, until Orson Welles cut in.

Rita tells it that she was having luncheon at Lucey's restaurant in Hollywood one day when Mr. Welles, who at the moment was cooking up his Mercury Wonder Show, moved into her booth and politely asked if he might saw her in two, for the servicemen of course. He then made a tired bunch of flowers spring out of her ear, and made her salad fork disappear into thin air. Rita was fascinated.

"It's nothing," said Orson modestly, and confided that he was working on an idea that would completely revolutionize magic. "It's a disappearance act," said the man who the year before had disappeared from RKO, "and when I perfect it I will give one wave, like this"—he waved his hand over the basket of rolls—"and there goes Hollywood." Rita said all the king's horses couldn't keep her out of his Magic Show.

However, her boss, Harry Cohn, attempted to do what the king's horses couldn't do. It wasn't that Mr. Cohn was unpatriotic and didn't like servicemen, who during the war had put Rita at the top of more G.I. polls than any other movie star. But Rita was in the midst of production of Cover Girl. She had to be at the studio twelve hours a day and Cohn didn't want his top star knocking herself out. In spite of all that, Rita opened in the Magic Show to the acclaim of servicemen, who got in free, and civilians, who paid $5.50 a head. She played several nights, and left only when Harry Cohn became obdurate. But as she spent every evening thereafter in the wings watching the Great Welles do his tricks, Mr. Cohn's victory was merely a technical one. She might as well have stayed in the show.

Then finally, on the morning of September 7, 1943, Rita, who is just about as gabby as the Sphinx, told Helen Hunt, head hair designer at Columbia, that she had an important luncheon date. "I don't have to work this afternoon," she said quietly, "but I think I'll have my hair done anyway." That's as near as she came to telling anyone that she was going to be married.

Rita and Orson were married in the judge's chambers in Santa Monica. Orson had been married before to Virginia Nicholson, who divorced him in 1940. Rita had divorced Jud-

(*Continued on page 75*)

# The Will to Die

***It's not pleasant reading, but this will do a lot to explain the tangled mental processes that lead people down the one-way path of self-destruction***

### By MARGO FISCHER
### and
### NATALIE SHEEHAN

This suicide attempt was thwarted, but more than 15,000 succeed each year.

"LIFE is too much for me. . . . I can't go on. Forgive me for what I am about to do. . . ." Suicide is a major social problem in any civilized nation, but it is virtually ignored until some prominent citizen destroys himself and jars us into recognizing the fact. Such recent suicides as Leon Fraser, banker; William Seabrook, explorer-journalist; Lupe Velez, movie star; Stefan Zweig, author, make us wonder what reason these successful and well-loved citizens could possibly have had for doing away with themselves. The notes such suicides leave behind shed little light on the actual cause. Obviously they themselves don't know *why* they are committing the act.

Probably everyone at some time or other has thought of suicide as the way out of a situation that appeared impossibly tangled. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people kill themselves each year in the United States, and another 100,000 make the attempt. Even these shocking figures understate the case, for a great many suicides are never reported. Now that the war is over—suicides are known to mount in peacetime—it would seem wise to promote a national program of mental hygiene to keep from losing more of these valuable citizens. Meanwhile, perhaps an understanding of the causes of suicide is the best equipment, since a problem understood is half solved.

Motives of suicide have been classified mainly as ill health, alcoholism, drug addiction, loss of loved ones, disgrace, poverty, jealousy, domestic discord, infidelity, desertion, dishonesty, etc. But these are only the external factors; the fundamentals are fear combined with anxiety and inferiority, hatred, guilt, and revenge.

Fear in its normal aspect is a good friend to man. It serves to shock the system into alertness and so help protect us from danger. But abnormal fear, the type which disorganizes bodily functions and paralyzes mental powers, is the enemy to be fought tooth and nail if we would be mentally healthy.

These abnormal fears are intense and unreasonable, and they provoke an emotional response out of all proportion to the situation that causes them.

Suppose as a child of four or five you are put to bed, the door is closed, and blackness envelops you. During the day you have been told the "bogeyman" would get you if you weren't good, and you've been naughty. It's a windy night. Unfamiliar shapes appear on the wall. You hear strange rattlings. You might normally investigate them, but you've been told to stay in bed and go to sleep, so you resort to crying; you know this brings attention. This time, however, the grown-ups resent being disturbed, and instead of getting sympathy you get spanked. Now pain and humiliation are added to the original fear. It's a nasty feeling. Eventually you go to sleep and consciously forget it all, but subconsciously you remember the injury. A series of similar blows, and you grow up with a fear and dislike of the unknown for which you cannot account but which later, under strong pressure, may result in violence.

So simple a procedure as turning on the light and explaining the wind and the moving shadows *at the time* could have saved this fictional child from an unnecessary psychological blow. Wounds of the ego should be healed as promptly and carefully as those of the body if we want all-around health.

People *learn* to fear all sorts of abstract things; they fear starvation

(*Continued on page 56*)

# Tiny Tryouts

*Want to face-lift a harbor or tame a rambunctious river? Miniature models built to scale, and complete with storms, driftwood, and tricky currents, supply the money-saving answers*

### BY MORRIS MARKEY

THERE were no orange groves—only scrub pine on the windy hilltop and, in the distance, the yellow waters of the Mississippi. There were no movie stars in sight—only the cemetery where 17,000 Yankee soldiers have lain buried since 1863. Yet, beside the doorway to the immense one-story building a sign said: LOS ANGELES.

Not without a feeling of slight confusion, we went in. It was Los Angeles all right. Not the oranges nor the film players, not the Brown Derby nor the race tracks, but the very heart and meaning of the city: its vast port, its bays and headlands and loading docks and, stretching into the distance, the Pacific Ocean itself.

It is true that the pierheads and jetties were inches high instead of feet. It is true that we might have waded into the Pacific without getting our knees wet. But the eye quickly adjusts itself to changes in mere size. Here, 2,000 miles from the real thing, was a precise reproduction of Los Angeles harbor, with every minute detail copied in concrete to the exact scale of the original.

The engineer in charge explained: "It was the Navy that put us on to this project. You see far out yonder the long line of the breakwater which checks the ocean swells and gives the Navy an artificial anchorage for its warships. Now, in here," he pointed with his stick, "you see the docking basin where the Navy repairs ships, loads them, ties them up to get at them. Well, they were having a lot of trouble. Currents would get through the opening of the breakwater in any sort of big blow and play hell with the vessels tied up at the docks—smash them around and do all sorts of damage. They asked us to study the situation and design an inner breakwater to protect the basin. Wait, I'll show you."

HE pressed a button that set off a peculiar thrashing and pumping noise far off among the shadows. In a moment or two the flat surface of the ocean was broken and long slow rollers began to slap the miniature breakwater beyond the anchorage. The line of the breakwater itself was about fifty feet long in the model, and its opening to the anchorage perhaps five feet wide.

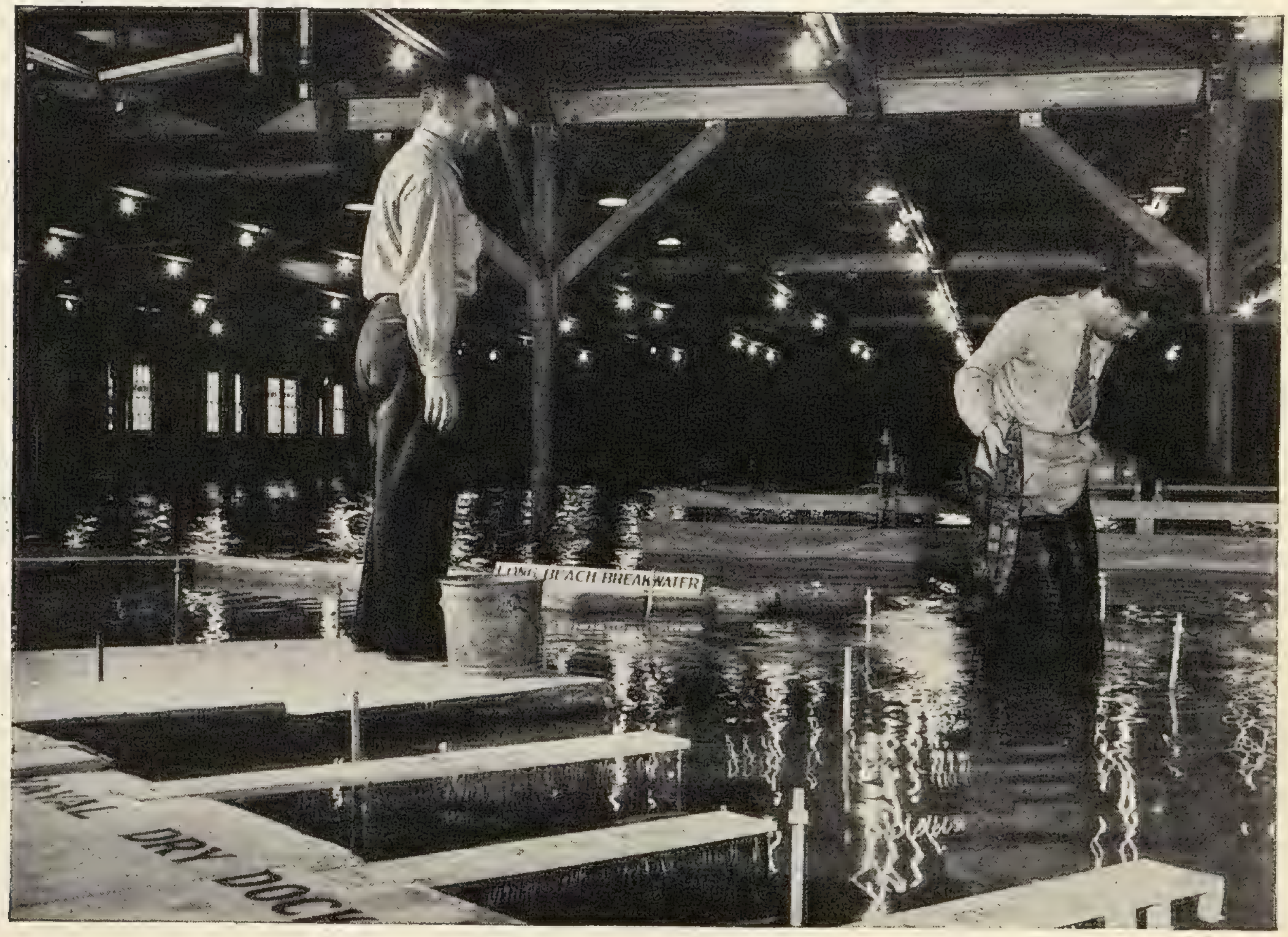
"Just an ordinary wave-making machine," the engineer said. "We can bring in waves from any direction and at any height we choose. They are in exact scale to the real waves, too."

In the docking basin, bits of floating wood which might have been ships began to roll and pitch at their docks, bumping into one another and straining at their hawsers.

"That was what they were up against. They couldn't do any major repairs without going into dry dock for fear a big storm would come up But they could not afford the time or money to do any experimenting with the real thing out there They wanted us to tell them the exact shape and size of the protective jetty they should build."

Now he adjusted in place the elements of the jetty which he and his engineers had finally designed after numerous experiments. He pressed another button and the waves grew

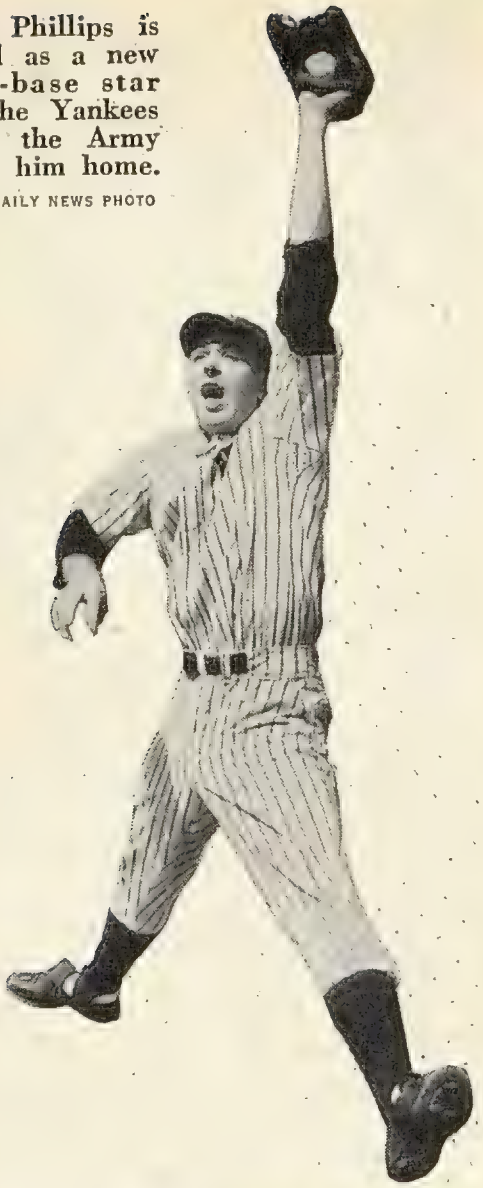
(*Continued on page 58*)



This is a model of a breakwater and the piers at Long Beach, California. At right, an engineer has a ship which will show the action of an artificial storm to be set up "out at sea."

ALLAN GOULD PHOTO

Jack Phillips is billed as a new first-base star for the Yankees when the Army sends him home.
DAILY NEWS PHOTO



*These are the boys who, but for the war, would have blossomed into the big time years ago. The scouts think they've got plenty on the ball*

HARRIET ARNOLD PHOTO
Hoot Evers, Detroit's outfielding flash, outhit the phenomenal Dick Wakefield.

# Baseball's New Wonder Crop

### By HY TURKIN and ARCH MURRAY

IT was a frigid February night. An icy wind whistled through New York's canyons. Baseball seemed a long way off as a thousand of the game's elite filled the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria for the baseball writers' annual banquet.

Retiring to a corner table after taking a bow, Steve O'Neill, manager of the world champion Detroit Tigers, discussed the first postwar baseball campaign. "A lot of people are barking up the wrong tree," he said. "They're counting too much on comebacks by the well-known stars who went away to war. They yap about the Mizes and DiMaggios, the Applings and the Vander Meers, as the home-run and shut-out heroes of the days and years ahead.

"But a good many of those names aren't going to be the hot shots, the champions. Watch out for the nobodies who were just about ready for the big time when war called. It's the kids you never heard of who'll hog the headlines."

That statement was made just before the major-league teams embarked for their first California and Florida spring training since 1942. And now, as order begins to form out of the chaos caused by an unprecedented number of candidates for jobs in the majors, O'Neill's words are daily growing more prophetic. Unfamiliar names already have begun to steal the show, and it's evident that more will do so as the weeks roll along.

Returning to O'Neill, the scribes got him to name at least one terrific dark horse. He smiled. "Evers—Walter Evers. We call him 'Hoot.' He was on— But wait a minute. Here comes our head scout, Wish Egan. Hey, Wish, tell the boys about Evers!"

Though the Tiger talent hunter knows the game too well to go overboard for an unproved rookie, he practically painted this "Hoot Mon" as a prospective Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, and Tris Speaker rolled into a single Christmas package.

Wish recalled Dick Wakefield, the $55,000 gem who came out of the Navy for half a season in '44 to boost the languishing Bengals within a game of the flag. "Well," he declared, "this Evers outhit Wakefield most of their last season together in Beaumont, losing the Texas League batting crown to Dick only when he was hurt and played anyway in the last month. And Hoot fielded rings around Wakefield. Out there in center field, he's going to make you forget Joe DiMaggio."

Extravagant praise, sure. But Wakefield himself grows ebullient about Evers, remarking, "Hoot's the kind of all-around player who makes you feel like sticking your glove in your pocket and calling it a day."

And there are other promising young Tigers rushing back from the armed forces—Bill Hitchcock, fluid-fielding shortstop, and Lou Kretlow, Army Air Forces slinging sensation whose signature was worth a $30,000 bonus last fall. But Evers is the bloke you'll be cheering loudest before long.

At that same baseball writers' dinner, Luke Sewell, the Brownie manager, called his infield prospect Bob Dillinger "the best third baseman in America. Up from Toledo in '42, he was ripe for our league when the Army grabbed him. A superb fielder, speedy, and a fine hitter, he's led every service circuit he's played, in practically every department."

A little later Bill McKechnie was asked who was going to replace Frank McCormick as the Reds' first baseman. He confided, "Don't be surprised to see young Eddie Shokes take it. Ed's an artist with the mitt—best fielding first baseman I ever saw, and if he hits only .280 for us, he'll be a stand-out."

Wonders like Evers and Dillinger and Shokes don't come overnight. Their development has been relentless, delayed somewhat only by the war. It was only natural that when they changed from khaki or Navy blue to flannels, they should rocket to the gold and glory that have been overdue.

Take the case of Rex Barney, who should be a top-ranking pitcher for the next decade. Only three springs ago Branch Rickey stood behind the cage at West Point and watched a reedy youngster fire "aspirin tablets" into Mickey Owen's padded mitt. Rex was only eighteen then, still a student in Creighton Prep, Nebraska. Eyes popping, Rickey bit hard on his inevitable cigar and whispered to Tom Greenwade, his Midwestern scout:

"There's a million-dollar baby. Follow him home. Eat with him, live with him if you have to—but don't dare lose him. Go as high as you have to. He's worth every cent of it. There's the pitcher who'll hurl the Dodgers to their first world championship!"

Greenwade roomed in the house opposite the Barney home in Omaha, and eventually led the lad into the Dodger fold. Several months later, Barney, who had yet to use a razor, was taking a regular turn at Ebbets

(*Continued on page 79*)

**Giants' new pitcher: Mike Budnick.**
HARRIET ARNOLD PHOTO

**Andres, Red Sox third baseman.**
IKE VERN PHOTO

IKE VERN PHOTO
The Cards' Dick Sisler hasn't his father's grace around first, but how he powders that ball! His bat made him Cuba's fair-haired boy.

It sounds incredible, but Colette gets—and clearly enjoys—modern baby care with all the trimmings. The nurse wears a gauze mask.

Anticipation: there's a bottle in sight.

# The Lady Is No Monkey

## By Robert T. Furman

Realization: the formula hits the spot.

Satiation: fed and burped, she's asleep.

An entire African village helps round up chimps for the Foundation.

DENIS - ROOSEVELT
CHIMPANZEE FARM
DANIA STATION
ANTHROPOID APE RESEARCH FOUNDATION INC

Florida's climate is nearest to what the apes had back home.

**Science is now growing its own chimpanzees to solve baffling medical research problems. When the chimp isn't under the microscope, she frolics on a Florida farm and acts like the human she ain't**

COLETTE is a three-month-old chimpanzee and therefore not a monkey but an anthropoid ape. Zoologically speaking, the young lady is the nearest thing to a human being the animal kingdom has to offer.

In her chimpanzee nursery at the Denis-Roosevelt Farm in Dania, Florida, Colette acts much like any human baby. She cries just as disturbingly and just as appealingly. She plays with her toys and chews her teething ring. When her diapers are changed, which is often, she is powdered just as any baby is.

She has her own bassinet, and her nurse, in conventional white, wears a gauze mask when she gives Colette her formula from a baby bottle. The young chimp is burped after each feeding, a technique with which most human mothers are familiar. There's a daily bath. And the nurse snuggles Colette in her arms at frequent intervals, for if an ape child is starved for affection, it will suffer as would any human infant.

This parallel between Colette's infancy and that of any human baby will continue for a year or more. It ends at the age when a man-child begins to talk. With speech, the human babe leaves the chimp far behind intellectually. Yet, as an adult ape's, Colette's intelligence will surpass that of other animals. She'll have a consistent sense of humor and will be smart enough to make limited use of such tools as a hammer, a saw, and a screw driver. She'll be able to work out simple problems of cause and effect, and she can be taught to ride a bicycle.

Both mentally and physically, Colette and her anthropoid cousins, the gorillas, orangutans and gibbons, are much more like men than they are like monkeys. Every organ of man, only slightly modified by a parallel evolution and adapted to a different environment, has its counterpart in the anthropoid apes. The ape brain in its general development startlingly approximates that of man. But the most human thing of all about the apes is their susceptibility to the great majority of diseases which affect man. Therein lies their greatest potential value to the human race. They will, if all goes well, make possible greater advances in medical science by providing opportunity for new research.

As the frontiers of medical knowledge have been pushed further and further back, scientists have come to realize that the conventional laboratory animals such as mice, rabbits, and guinea pigs can be useful only up to a point. Beyond that point, experimentation, to be effective, must be done on man himself or on an adequate substitute, either because the lower animals are not susceptible to many human diseases or because they react differently from human beings.

The problem of finding a cure for infantile paralysis is an example. Doctors believe a virus causes the disease, but they don't know much about how it is contracted, nor do they agree on the treatment. Progress has been hampered because the animals available for research don't contract the disease, at least not as human beings do. Research workers have been forced to piece together, bit by bit, the knowledge gained from the treatment of patients. At best, this is a slow process.

To develop a cure for any disease, a scientist must first find the cause. He cannot be sure he has found the right germ or virus until he can give the disease to a healthy man or animal. In the case of infantile paralysis, parents cannot be expected to allow their children to run the risk involved in experimentation. That's where Colette and her relatives can be of service. They are the man-substitute which scientists need to speed up their fight on disease.

Infantile paralysis is only one of hundreds of fields in which research with apes would be valuable. Leading medical men have long believed that an adequate supply of apes would permit a direct experimental attack in many fields where they are now groping for knowledge. Some of the medical subjects which they say would be benefited by such research have high-sounding and, to most laymen, unintelligible names, such as neuropathology, endocrinology, embryology, serology, immunology, and gerontology. Some of the more familiar are the common cold, pneumonia, cancer, normal and abnormal sexual psychology, emotional studies, and tropical diseases such as the malarias and the dysenteries.

Controlled tests also would be important in the study of drugs and serums. What are the long-range effects of the sulfa drugs, of penicillin? What is a lethal dose? What about sleeping tablets? Will their continued use damage the nervous system and the brain? What are the effects of certain X ray treatments over prolonged periods? Chimpanzees would be ideal for such tests. The possibilities are far reaching if the apes were available.

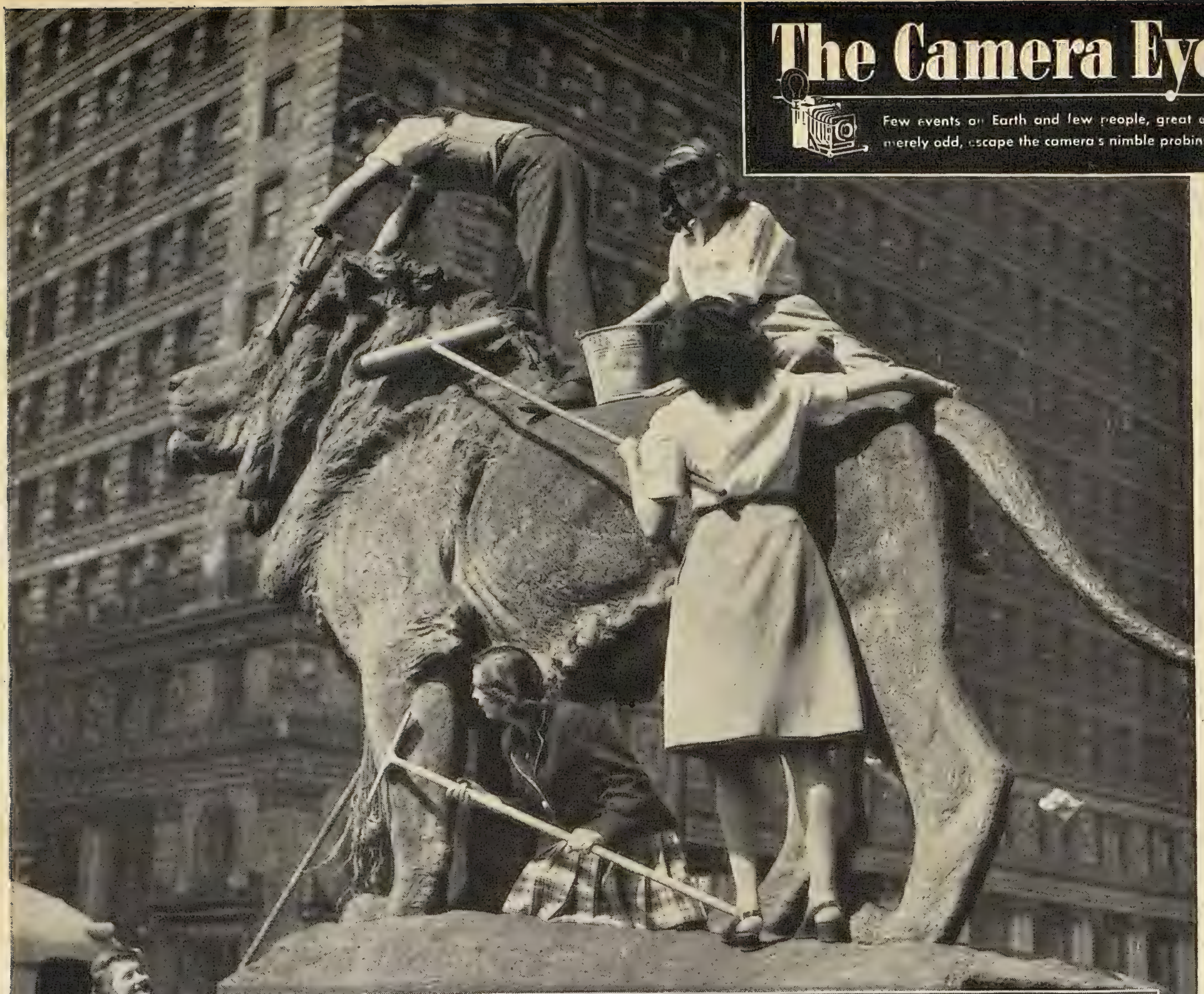
It is to make them available that a new organization has been formed—the Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation. Started with the help of some of the foremost research scientists in the country, the foundation represents the first concerted effort in America to provide apes at low cost for medical research. Under the direction of Armand Denis, Oxford man, world traveler, and explorer, who produced such adventure pictures as Dark Rapture and Dangerous Journey, the foundation is now collecting apes along the west coast of Africa from French Guinea to Angola. These animals will be added to the Denis-Roosevelt Farm collection to form a sizable nucleus for breeding.

Armand Denis and his wife, Leila Roosevelt, have been raising chimpanzees in this country for a number of years. In fact, they've been raising them along with their own children, in an effort to learn more about chimpanzee home life. The three young Denises have now reached the age where their interest in chimps is as avid and scientific as that of their parents. Armand and David, eighteen-year-old twins, assume their

(*Continued on page 88*)

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

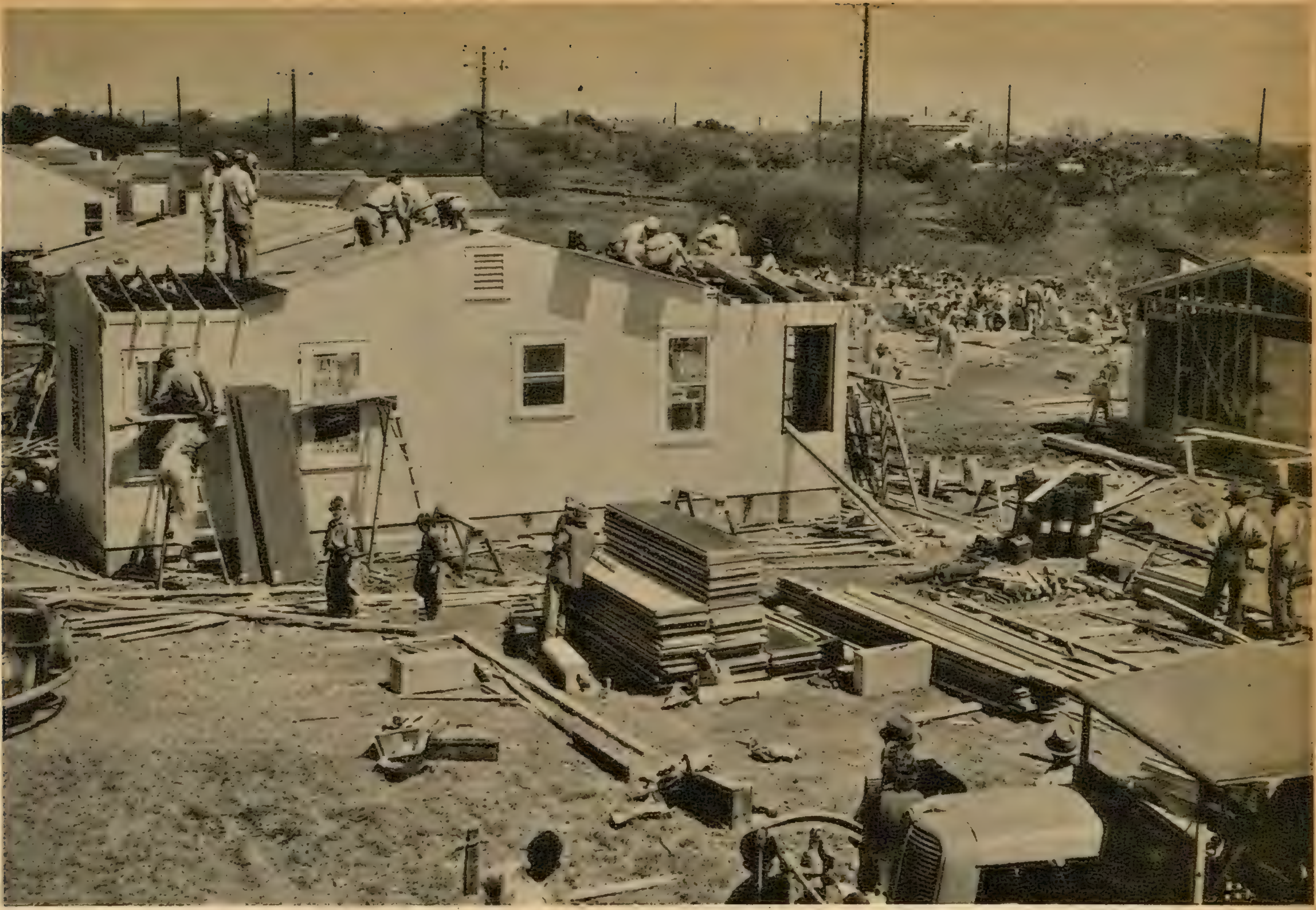


**SCRUB TEAM GETS A WORKOUT—** Each spring, Chicago Art Institute students roll up their sleeves, get pails and brushes and scrub the lions out front.

BRADLEY SMITH

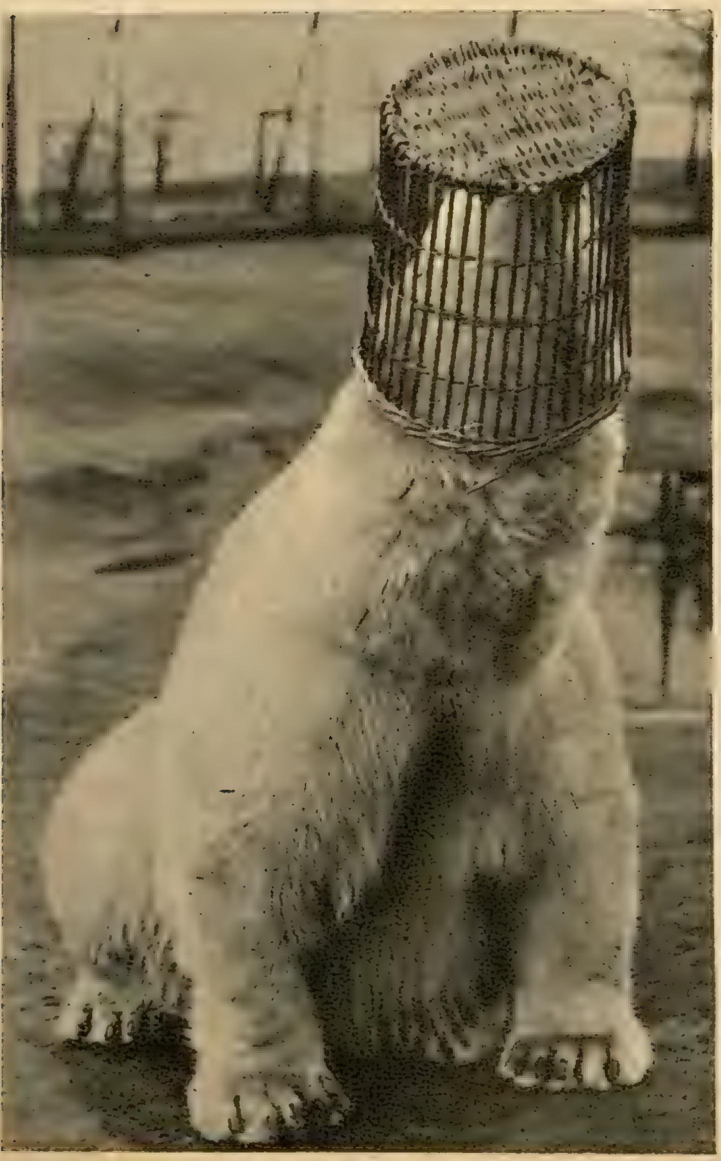
**BRAND-NEW AMERICANS—** These children of the G.Is stole the show on a bride ship from England. Exultant Jennifer Dullea was Chicago-bound, and Ian Duncan, a little bit perplexed at all that glamor, went to Baltimore.

INTERNATIONAL



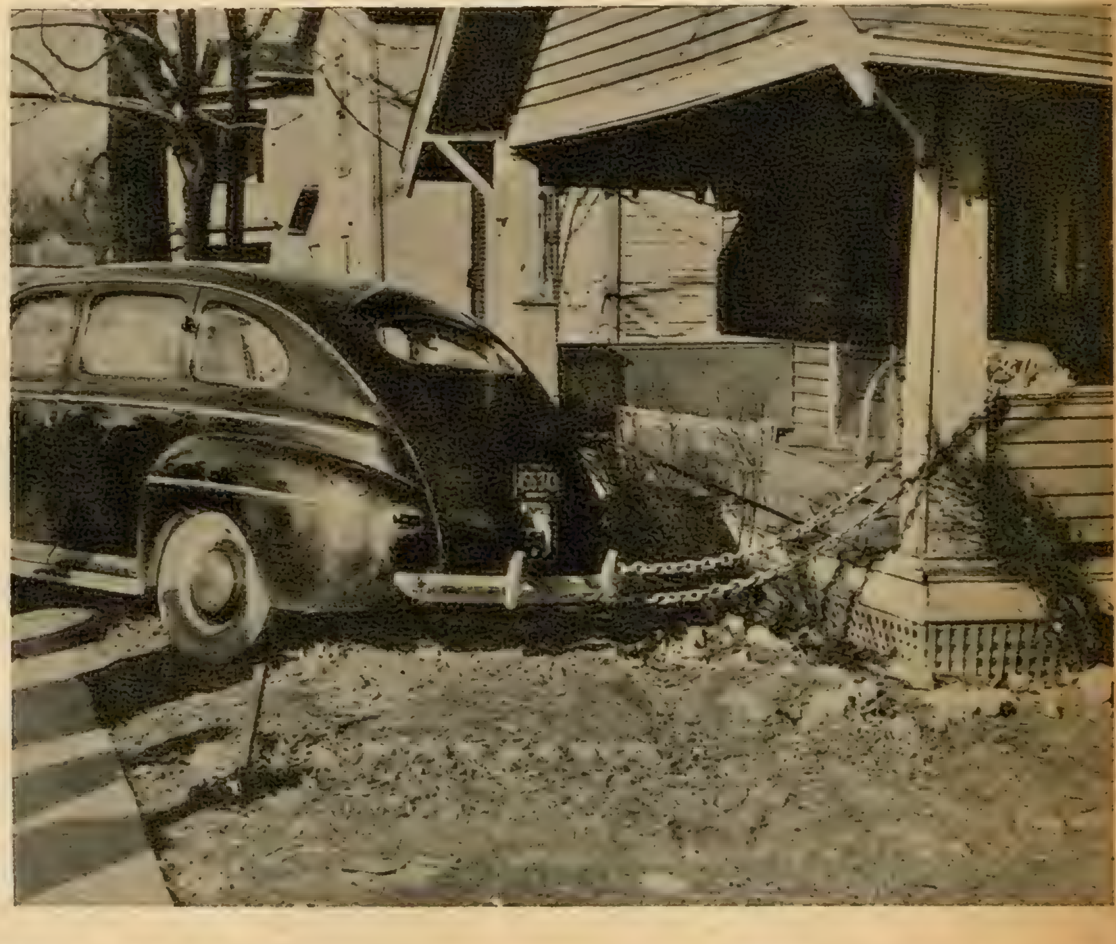
**IT WAS A VACANT LOT YESTERDAY**—This picture was made four hours after 200 workmen in Corpus Christi, Texas started on the house townspeople gave to T. M. Jarvis, Jr. He lost both legs in Germany. The job was complete in just over eight hours.

WIDE WORLD



**BEAR IN A BASKET**—This polar bear in London's Whipsnade Zoo is not muzzled. He just likes baskets. He plays with 'em for hours, then rips them to bits, thus keeping his keepers busy keeping him supplied.

ACME



**HOME OWNER ATTACHES CAR**—When this car ran into his house in Muncie, Indiana, Frank Douglas made sure he'd collect damages before anyone removed it. So he slapped on an attachment—a chain instead of a writ.

ACME

### BY
### DONNA GEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

# I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling

FUNNY thing. I'd been thinking about Tone on my way over to Jamie's for my date with her that night. Thinking how peaceful it was without the guy under my feet every time I had a date. Thinking it wouldn't exactly break his arm to write and let me know how the squadron wasn't the same without me.

So I was plenty startled when Jamie ran down her front steps and said, "D. T. Guess what! Tone's here. He's home on leave!"

Jamie had on a gray dress with little yellow stripes, and yellow flowers in her smoky hair. Jamie always shines like a kid that's just caught sight of the tree on Christmas morning. But she never looked better than she did right now—now with Tone on leave!

"Oh, joy," I recited monotonously. "Oh, goody. How sweet."

My troubles with Tone started way back at the U. when I tripped over the lug every time I had cornered some luscious number. So when he landed a number that wasn't too bad, I made myself plentiful where he was too. Sometimes, even way back there, the date was Jamie.

Tone and I were buddies all right, but I didn't complain when he was left behind in Europe with the B-17s and I was transferred home to learn the helicopter at Hatchet Field—not ten miles from Jamie's house.

Jamie laughed as Tone unfolded from one of the porch chairs.

"Tone! Here he is! Here's D. T.!"

Tone grinned. "Hi, Twirly Bird." Twirly Birds are the noble order of helicopter pilots.

I felt my own grin spread. After all, if a leech sticks long enough, you do get used to it. "Still stuck back in the fixed-wing era, I see," I retorted.

Jamie looked from one to the other of us with that isn't-this-the-most-wonderful-world? sparkle in her blue eyes. "You two visit while I fix the drinks."

We sat down, and when the first warm flush of recognition was worn off, we squared away like a couple wrestlers still in the polite stage.

"Heading for police duty in the Pacific, Tone?"

"Yeah. Unless they make an instructor of me."

I got that gravel. "I suppose you think I wanted to teach jerks to fly the helicopter." I was riled. I was doing all right flying missions myself when I got hauled back.

Tone lifted an eyebrow. "Did I say so?"

"You have to be good to fly helicopters," I added. "They haven't got vibration and control licked yet."

Jamie came out with ice tinkling. I fizzed up. After all, I was the one who had a date with her tonight. "Maybe you've got a friend for Tone," I suggested.

"Just watching you and Jamie enjoy yourselves will be fun enough for me." Tone, the noble.

"I know." Jamie bubbled over some more. "Let's go to the pier. Tone would be crazy about the orchestra."

TWO more perfect gentlemen never squired fair lady to a dance.

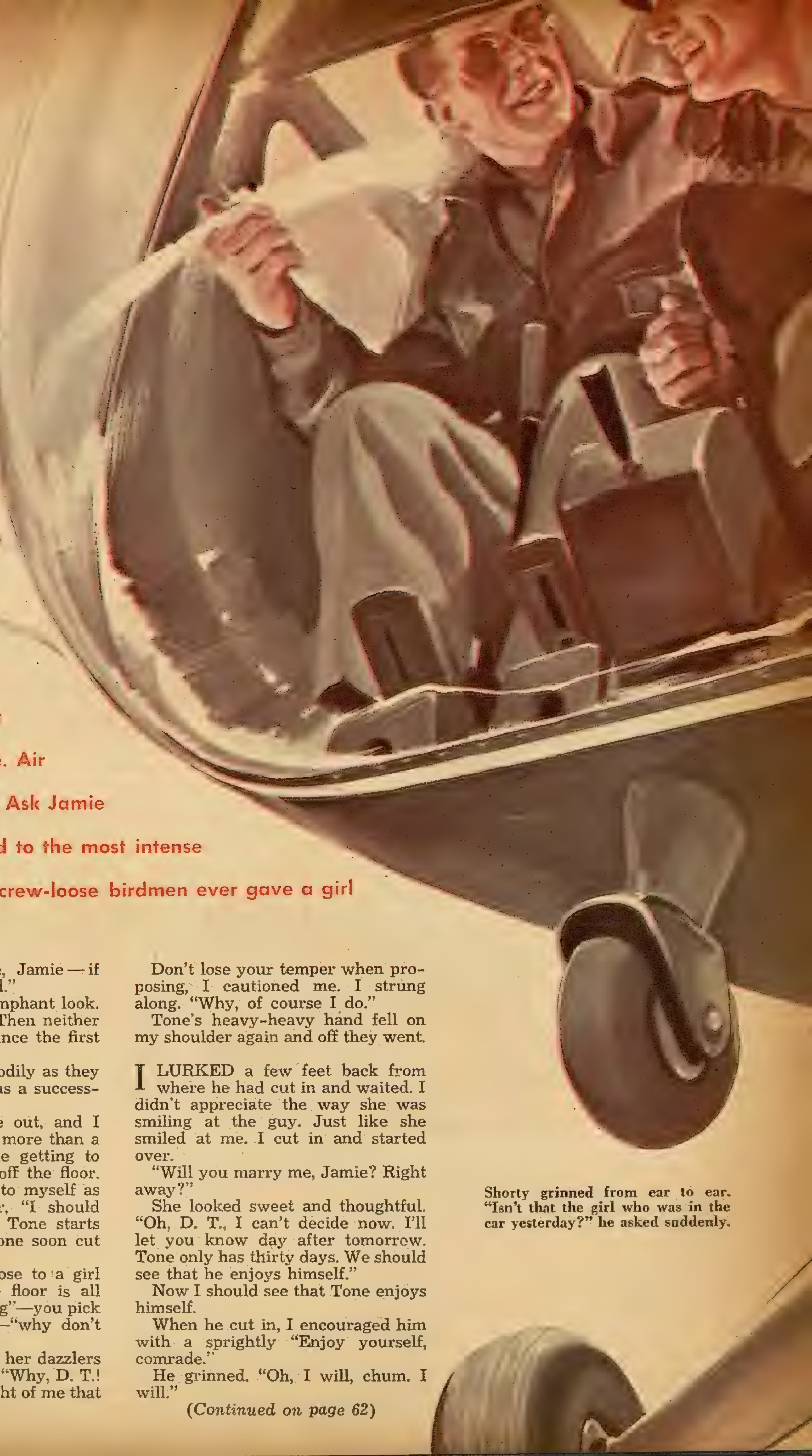
"You have the first dance, Tone. After all, you're just back from overseas."

Mock horror. "Oh, no, D. T. You first. I'm horning in on your date." Humble-like. He knew as well as I did what happened to Jamie when she got feeling sorry for somebody.

Just then this bell-bottomed trousers, coat of navy blue sails up.

"Jamie! Jamie Jackson! Or has long exposure to salt water started my eyes conjuring visions?"

"Why, Donny! My, it's good to see you!"



All's fair in love and war, but what works in war doesn't always work in love. Air power, for example. Ask Jamie—who was subjected to the most intense bombardment two screw-loose birdmen ever gave a girl

"How about a dance, Jamie—if your friends don't mind."

Jamie gave us a triumphant look. "Mind? Of course not. Then neither of them will have to dance the first dance with me."

"That," Tone said moodily as they waltzed off, "is known as a successful naval operation."

We sweated that one out, and I don't think we maimed more than a small handful of people getting to Jamie when she came off the floor. I won. "Better," I said to myself as we made for the floor, "I should clinch this deal before Tone starts getting ideas." Only, Tone soon cut in.

It's not easy to propose to a girl when once around the floor is all you get. "As I was saying"—you pick up where you left off—"why don't you marry me, Jamie?"

Jamie gave me one of her dazzlers and squeezed my hand. "Why, D. T.! I didn't know you thought of me that way!"

Don't lose your temper when proposing, I cautioned me. I strung along. "Why, of course I do."

Tone's heavy-heavy hand fell on my shoulder again and off they went.

I LURKED a few feet back from where he had cut in and waited. I didn't appreciate the way she was smiling at the guy. Just like she smiled at me. I cut in and started over.

"Will you marry me, Jamie? Right away?"

She looked sweet and thoughtful. "Oh, D. T., I can't decide now. I'll let you know day after tomorrow. Tone only has thirty days. We should see that he enjoys himself."

Now I should see that Tone enjoys himself.

When he cut in, I encouraged him with a sprightly "Enjoy yourself, comrade."

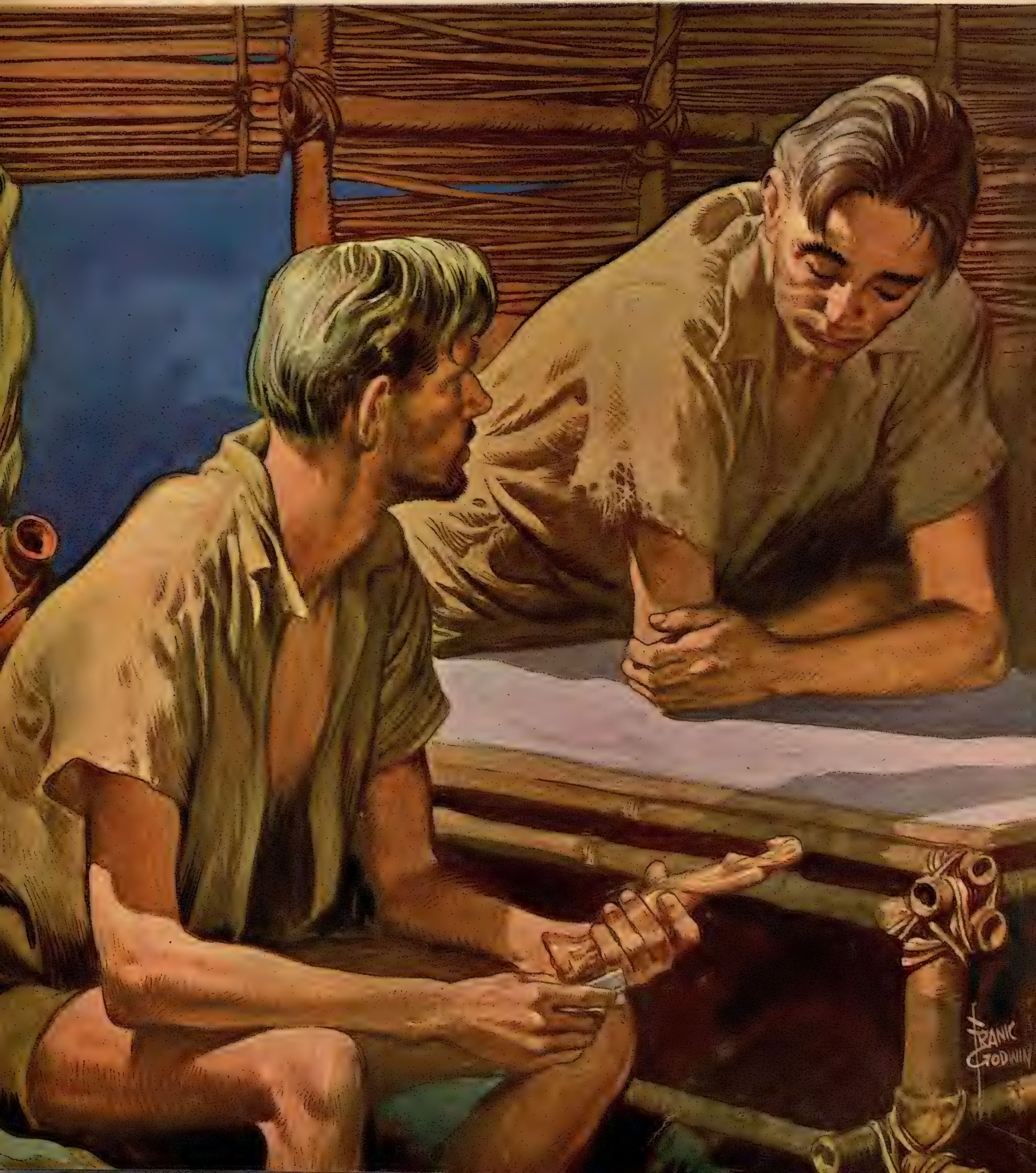
He grinned. "Oh, I will, chum. I will."

(*Continued on page 62*)

Shorty grinned from ear to ear. "Isn't that the girl who was in the car yesterday?" he asked suddenly.

# The Figurine of

"Is she like that, Jack?" Kelly asked slowly. "It's a little like her," I said, "but only a very little, Kell."


FRANK GODWIN

# Hungry Compound

**The Nips tried to find the thing that kept Jack alive, but it was not within their power to find or understand it. An exquisitely tender story that can be read with more pleasure than pain now that hearts the world over are reunited**

### BY R. WILKES HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE camp in which the Japs held us prisoner was up in the green hell of Malaya, deep in the primeval forest, beyond the limestone peaks. We called it Ueru Compound. *Ueru* is Nip for hungry, and the name was apt.

It wasn't an important P.O.W. camp.

It only rated a Nip lieutenant of Engineers as commandant.

Our job was the building of a single-line railroad, so ours was a mobile camp. They had a barbed-wire compound and some native huts for us; a light orderly room, where the Nip officer lived; and good British tents, from Singapore, for the guards.

There were plenty of guards. They were there, armed and alert, when we rose at daylight, and through the long, hard hours of the day. And they were there, outside the wire, when we slept upon the muddy ground at night.

There were two hundred of us Aussies in the camp by the railroad—that is, there were two hundred of us at first. Then, as the months crept into years, and work and disease and malnutrition took their toll of us, there were not so many. And the work still had to be done.

I had cobbers. There was Curly. He—died. And after that there was Jim.

Jim was tough—from Western Australia. He had a wife and kid. Jim always thought that he'd see it out. But one day he traded a pick for some native food, and it wasn't nice the way they killed Jim.

After a while I didn't have any close cobbers—it hurt too much when they took them away.

I suppose that I should have died, but there was something within me which fought against death strongly. It was something that they couldn't take away from me, something which they couldn't beat out of me. It was my love for Val. . . .

WE turned out past the guard at the gate, and Corporal Yashita swung his arm left, away from the railroad, toward the river.

We brightened a little, and Kelly nudged me. "Dame Rumor says we're going to the jetty," he said. "Never know—we might find something. It'll be a change anyway!"

"Yeah," I said. "It'll be a change to see salt water again."

I was thinking about the sea. Another sea—and Val. A sea with long green rollers and a golden beach. . . .

The Nip sailors on the small craft were impatient. The cases were heavy and we were weak.

And then, among the cases piled beside the jetty, I saw a small piece of wood.

It was a piece of Australian spotted gum. The sun had seasoned it, weathering it to a golden tan color, which reminded me, just a little, of Val's sun tan the year I went away.

I was just stooping to pick it up when Yashita came along.

He grinned at me, showing his gold-filled teeth, with the blubbery lips turned back. He hit me with the butt of his rifle, and I fell between the cases.

When I scrambled up and wiped the blood from my face, he was just standing there watching me.

He knew no English, so I made my voice apologetic and said, "I'll kill you one day, Yashita. I'll kill you slowly, with a knife, or a bayonet in your guts."

I started work again, and I had the piece of wood hidden in my ragged shirt, but I knew that the thought behind his little piglike eyes meant death for me. And deep inside me I was scared, like a child who meets an unexpected danger in the night.

Corporal Yashita would pick a man and watch that man continually, beating him, bullying him, reducing his rations. Punishing him for no reason, and gloating as the man became weaker and the grayness crept into his face. After a while the man died, and Yashita chose another. We had buried his latest victim the day before, in the cemetery beyond the compound.

Yashita's eyes were on me as we marched back to the compound. They were upon me at roll call, and again as I drew my meager ration of rice. The fear that had been in the back of my mind all afternoon grew tight and hard in my throat, for I knew now, with a terrible certainty, that Yashita had chosen me. . . .

I sat just inside the door of the hut and took out the piece of wood. It was about six inches long and perhaps two inches wide. I sat there holding it, and I wasn't frightened of Yashita any more. I was seeing a ridge, brown and bare in the noonday sun, with sturdy eucalyptus and spotted gum stirring their leaves in a westerly breeze. I sat for a long time, just holding it, and some of the toughness, a little of the resistance of the wood seemed to flow into me.

I took a piece of broken glass with a keen edge and, sitting there in the darkness, I commenced trimming the rough edges off that piece of Australian wood.

IT was rather bad the next day. We were back on the railway line laying sleepers. There was no longer any doubt about Yashita's choice. He watched me closely all day, finding the heaviest work for me.

I endured that day by thinking about the piece of wood.

There were other days, each harder than the last, and I endured them also.

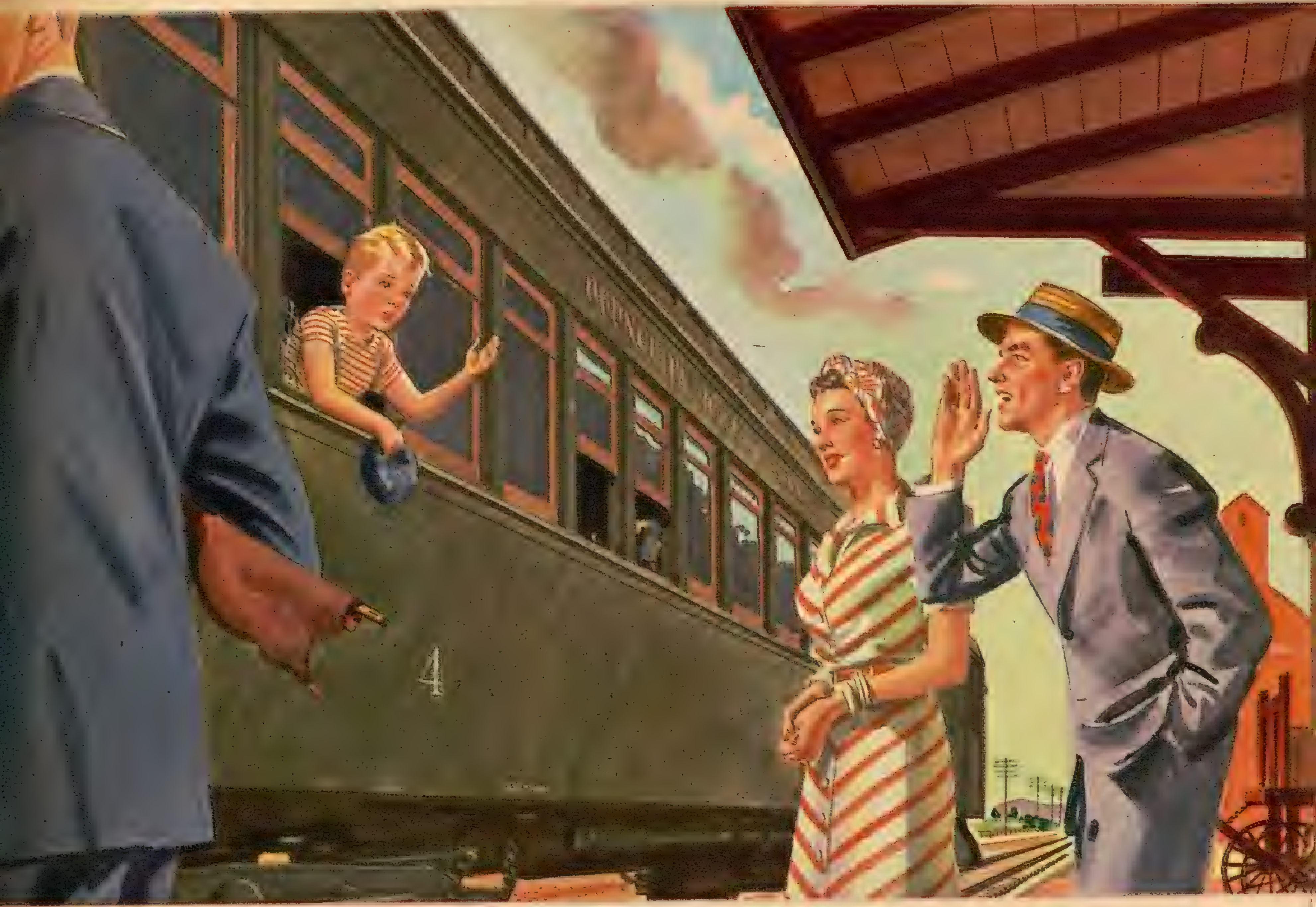
Back in the hut the piece of wood slowly changed shape. It became a small honey-colored figurine. And Kelly came and stared.

"Is she—like that, Jack?" he asked slowly.

"It's a little like her," I said, "but only a very little, Kell."

(*Continued on page 72*)

# When I'm Alone



“See you at Christmas, Mike,” Dad called. Mike nodded. He felt a big emptiness, but he wasn't the least bit afraid.

SLOWLY his eyes traveled around the room. It was a cool, quiet room, and his playthings lay scattered on the floor. . . .

“The house will miss you—” His dad's new wife stood in the doorway.

“Can I come back, Virginia?” he asked.

“What do *you* think?”

“I think yes!” Reassured, he caught her wide smile and returned it.

“Remember, Mike, this house belongs to you,” she said softly. “You have two homes. Not many boys have that—” He didn't want to leave; looking at her, he saw she knew it; there was no need to say it out loud.

A long breath heaved his chest and was gone. “My caterpillar eats so many leaves. You won't forget to feed him?”

“I promise,” Virginia said. “Your mother will be pleased, Mike. You're very brown. And you've grown, I'm sure.”

Her words turned him to the mirror. Four weeks in the country had colored his skin a deep tan and paled his hair to a kind of mixed yellow like his dad's. His smiling glance swept to the collarless shirt and cotton shorts he was wearing. Country clothes—soft to his skin and so comfortable. “Can I wear this on the train?”

“I think it's a good idea.” She came over and picked up his bulging bag, crammed with city suits and his new collections. Butterflies, shells, bottle tops. “The train will be hot,” she said.

He nodded, thinking of the day he'd arrived in the country. The train was hot, burning hot. And his clothes had clung to his sweating body. Suddenly he remembered that he'd been terribly afraid of something that day. He tried to remember why he'd been so afraid, but it escaped him.

Suddenly he grabbed his butterfly net and followed Virginia out to the car. “Son, you'll find plenty of butterflies in Central Park,” his dad said from behind the steering wheel; “nice specimens—monarchs, and sometimes even swallowtails—”

Michael climbed in and sat between them. The car was squeaky and the noise of its rattling kept them all from talking much. Not that his dad or Virginia ever talked so much that he forgot to listen.

“I was awful afraid on the train,” he said impulsively. “Can't you come with me?”

"Your mother told us not to, dear," Virginia said. "Don't worry. You won't be afraid this time." Her arm crept around his shoulders and held him tight.

"Will my caterpillar be happy in his cocoon?" He was picturing his lovely green caterpillar alone in the dark.

"I think he'll be happy. The cocoon is warm and comfortable. He'll come out in the spring."

**Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY**

**The judge said, "Every child belongs with his mother." But it took another woman to give young Michael the courage to stay where he belonged**

**BY BERNADINE KREIS**

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

"I'll be a make-believe caterpillar when I'm alone in the hotel—"

His dad stopped the car and turned to him.

"Alone?" His voice shook a little. "When are you alone?"

"At night, when Mummy goes out. I mustn't expect her to stay in all the time. Only sometimes Mack f-forgets me—he's our bellboy." Michael raised his eyes and his dad's face looked sort of pale and sad, like that day in court when the judge said, "Every child belongs with his mother."

All too soon they were at the small station and Michael was peering anxiously down the track for his train. Not because he was in any hurry to leave, but because the stinging behind his eyes meant that he might cry any second.

Then, with the first sound of the train's whistle, Michael was high in Dad's arms, squeezing tighter—tighter—until there was only time for a quick hug close against Virginia's skirt, her lips on his hair; and he was climbing into the train. He found a seat by the window and leaned out, and for all the brightness of the summer sun, he felt cold.

"Got your ticket?" Dad called in a loud voice, as though Michael were even now miles away. "See you at Christmas, Mike!"

He nodded, looking down at them, smiling and waving until the train heaved, started, and then pushed Dad and Virginia out of sight.

The coach was just about empty and the train's wheels were grinding and loud in his ears. He waited to be afraid but, just like Virginia had said, it didn't happen. He felt only a big emptiness, but he wasn't the least bit afraid or uncomfortable or sick at his stomach like on the way out to the country.

HE began to think of his mother—the day he'd left her. He closed his eyes, remembering it in big snatches. The suit he'd worn—his mother had spent a lot of time selecting it, and it had cost so much she'd had to do without that blouse she'd wanted for herself. It was made of wool and very prickly.

"That suit can't possibly be uncomfortable!" She flicked his hand away from scratching. "Michael darling, you know how nervous I am today. Please stop squirming. Look, everybody is watching you—"

Michael curved his shoulders low so "everybody" wouldn't see his face. "Now remember," his mother went on, "be very polite and be careful of your new clothes, and try to remember to stand straight! I'm so *worried* about you—visiting an absolute stranger."

"Dad's not a stranger." He looked up quickly, surprised.

"But that woman—she's a stranger."

The way she said it made him shiver a little, or maybe it was because he was afraid of strangers, though he wouldn't dare say it to his mother. She always laughed when he was afraid of things. "What'll she do to me? Do I hafta go—do I?"

"One week at Christmas and the month of August," she repeated the judge's words. "Oh, why did they move out to that God-forsaken spot at the end of nowhere! I hate to think of what might happen—and you're so careless sometimes! Oh, my baby, I won't have a moment's rest. Promise me you'll be careful!"

"Be careful—of what?" His fears mounted quickly, taking the form of dark shadowy things, and he could hardly breathe. "Must I go—Must I?"

And it was then that his stomach began to jump up and down and make him gulp. Until after his mother had left him alone on the train he'd been very sick, the conductor's big rough hand on his forehead.

THE train slowed and Michael could feel a new excitement churning his stomach. But this time it was a happy churning because he had so much to tell his mother. She wouldn't hate the country any more, not after he explained it to her. He'd tell her all about Virginia too.

Finally the conductor called his station in a hoarse voice. Michael jumped up and struggled out of the train. And then he saw his mother. She wasn't alone—a tall dark man walked beside her. His mother had lots of friends, but some of them didn't like little boys. She kissed Michael quickly and he stood very straight so she could see his tanned skin and tall body. "My baby!" she cried. "Michael darling, I've missed you so!" He wanted to start telling her about the country right away, but he felt shy of saying anything with the man there.

"My gracious, look at you!" his mother gasped. "What have they done to you? Those terrible clothes—and your hair's all streaked! Oh, well, we can stop at the hotel first and change your suit. Then we'll all go out to dinner. That'll be fun!"

She took his hand and they pushed in jerky steps through the crowd until they reached a big car. He sat between them, his mother and the man. He listened to their laughter and talk, not understanding any of it. And suddenly for no reason at all, he wanted to cry.

"Darling, put that silly net down," his mother said. "Now tell me, is she pretty?"

"Who?"

"Michael, sweetheart, I'm dying to hear all about everything. That woman, is she pretty?"

He thought of Virginia, not her face exactly, but the comfortable look in her eyes, and her hair flying in the wind and soft in his hand when he touched it. And the way he felt when he was with her.

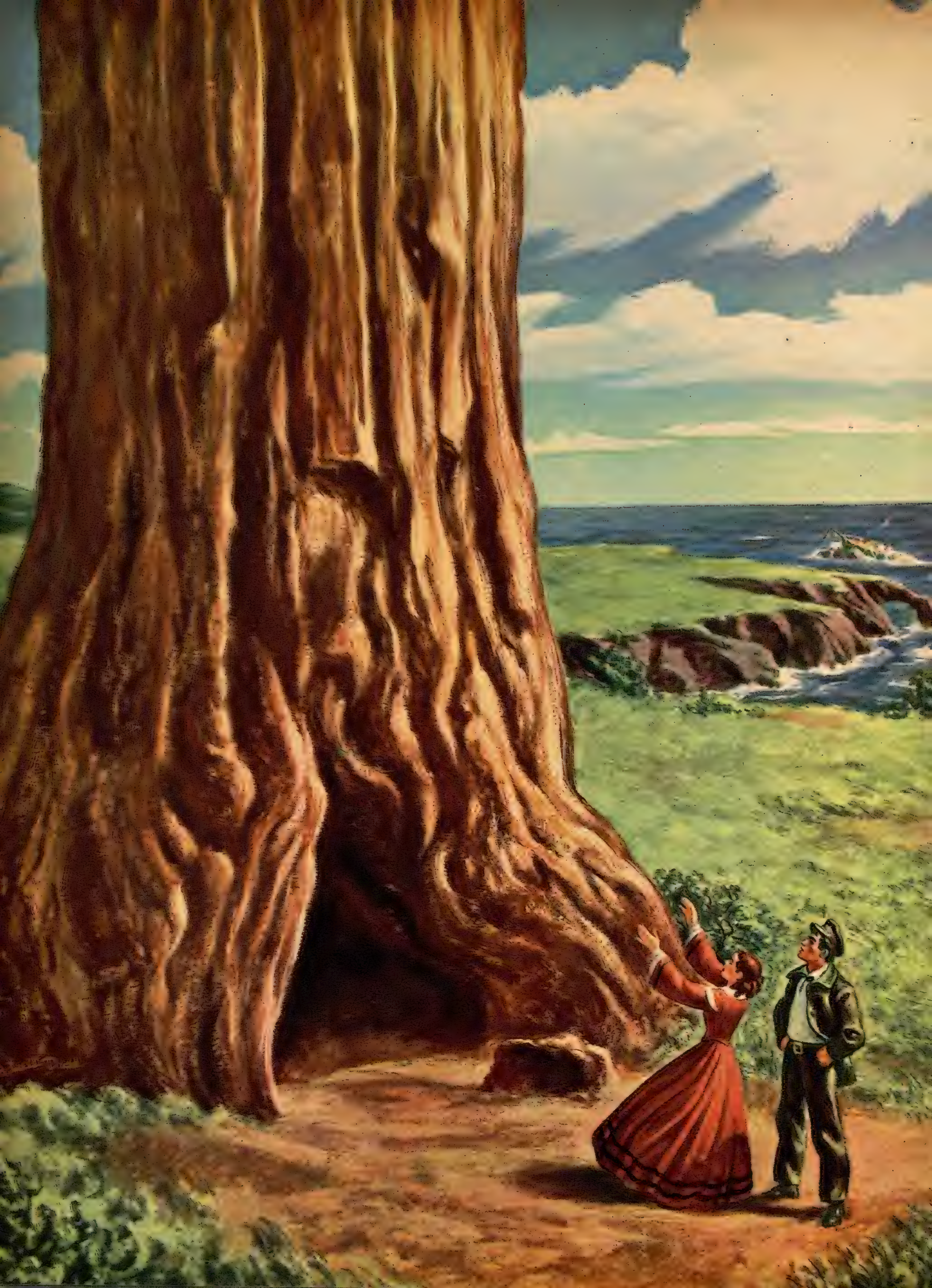
"I'm getting a report on my successor," his mother laughed over him. "Tell us, Michael, is she as pretty as I am?" But underneath the laughter, his mother's voice was sort of sharp, hitting at him, and her face was tight like the curls on the top of her head.

"I don't know," he mumbled in his misery. And he knew his mother would be unhappy because he wasn't acting right. She always liked him to be a little gentleman. He swallowed hard and a trembling ran through his body, because he wanted so much to please her.

Then suddenly he thought of how a caterpillar spins a cocoon and lives in the dark until the spring.

"Make believe caterpillars like me only have to wait for Christmas," he said proudly to himself. But somehow the tears fell and landed on his hand just the same.

THE END



**It was such a tree as Sarah had never laid eyes upon—and when she saw it, she knew she could never, if she lived to be a hundred, ever leave it. A tale as fascinating, rugged, and majestic as the giant California redwoods that inspired it**

# SARAH and the GIANT

### BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

THERE is a legend in the family that Sarah Neddock, when she was nine years old, fell in love with a tree that grew on Bramhall's Hill above her home at Portland, Maine.

This tree was a pine, and is not the tree I mean to tell about. But it was a very tall, straight, lordly tree, and bigger around than two children could reach. Its bark still bore the broad arrow blazed in colonial times by the king's foresters. And blue-eyed Sarah, whose slight body had the spring and tug of a new hemp rope, vowed that some day, when she should have a house of her own, under that tree it should be.

Among the playmates who shared the tree with her, and from its base looked out over Casco Bay's hundred and twenty rocky islets, was Abishai Mowatt, a boy of twelve. At thirteen, Abishai, or Bish, went away to sea, as did most Portland boys in the 1840s. At nineteen, he came back a first mate. At twenty, he was building his own brig and was much too busy to think about Sarah Neddock.

And one day young Captain Abishai Mowatt and his men went up Bramhall's Hill and felled the tall pine for a mainmast.

Which is why, when the Pretty Puritan sailed, Sarah sailed with it as Captain Abishai's bride. She still meant to live under that tree. And live under it she did, for four years, though it bore not green foliage but white sails, and blew her from Maine to Madagascar to Coromandel to Canton.

In 1850 the Pretty Puritan, while bringing a cargo of ice down from Sitka for gold-mad San Francisco, broke up in a gale off the Mendocino coast. Not much of the brig came ashore, but one of the pieces that did held Captain Bish and his wife. When dawn followed the black night, they moved into a wooden house that stood waiting just back of the bluffs. It was not so much a house as a cave, a wooden cave in a tree.

This is the tree I mean to tell about.

Until she saw this tree, Sarah Mowatt had always thought of her Maine pine as a very big tree. And indeed the sixty-eight feet of it that Captain Bish had taken for his mainmast had been only half its length when it lay slain. But when she saw the tree of the Mendocino coast looming above her on its hillside, she knew that until that moment she had never beheld a tree.

Even then, she didn't see all of the tree. Above its first branches, greenery merged into cloud. Yet under those branches a six-story house could have been tucked, if one could imagine such a house. Later she perceived that the clean brown eighty feet of trunk reaching to that first greenery was less than a quarter of the tree.

After seeing to what crewmen had come ashore, Captain Abishai and his wife went up and inspected the tree. The other members of the brig's company asserted that the region was frightening enough, with its arched rocks through which the sea trumpeted, and its fogs and cliffs, without a tree like that to brandish itself above them. Captain Bish knew they were eager to be off for the mines. By his calculation they were a three days' tramp from Fort Ross, an old Russian settlement, and six from the Golden Gate. So away they went, in a mortal hurry.

Abishai and Sarah continued to gape at the tree.

It was a redwood tree. They could not know that as redwoods go it was neither a very unusual nor a very old tree. Behind the mountains that followed the shore were groves containing ancients to put this youngster to shame. But solitary, and therefore conspicuous, this venturer had struck into favorable clay soil on the seaward side, and in its thousand years had anchored itself stoutly against the west winds and had armored itself against grass and brush fires with foot-thick folds of bark. Through centuries those fires had nibbled into the swelling base of the tree, hollowing out a weather-snug retreat that was almost as large as a brig's cabin.

"We'll live here," Sarah announced, "while we salvage what we can from the wreck, and plan."

Sarah Neddock Mowatt really had been destined to make her home under a tree.

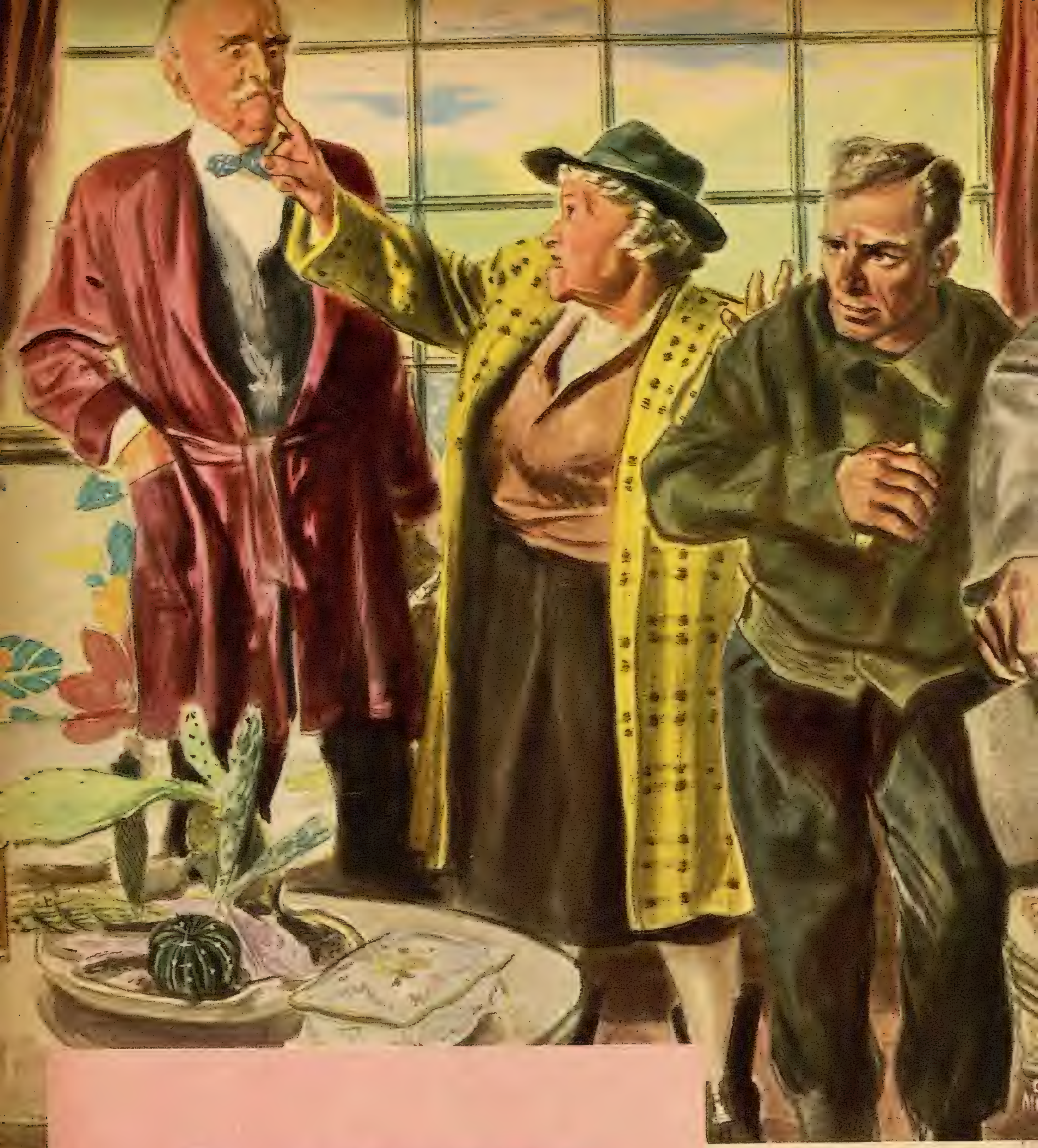
AFTER tarrying there a while, and drawing from those aromatic walls a curious sense of strength, they set about building a more conventional house some paces in front of their tree shelter, erecting it between spells of Captain Bish's work upon his toll road.

Captain Bish, who was a man of stature, sinew, and Maine conscience, went about his housebuilding seriously, digging first a mighty cellar, and lining this with stones laid dry but with due regard to bed, shape, and face. Outside, further slabs of rock six feet long were laid against the masonry to defend against frost in the earth. Above went heartwood timbers from a prone redwood which he located in an astonishing grove upstream. From this he also whipsawed and adzed planks for his floor, and clapboards. With frow, or broad-bladed cleaving knife, and beetle or mallet that had been his grandfather's, he rived out roof shakes from a fine cedar; and at one end of his house, Sarah superintending, he reared a chimney that was to stand forever.

This, with additions, was the house that became known for the next fifty

(*Continued on page 86*)

In the tree's base was a weather-snug retreat. "We'll live here," Sarah announced, "while we salvage what we can from the wreck, and plan."



"An' don't you ever show yer mackerel face up 't my end o' this island!" Bessie roared at the mayor.

**There are good laws and bad laws, but this wasn't a law—it was an outrage—and Bessie and her pals aimed to quash it in a manner novel in the annals of legislation**

# No Way to Treat a Lady

### BY RONALD G. SERCOMBE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

SPRING was definitely in the air. The bayberry bushes were greener, the sandpipers were sunning themselves along seaweed-strewn Arbruster Bay, and only the day before Spike Giles had snagged a three-pound croaker in Little Mud.

Bessie applied a coat of red copper paint to the freshly scraped bottom of a rowboat—one of her fleet of forty—and hummed You Are My Sunshine.

A dilapidated sedan rolled up and came to a shuddering halt in front of the Angler's Inn. Doc Harrison, Bessie's warmest friend and favorite fishing partner, climbed out and ambled toward her.

"Croakers are running," Doc said happily. "Come on. Knock off and we'll give the inlet a workout."

Bessie studied the sky briefly and then shook her head.

"You oughta know better, Doc," she said. "Nor'east wind, half moon, an' flood tide. Won't be nothin' bitin' at the inlet afore sundown."

Doc sighed. "Well—maybe Little Mud then. It may be a long time before we can go Sunday fishing again."

"Let's make it next Sunday," said Bessie. "I don't reckon I'm agonna be too busy for mebbe another month. It's on'y April, Doc."

"That's not what I mean," Doc replied. "City Council has adopted an ordinance which prohibits Sunday fishin' in the waterways around Barkentine Island. That old sourpuss, Mayor Griswold, was the author of the ordinance. It was passed and adopted on third and final reading last night—all three readings at one meeting. How do you like that?"

Bessie's paintbrush dropped into the sand, her hands flew to her ample hips.

"He can't git away wid that," she snorted.

Doc sighed again. "The fact remains, he has. That's the trouble with you boatmen, Bessie. No organization. Then something like this comes along and you're helpless."

"But—but Sunday's our big day. 'Tweren't fer Sundays, most of us ud be diggin' clams 'r scrubbin' floors fer a livin'."

Doc shrugged his shoulders unhappily.

"Spoils your business and spoils my fun—and that of a few thousand others," he said gruffly. "But you know City Council. Our three councilmen will do exactly what Mayor Griswold tells them to do. He's the biggest property owner on the island."

Bessie removed a sizeable wad of used chewing gum from the lapel of her leather coat and popped it into her mouth.

"Reckon," she said, "I gotta git a tight line on that old geezer and sink a gaff hook into him."

"Just you watch which way the gaff flies," Doc warned. "Mayor Grizzy is nobody's fool and he's got a lot of power."

"Shucks, Doc," said Bessie easily, "I kin take care o' meself. Asides, it's about time we common people stood on our own hind legs an' barked some. I'm gittin' right tired o' this—this segmentation."

"Regimentation," Doc corrected.

"Well, y'know what I mean. 'Bout time we did some pushin' 'stead o' bein' pushed. I'm agonna see Barney Flaherty an' Spike Giles an' a few o' the udder boys an' we'll git up a caucus to go see the mayor."

"It might help," said Doc doubtfully.

"How's about j'inin' us?"

Doc shook his head. "Count me in as a silent partner. I don't want to get mixed up in politics.

"But when you need some—ah—shall I say professional advice, come see me."

IT was a motley delegation that shuffled down the immaculate concrete pathway leading to Mayor John Griswold's beachfront residence the following Monday evening. Bessie, uncomfortable in a brown woolen skirt, green silk blouse, and a checkered coat, led the way. Behind her came short somber-faced Spike Giles, gangling Barney Flaherty, and bulbous-nosed Sandy McDermott.

Bessie rapped firmly on the polished oak door.

"Now leave me do the talkin'," she whispered loudly, "on account o' this calls fer dippleomacy."

A distinguished-looking gentleman with white hair and somewhat supercilious features responded to the rapping. His eyebrows arched when he saw the visitors.

"Yes?" he asked faintly.

"I'm Bessie Arbruster o' the Angler's Inn," Bessie said loudly. "Me an' me pals come to see the mayor on a matter o' urgent business."

"Did you—ah—have an appointment?" the man at the door inquired.

"Nope," said Bessie.

"Then—I'm afraid—" the door began to close, but Bessie shoved her big foot in the crack.

"We come here peaceful-like," she said ominously, "t' see the mayor, an' furdermore—"

A hand shot forward and pushed Bessie in the stomach.

"Get your dirty foot out of here," was the reply. "The mayor sees no one without an—*awkff!*"

Then the man ceased making sounds for

(*Continued on page 66*)

# *Your taste buds will give Five Cheers!*

WHILE THE RICH, tantalizing odor of roasting lamb keeps your guests on edge for the call to dinner, give that dinner the perfect prelude with Seagram's 5 Crown. They'll add two cheers to the traditional three when they try this taste-rousing whiskey!

There's a mighty good reason why the taste of Seagram's 5 Crown is something to shout about. Only the choicest "flavor" whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits are combined to produce this extra-smooth, extra-flavorful whiskey. And every drop is of genuine pre-war quality!

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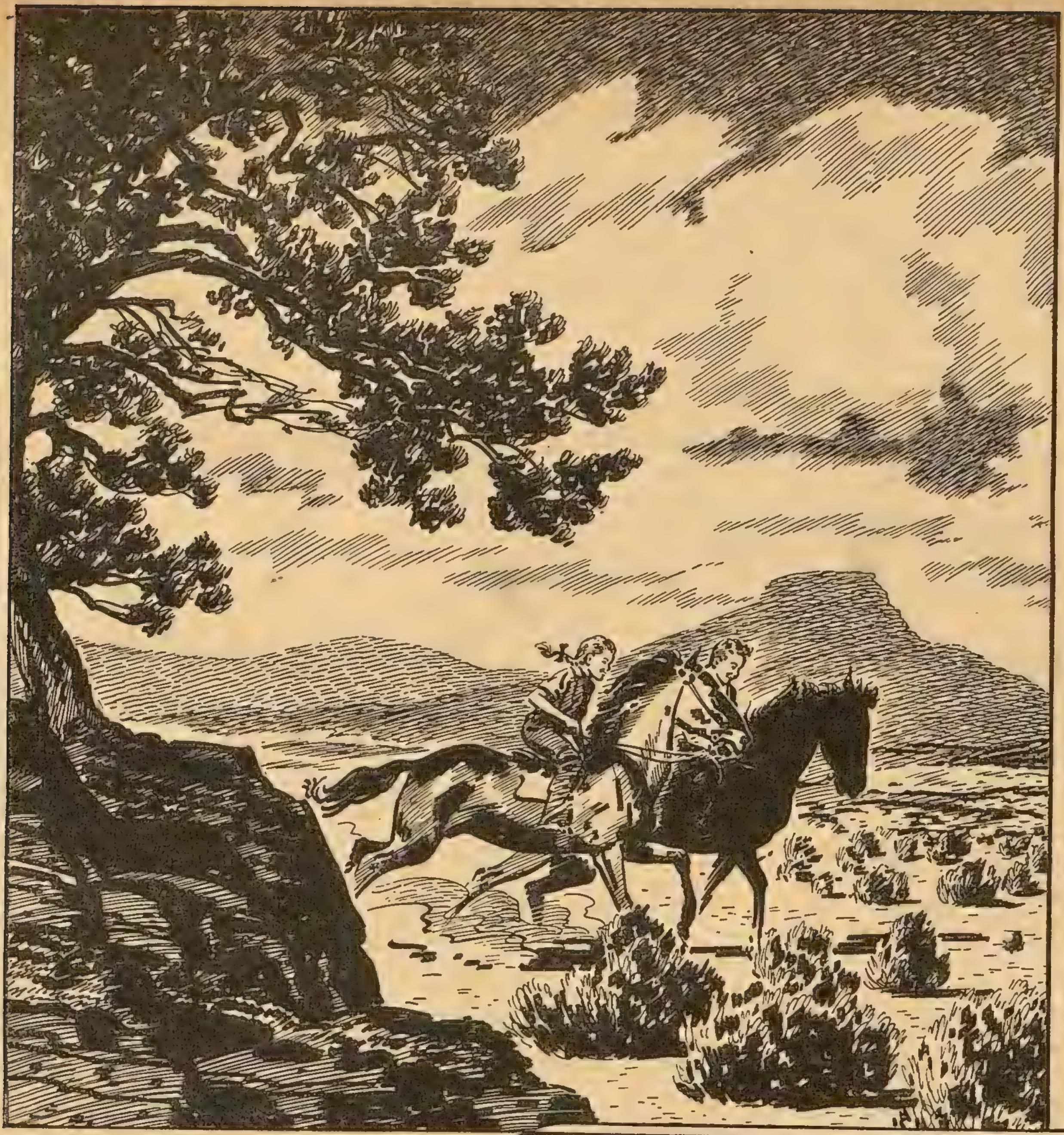

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

**Eric and Claire spent their childhood in New Mexico believing they were brother and sister. Though physically separated later, they were spiritually bound together by affection for their early home. This gripping and cosmopolitan novel of a deeply rooted love covers the turbulent years of the twenties with their flexible moral standards.**

*By*

**MYRON BRINIG**

*ILLUSTRATED BY*
*LAWRENCE BUTCHER*

# YOU and I

ALTHOUGH they were not related by blood they looked almost like twins. They had the same color in their skin, a deep leftover brown. Their eyes were blue, hers somewhat deeper, almost violet at times. Eric was inclined to be better in his lessons, when he wanted to be, which was seldom. He read more. Claire liked to listen to someone else reading.

They were both very thin. Eric's shoulders were squarer, heavier, his body more sturdy. But Claire had a way of flying, lifting two feet off the ground at the same time; and her hair, when it was not in pigtails, was a yellow flame behind her. She left her clothes where she dropped them, cried more, lost her temper oftener. But when he took on some of this unruliness, she could stand off and be the sober one, the self-righteous one, saying, "Eric is a baby." They could change over, one into the other. Eric crept into her personality and she crawled into him, exploring, sniffing, finding out, Why is it?

Jim Whitney, her father and his foster father, had been born on a farm in upper New York State, but he lacked the green hand. He was an artist by preference and his paintings pleased him. They didn't seem to please anybody else. If it had not been for his wife, Elizabeth, the vegetables in the garden would have died from lack of water, weeding and care. She had known nothing about soil or farming during her girlhood in New York City, but now she loved to work outdoors and liked the sun burning through her calico. She did all the cooking and cleaning and kept the children healthy and neat and well fed.

For the children there was glory in this young world and deep happiness. Sometimes the happiness was so complete that everything else was shut out. But the bitter had a way of seeping through. The children soon dis-

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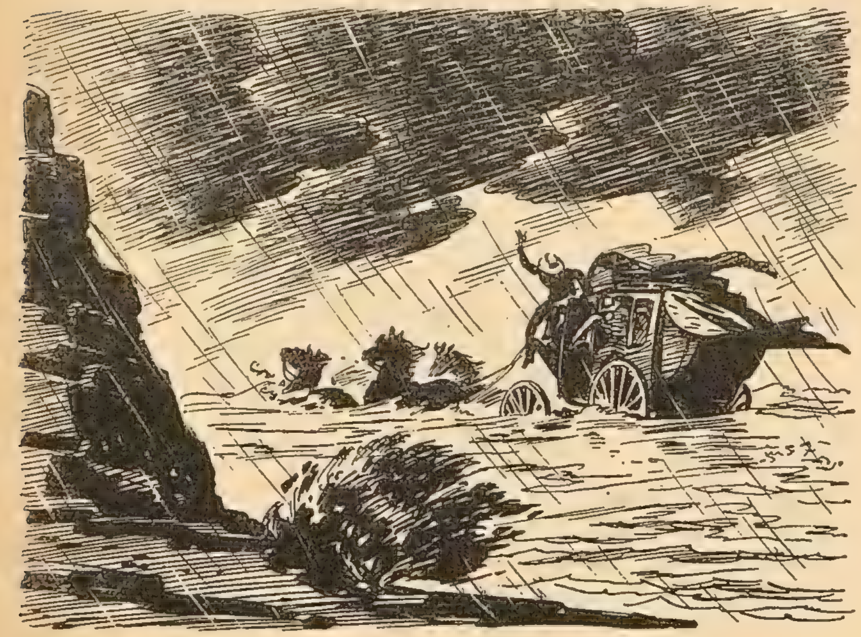
covered that their father and mother were very poor. They knew about the reluctant soil of the Southwest, the lack of small comforts on the ranch in New Mexico. And then, when Eric was about eight years old, he was shocked to discover that Jim and Elizabeth were not his father and mother at all.

It was on a Sunday in summer. The year was 1906. Eric never forgot the day, the heat, the waves of air undulating over the Taos plain, the seriousness in the faces of both Elizabeth and Jim.

"It's this way," said Elizabeth, holding Eric close to her side and kissing him. "I'm not your mother and Jim is not your father. Your mother died when you were six months old. She was a fine woman, a beautiful woman. Your father was a splendid man. But you are not to think for a moment that we don't love you as if you were our own son. And you must not think that we won't go on loving you forever."

"Then Claire isn't my sister?" he asked. His face was pale and his eyes were wide with a startled comprehension.



"No, not really—but we want you to be her brother and take care of her."

"But I want to be her real brother," said Eric in tears. He did not mind so much not having a real father and mother, but the thought that Claire was not really his sister filled him with anguish.

"It's just that your mother and father are dead," said Jim kindly.

"You're never to feel that we don't love you, Eric," said Elizabeth. "We love you just as much as we love Claire. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother."

"Now run along and play," said Jim.

That afternoon Eric said to Claire, "You know I'm not really your brother? My father and mother are dead. They told me." He was still pale and the strange startled expression had not gone out of his eyes.

"Oh, don't be silly," said Claire.

"Ask them, then," said Eric. "Go in and ask them."

"I don't believe it," said Claire. "I'll go in and ask Father and Mother. Maybe they're just fooling."

After a few minutes she came back and said. "Yes, it's true. You're not really my brother." Eric began to cry, and she went up to him and put her arms around him and kissed him. "I think I like you better this way," she said. "Now you can be my best friend."

"But I don't want to be your best friend," sobbed Eric. "I'd rather be your brother."

"Well, you can be my brother one day and my best friend the next. Won't that be wonderful?"

Eric looked at her out of his swimming eyes and then managed to control himself. "Yes," he said. "All right. What am I today?"

"Today you're my best friend."

"All right," said Eric.

"And anyway," she said suddenly, "if you're not my brother, then we can get married and have children of our own."

"Sure," said Eric. He was feeling much better now. "Maybe that's better than being your brother."

"Of course it is," said Claire. "Ever so much better."

THE children had always fancied the grownups very happy together, but when they got to be ten and eleven years old they were not so sure that this was true. For instance, Elizabeth wanted things she didn't get, new clothes, and household articles and personal possessions and trips to Santa Fe and Albuquerque. On Claire's tenth birthday, Elizabeth, acting on impulse, wrote to her mother, and a few days later she received a letter from Mrs. Lindell with a check enclosed. Elizabeth thereupon drove the children and herself into Taos and made a number of purchases. She bought clothes for herself and the children, groceries, cakes of soap, a bottle of perfume and toys. It was tremendously exciting. But what happened after she got home was not enjoyable.

It happened at the supper table that evening. Jim came in with a canvas, the landscape he'd been painting outdoors, the eternal New Mexico landscape that Jim Whitney was forever painting, the desire, the ambition that never came off.

He was angry because he had wanted to use the wagon to drive out and paint. "Where have you been?" he asked sulkily as he sat down at the supper table.

"I went into Taos to buy some things we needed." She placed a dish of stew in front of Jim and he looked down at the food moodily.

"You bought . . . you mean charged?"

"I got a check from Mother," she explained.

"For the Lord's sake," he said. "That's news to me. When did she send you a check?"

"The day before yesterday," she said, cutting her words off sharp.

Anger and bitterness curdled the atmosphere. "Let's get this straight. Your mother sent you a check. Did you ask her to send you a check?"

As the children squirmed in their chairs they knew that something awful was happening, new and nasty.

"I told her that we were very poor, that we had two children to look after, that you weren't making any money, and she sent me a check. That's all there was to it." She marched back into the kitchen, then poked her head out the door and said, "So now you know, and what's more if you don't like it, go—go out and paint another stupid picture."

There were tears in Eric's eyes and in Claire's. The new coats, the shoes, the cakes of soap, the candy, none of these things rightfully belonged to them. What good were they when they brought on this awfulness?

"That was a fine thing to do, I must say!" Jim shouted. "A fine thing! Telling your mother you needed money. After all she's done and said and the way she's acted! Throwing you out of the house because you didn't marry some God-damned swell, a fox-hunting gentleman from Virginia, if you please!"

She came back into the room, venomous, spiteful, mean. The children huddled low in their chairs.

"You leave my mother alone! If you were half the person she is you'd pay a little attention to your family once in a while. Instead, you go out painting every day. Let me ask you, have you ever sold a picture? They're stacked fifty deep in the workroom. What good are they? I'm tired of them. Tired! Tired!" Her voice broke off hoarsely.

The children cried and moaned, huddling low in their chairs, their eyes cast down. Jim Whitney crouched forward over the table looking pale and broken.

"Don't!" Claire screamed suddenly. "Please, don't!" She buried her head in her arms on the table and kept repeating, "Please, please, stop it!" But Eric just sat still and icy and quiet.

"It's all right," Jim soothed Claire. "Eat your supper, Claire. Don't act like a baby. Eat your food, Eric." Elizabeth had gone into the kitchen where she was crying. Jim went into the kitchen after her.

"Well, you needn't have made such a scene with the children—"

"I can't stand it any more, Jim. I've worked so hard . . . the house is so hard to keep clean and never any money for necessities and— Oh, go away! Leave me alone!"

"Oh!" sobbed Claire. "What'll we do? What'll we do?"

Eric just looked at his plate of stew on the table getting cold.

"All right, dear, if I lost my temper, I'm sorry," they could hear Jim saying. "If your mother wants to send you a check, that's all right with me. Only get hold of yourself. You've frightened the children. I know it's hard. All right, I'll stop painting. I'll go to Albuquerque and take that job in the bank. Let's forget about the check."

Claire lifted her head. "I'm going out to the barn to see if there's any eggs," she said.

"I'll go with you," said Eric. They pushed their chairs away from the table and tiptoed out of the house. In the barn, the chickens were clucking and scratching in the straw.

"Here, I found one," said Eric, and produced an egg. He wiped his blue eyes against his sleeve. Claire was hiccuping. "I never want to go back in that house again," she said.

"It's true, though, what Mother said. Those old paintings, they're no good."

"Yes, but why did she act like that?" asked Claire. She placed the tips of her index fingers against her ears and hiccuped. "She acted like she was crazy."

"Father had no right to talk that way about Gran'ma," said Eric.

"But we don't know Gran'ma. She lives in New York," said Claire. "Why she's not even your real gran'ma."

"No, she isn't," said Eric with a sad thoughtfulness. After a while he said, "I wonder if they're still fighting in there. I couldn't eat anything. Look, I found another egg. Let's take them inside."

"Not yet," said Claire. "Not right away. I don't want to go back. Let's sleep here."

"You mean in the straw? It's too cold."

"It won't be after a while. I don't ever want to go back. I'll live here in the barn," she said. "I'll make a house out here in the barn, and if you want to live here, Eric, just say so. I'll have chairs and a table and two beds. I'll move all my things out of the house and live here. I can do the housework by myself."

"Oh, don't be silly."

"But I just won't be able to do it if you spend part of the time here and part somewhere else." She walked around; her hiccuping had stopped now and she was cool and efficient, measuring out the dimensions of her house. "We'll eat eggs. You can build a fire in the yard and we can have boiled or fried eggs."

"Oh, for Pete's sake. Don't be foolish."

"First thing I have to do is to get a broom so I can sweep the floor. Then a mop and pail. That part of the barn will be for the chickens, and we'll live in this part. You be the father out all day working and I'll be your wife keeping house. I'll get my dolls and they'll be our children."

"Aw, for—" said Eric in disgust. "Who wants to play like that?"

"Then I'll do it alone," said Claire dubiously. "I'll be an old maid."

"Well, if we can play like I was your brother, maybe . . ." He had started to weaken; but at that moment Elizabeth found them.

"Children, what are you doing here?"

THEY looked at her. She was easy and composed again, clear and certain, and they could see that her love for them was shining out of her eyes. She came forward and kissed them. This was their mother returned to them after a brief interval of madness. But during that interim they had seen something stark and white that they would never forget.

"Come in and finish your supper, children," she said.

They were hungry, but still pale and stricken from the emotional experience they had shared in common. When they got inside, Jim was back at the table drinking tea. There was a new tenseness in his lean face and his hand was trembling.

In a few short hours, the children had learned that life is not like the fairy stories and children's books. The witches and ogres and dragons in stories were bad only as long as the print lasted across the page. There could never be the slightest doubt that happiness would be triumphant in the end. Not so outside the children's books. If there were not witches and monsters in real life, neither were there good fairies with wands and fairy palaces.

JIM'S savings were almost at an end. There was little money he had put by, and that winter the family lived on the vegetables they had stored away the previous autumn and the fruits that Elizabeth had canned. Things had been much easier when Jim and Elizabeth had come out here ten years before. But now they were in their late thirties and they were worried and anxious about the children. At first it had been all right to instruct Claire and Eric at home; but by now both Elizabeth and Jim felt that the children should be placed in school.

The problem had grown so acute that Jim once more wrote to Albuquerque about the job that had been promised him. A reply arrived in due course.

In mid-March the sun shone brightly and the snows started to melt; the thaw was unprecedented in its swollen fury. Ravines and gullies that had not known water in years were rushing rivers; the Rio Grande rose and flooded its banks. Farms, villages, and parts of towns were under water and there were reports of drownings. The Whitneys' ranch was on comparatively high ground and showed no signs of the flood, but when the small railway that ran through Taos Junction was flooded out it became obvious that if Jim was to get to Albuquerque by the first of April he must take a stage, at least as far as Santa Fé.

It was decided to leave the children in Taos with their old friends the Vincents until Elizabeth had seen Jim settled in Albuquerque. Afterward she would return alone, pick up the children and bring them back to the ranch for the spring and summer months.

The evening after their arrival in Taos, the children had just finished their supper at the Vincents' when the telephone box screwed to the dining-room wall started to ring. Telephones were still something of an oddity and the jangling sounded both imperious and sinister.

"Maybe it's Mother," said Claire in a solemn voice. Her parents had left only that morning for Santa Fé on the stage—the railway tracks near Embudo still being underwater—and already she missed them.

"I'll answer," said Alec Vincent. He went to the telephone and lifted the receiver off the hook. "What?" he shouted. "What did you say?"

After that everything was low and Alec turned around two or three times to look at his wife.

"Are you sure? I see. I see. There couldn't be a mistake . . ." And then after a long interval while everything in the room waited . . . "No trace, eh? Not yet. I see. I see."

And then, slowly, Alec placed the receiver back on the hook. He turned to look at his wife and then at the children. At last he made a motion to his wife and they left the room and closed the door after them.

Eric and Claire sat at their places holding their breath. Suddenly they knew what had happened, but each waited for the other to speak. Something had ended. Life was shifting position, revealing a different posture, the underside of existence.

"Something's happened," said Claire. "Something's happened to Father and Mother."

"What, Claire?" Eric thought he knew but he waited for her to speak.

"Father and Mother are dead," said Claire.

Neither had the strength to cry. They stared at each other, frightened and cold.

Alec Vincent told Eric and Mrs. Vincent spoke to Claire. As the stage was nearing Embudo, a cloudburst had fallen upon it and the already swollen waters of the Rio Grande had risen to mountainous proportions. Five of the passengers had been drowned and had not been seen since the dreadful event, but a search was being made for the bodies.

The next morning, Alec left the house to make inquiries. He returned at noon with the information that the bodies had been recovered. He had telegraphed the relatives, Claire's grandmother in New York and Jim's brother in Montana.

IN THE latter part of April the weather settled down; the floods receded. A check arrived from grandmother Ada Lindell in New York and Alec bought Claire a half-fare and then commenced the business of packing Claire's things. Jim's brother, Uncle Thomas, had not yet arrived to take Eric away, but it was understood that he was either getting started or was on his way.

Claire was conscious of Eric only at odd moments: her adopted brother watching. Why were not his things being packed as well? He was outside this particular picture and became a part of the scene only on those occasions when Claire demanded that he come with her to New York. But her demands had little force and quickly subsided.

Eric watched the excitement and confusion of packing as long as he could, and when he could bear it no longer went out into the garden and moved about in an aimless way over the quiet faded grass and under the trees that were just beginning to bring forth green buds. It was a sorry spring for him and he had never felt so alone in his life.

On the morning of Claire's departure there was so much to say to his sister, but he was shy. The plains lay quiet, the sage was crystal-still and the high mountains were eternally majestic and peaceful. The sky was an immense blue and seemed close and companionable with the earth, and birds winging between were part of both eternity and slow-changing earth. The houses they passed on the way to the station reminded Claire and Eric of their own home, and when the children looked at each other they remembered all the old days of careless activity and joy.

"Just as soon as I get to New York I'll write you, Eric. And you must write me."

"Yes," he said, feeling the inadequacies of correspondence.

"Maybe Gran'ma will send for you."

He had small hope of that.

"You remember the address I wrote down. Have you got it?"

"I won't forget."

"And when you go to Uncle Thomas's, you must write me from there so I'll know your address."

He caught his breath. He felt sad. There was only the heaviness in his chest and the hard fog of sorrow in his throat. But he thought that it would not be manly for him to cry. Of course if Claire should begin to weep, then he might give way with less self-consciousness. But she was steadily matter-of-fact.

"Maybe you can come and spend your vacations in New York and I can come out and visit with you."

"Maybe."

"Only it's so far," she thought all of a sudden.

"Will you send me a postcard?" he asked.

"Yes, and you be sure and send me one, too."

ALL the houses in which Eric had been were different one from the other. He knew them by their outward faces—for houses have faces like people and animals—and inside by certain oddities of furniture and smells. The ranch house in New Mexico had been of adobe with vigas of waxed pine holding up the ceilings; and the rooms had been fragrant with piñon and cedar and acrid with artists' paints. In Taos, the Vincents' house had been citified; but yet there was about it the sun-baked, casual atmosphere of the Southwest. This house in Butte was unlike either of the other two, and yet it had a personality all its own, a quality of transience, as though at any moment it might pick itself off its foundations and fly away.

It was long and lean and underfurnished; its head and eyes were the living room, or "parlor," in front; its stomach was the dining room and two bedrooms, and its feet were the kitchen that looked out on an alley and low hills scarred by abandoned mine shafts.

Maggie had not been warned of her husband's arrival and was not at home, but the children were and they stared out of wide eyes at their newly arrived "cousin." Eric stared back. There was all this staring and smelling of one another, like dogs. It was only when Tom brought out his presents that the children began to sound off; they screamed and chattered over the brightly colored parcels. Eric did not know whether or not he liked his cousins. The deaf-and-dumb Patrick was an oddity, unknown and unattached to any previous experience Eric had ever encountered. After a while Eric was inclined to like Deirdre very much; she was warmly human. At first he could not make up his mind about Una; she was all sly grace and beauty.

Eric had known there was to be an aunt, but he did not know just what kind she would turn out to be. Maggie was the first and last aunt he would ever know; in herself she would contain all the aunts of the world.

When she returned home that first evening, she was wearing a large hat on which ostrich plumes lay curled about the brim like soft puppy dogs, a smart gray suit with a coat that reached to her knees, and a fetching gray pleated skirt. She looked young to be the mother of three children, and she was gay and bright and smiling and there was a swing and a dash about her and wonderful health.

Eric was enrolled in the sixth grade at the McKinley School. The sixth grade is in-between, not yet maturity, but done with childishness. The sixth is the grade of fractions, arithmetic running into more complicated forms, and for the first time words are marked with signs to denote pronunciation and syllables are accented. Geography begins to take you to out-of-the-way places of the globe, Borneo and China and Japan and South America. The world begins to widen in extent and the growing pains of the mind and body are more consciously felt.

It was soon obvious that Eric would have to pay part of his keep. He was getting to be a big boy; he was growing out of the clothes he had brought with him, and he had to eat in stride with his growth. Tom and Maggie were not the kind of people who could deprive a child, but Eric wasn't getting enough to eat because he was being sensitive about it. So when he heard of another boy who had a paper route delivering the Butte *Daily News*, Eric applied for the job and was hired.

At first this was fun. His aunt bought him a bicycle and Eric rode up and down streets delivering the papers to the proper addresses. In pleasant weather the work could be enjoyable; in bad weather it wasn't much fun. He had to hurry to the newspaper office after school and get the papers, then ride back to his district. He did not have any time to be with those friends he had got to like; he had no time to attend the moving picture shows he would have liked to see, those old storerooms that were being converted into theaters. But it was up and down, steering the bike with one hand, throwing papers into doorways with the other. At this task Eric became most proficient.

These were times when small disasters were big; when murders and kidnapings and floods and fires were stamped in large black print across the top of the front page. These great events were casually flung onto front porches of Butte residences, in sun and rain and snow. When in winter the snow got too deep, Eric had to discard his bicycle and trudge for hours through the deep drifts. Yet he grew hard and strong from all this outdoor exercise, and coolly matter-of-fact.

MRS. LINDELL looked at her granddaughter, seeing here and there the eyes and mouth and expression of her dead daughter. And Claire looked at her Virginia-born grandmother but saw nothing that was known to her. Claire knew that her grandmother owned this brownstone house and that the rents were more than sufficient to keep her and Claire and Tina, the housekeeper, and Tina's daughter Polly. Yet she was forever complaining about money, perpetually being overdrawn at the bank. Bills never stopped arriving and Ada never stopped lifting her arms and crying dramatically, "I do declare! Bills, bills, bills! I don't know what I'm going to do!"

But that first day was one of relative peace when Claire and her grandmother tried to discover each other.

"You look so much like your mother, darlin'." Ada was a kisser, Claire soon discovered. Her grandmother was always kissing her on any slightest pretext. "You're a brave little girl to have come all this way. You must tell me everything, Claire darlin'. There must be no secrets."

"Yes, grandma."

"I think it would be nice if you called me Ada." The sound of *grandmother* was too much for her. She was fifty-two years old but might have passed for ten years younger when she was all got up, tight in her corset, her face masked with rouge and powder.

"Ada," said Claire. It seemed odd to call one's grandmother by her first name, but nothing here was like anything she had known before.

"I'm enrolling you in a good school, darlin', startin' Monday, Miss Allison's on Fifth Avenue. It's a lovely school and the children are lovely and from the best families."

*Best families* was a phrase that would occur and recur. *Best families* and *bills!* and *I do declare!* and *darlin'*.

Ada searched her granddaughter's face. She would make a fine lady of the child. She had lost her own daughter. Elizabeth had been stupid, had married a nobody; but Claire, she hoped, would be somebody.

"This school I'm sendin' you to is lovely." There followed another one of those large damp kisses that left your face itching. "You're thin, child. Did you get enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes, gran—I mean, Ada. I always got enough."

"We'll give you a little flesh on yo' bones, child." Ada arranged her mind into the belief that her son-in-law had never fed his children. She wanted to think this way about Jim and nothing would dissuade her.

"You're a presentable child. Have you some pretty dresses?"

"I have a very pretty pink dress, gran—I mean, Ada."

"Pink . . . Not for you. Not with yo' color an' hair. Blue, white . . . We'll go on a shoppin' trip in a few days. Don't you love shoppin' trips?"

"I don't know," said Claire in bewilderment.

"When you get up in the mornin', don't make any noise. Hear? I like to sleep mornin's. An' lunch promptly at twelve-thirty an' you must eat, child. You must never waste anything. 'Cause don't you want to grow up and be strong an' pretty so people will notice you?"

"Yes, ma'am—I mean, Ada."

"Now run along."

Claire ran along, and closed the door after her and was alone in the neat, aloof room that was all her own. She dragged her suitcase from under the bed, found her doll and began to talk to it. Then she began to cry and the doll just looked at her out of expressionless crockery eyes.

SANDRA MOORE had copper-colored hair worn in a cloud down her shoulders like Alice in Wonderland. She came to Miss Allison's School in a highly polished carriage accompanied by a footman in livery. She was a plain little girl, haughty and wise, and for some reason she took a fancy to Claire. She selected Claire from more than fifty other pupils, as her friend and companion. At first Claire was so bashful that she tried to avoid Sandra. But Sandra was stubborn and would not be held off. And since every other girl had some special friend, Claire could not but accept the inevitable.

One afternoon Ada had been in the front room, and had lifted the shade to look out into the street when she saw her grandchild arrive in great state, in a carriage accompanied by a footman. Her first thought was that her eyes were playing tricks on her. But no; it was real. She was happy remembering that her granddaughter had mentioned Sandra Moore. It was all coming true. Miss Allison's school was beginning to show results.

Claire had never beheld her grandmother so radiant. "Honey? Whose carriage was that?"

"Sandra's. I had tea at her house."

"Oh, Claire, you must tell me all about it. Was it nice? Did you have a good time?"

She followed the child to the rear of the house, and the two of them sat at the table in the dining room.

"Yes, it was very nice. It's such a big house with lovely furniture and paintings. By Sargent," Claire added in a knowing voice.

"I do declare. I'm so happy you made friends with Sandra Moore. Her father and mother, you know, were such excellent people. Poor things, they died young in that dreadful railway accident. It was so tragic. And that poor little Sandra, an orphan. What's her uncle like?"

"He's very nice," said Claire. "He's funny looking."

"Oh, he must be a charmin' man," cooed Ada. "And he's very rich. Property all over town. My dear, aren't you happy?"

"Ye-es. Very." Though Claire could not see what there was to be so happy about.

Already Ada was planning Claire's future. She did not doubt that the child would meet all the right people through Sandra Moore; she would make her debut and finally marry some personable wealthy gentleman; after which she would have two or three handsome children and live in a Fifth Avenue mansion and have other houses in Newport and Palm Beach and perhaps Virginia . . . "Befo' you go to bed, honey, come in an' talk to me," said Ada.

"Yes, Ada."

"There's a darlin'." For Claire grew momentarily more and more endearing now that she had been sent home in the Moore carriage.

THE full, eventful years passed quickly for Claire; then, after days that had been happy, a dark period set in. Claire's school days had been mostly pleasant; her friendship with Sandra and time spent in the Moores' Long Island house had been high lights in her life. For a long time now Sandra had been silent. Months passed and the two girls did not see each other; and when Sandra came home from her school on holidays she did not call Claire.

Ada no longer went out on shopping trips. The doctor said it was "heart" and Ada must "take it easy."

Claire could feel herself growing old in a world of darkness. Her unhappiness was so evident that Ada suggested it might be a good idea if Eric came east to visit with them. Claire wrote Eric and waited expectantly for a reply. After a week had passed she wrote again and telegraphed and finally the letters and telegram were returned with the explanation, "Not at this address." What had happened to Eric? Where had he gone and why hadn't he written?

Ada's gradual decline and the letters she had written Eric to which there had been no reply, as well as Sandra's odd silence, all contributed to Claire's lassitude and unhappiness. Now, for a time, the rooming house in the East Sixties was just a rooming house, dark and shabby and dull. Claire began drawing to amuse herself, to pass the time; she thought she had a feeling and talent for art. She drew everything in sight and sketched her grandmother and the roomers. She did a head of Eric though she did not think the picture resembled him. His face was vague in her memory. She bought paints and canvas and made portraits of Indians and her father and mother from memory, and then sketched the ranch house in New Mexico.

In this way the gloomy hours were somewhat lightened and Claire found a certain measure of peace. When she thought she had done something good her spirits lifted and she hated to put her paints away, because then she was thrust back into the darkness of boredom and despair.

Tina, her grandmother's housekeeper, and Polly remained decent, simple and lovable people in this worrisome, changing world. Tina seemed to understand Claire's deep sadness; and Polly, now in her early teens, was fascinated watching Claire at work.

Since her fifth or sixth year, Polly had been attending a dancing school three or four times a week. When she came home from school she often put on her ballet slippers and danced up and down the room to the music of a phonograph, and curiously enough Ada did not mind the noise of the records and seemed greatly pleased that Tina's daughter should have this ambition to be a dancer.

THE green blinds snap to the tops of the windows and sunlight crashes into the room in a golden wave and you are submerged in happiness up to your eyes. A letter from Eric. He is in the army, stationed in Oregon. He hopes the war will end soon so he can come on to New York. The telephone rings and it is Sandra. Well, for heaven's sake, Sandra, how are you? I missed you, too. Guess what, Claire? I've got a wonderful apartment on the roof of an office building at Broadway and Thirtieth."

"Gracious, Sandra! It sounds simply wonderful."

"What are you doing? Why don't you drop over?"

"Why, I'd love to. How have you been?"

"Nothing to complain about. And you?"

"Well, I was worried not hearing from Eric for a long time. Seems he's been drafted and he's all right."

"Oh, that's good. Come over. Come now and I'll give you some tea."

"I'll jump in a taxi and be right over."

"O.K. I'll wait for you. Good-bye."

At Sandra's apartment, Claire went out through the French windows to the roof. It was the hour when people were leaving their offices and going home. The streets were crowded and small knots of tiny atoms gathered at corners waiting for cars and buses, and there was a ringing of bells and a blowing of whistles. From this height all of it seemed remote, microscopic and beautiful. A cool wind was blowing inland from the sea, softening the glare and heat.

When you look at a beautiful view in the country, thought Claire, you can hardly take it in or interpret it. But here in the city the view writes and talks and builds into an interpretation. This is more exciting, really, because you know that men and women are responsible for it. In the country people can only stand by in helplessness, the country will be there anyway. But this view of the city; this is today, a dream of today; tomorrow will be different. The buildings and the people, the streets and traffic change their pattern from one moment to the next. The shadows vary in their shapes and disappear; the colors fade; the streets are crowded and then, suddenly, they are vacant.

AFTER her grandmother's sudden death, Claire accepted Sandra's invitation and moved to the roof apartment, leaving the furnished rooms to be managed by Tina. After funeral expenses and other debts had been paid, Claire found herself nearly penniless. It was therefore imperative that she find some kind of employment at once; Sandra would be only too glad to take care of her, but Claire did not want that.

Nor was there any money to be made out of her painting. There remained certain jobs, among which secretarial employment seemed the most practical.

Sandra's Uncle Peter arranged for Claire to meet a prospective employer, and Claire appeared for an interview. Mrs. Van Lagen was sitting behind a large office desk and looked up as Claire entered the study of the brownstone house in the East Seventies. She looked to be about sixty-five and she was very thin and wore high lean garments and a collar of lace and bone that kept the muscles of her neck and throat in place. Her gray hair was drawn tightly back from her forehead and nailed down in a knot at the back of her neck.

"Sit down, Miss Whitney."

"Mr. Moore told me you required a secretary."

"Yes, indeed. Do you use a typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"The work isn't difficult. The hours would be from nine to five, half a day on Saturday. The salary is twenty-five dollars a week."

Claire looked about the room and saw some signed photographs of singers on the walls. One of these was of Caruso and another of Madame Nordica. There was a water color of a scene from *Parsifal* and also a photograph of Richard Wagner. On Mrs. Van Lagen's desk was a small white bust of Beethoven.

"Do you like music?" asked Mrs. Van Lagen.

"Oh, yes—but simply as an amateur," said Claire.

"Just so you have some feeling for it."

At the moment the telephone rang and Mrs. Van Lagen picked up the receiver. "Yes?" she asked impatiently. "Oh, Carlo . . . " Immediately her voice became softer and Claire had the strange impression that Mrs. Van Lagen was looking coquettish. "Where are you? . . . Oh, that's not far . . How long will it take you? Very well, then. Good-bye."

"Beginning tomorrow, you will answer the telephone," she said to Claire. "You must always ask who's calling. There will be quite a few people I won't want to talk to or see . . . there are so many demands on my time, my . . . purse . . . to be quite frank."

"I understand," said Claire.

"Is there anything more you'd like to know?"

"No. Nothing that I can think of."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Van Lagen, rising, "suppose you come in tomorrow morning at nine to start."

Claire went out of the room. When she had entered the house, she had come through the hallway, but now on her way out she passed into a large room that looked out on the street. She had wandered into this room by accident, and as she stood irresolute for a minute, the front bell rang. Was this the man to whom Mrs. Van Lagen had been speaking over the telephone? It had not taken Carlo very long. "Carlo" sounded foreign, Italian or Spanish.

Turning her head, suddenly, Claire saw that Mrs. Van Lagen stood looking toward the hallway. Claire jerked herself into movement. By the time she got to the hall, however, the maid had admitted the caller.

Carlo was young and tall, athletic in his appearance; he had thick, wavy blue-black hair that had not been cut for a long time, a curiously pallid skin and intense dark-blue eyes. He seemed to be walking on air and was almost too gay, and there was an inrush of fresh air that he brought with him into the overbred, too-disciplined house. Claire looked up at him and his smile was so completely disarming that she could do nothing but wait and smile back.

"Oh!" Claire heard Mrs. Van Lagen speaking. "Carlo . . . how quick you are. This is Miss Whitney. She's coming to work tomorrow." Claire felt the woman beside her. "Miss Whitney, this is Carlo Cortez."

"How do you do," said Carlo brightly and held out his hand which Claire touched in a shy way.

"Mr. Cortez has an excellent voice," said Mrs. Van Lagen, as if she wanted to throw the burden of his good looks over on a practical plane.

"Oh, really," murmured Claire.

"Mrs. Van Lagen is too flattering," said Carlo.

"You know you have a fine voice," the older woman remonstrated. "There's no sense in trying to belittle it."

"I hope you'll like it here," Carlo said, addressing Claire.

"Yes, I think I will," she said.

"Now don't forget, tomorrow morning at nine," said the mistress of the house as if there had been enough informality for the time being.

Claire proceeded toward the door and heard the young man say, "Good-bye, Miss Whitney!"

"Good-bye." She opened the door and went out.

WHEN Eric got off the train in New York he went straight to Claire's grandmother's. He arrived at the brownstone house, ascended the steps and rang the bell; when Tina looked out at him he knew her as if they were old acquaintances.

"Good morning. Could you tell me if Claire Whitney lives here?"

Tina's broad-boned face took on a slow color and her warm brown eyes were full of light. "You're Eric, no? I bet you! You're Eric."

"Yes, and you're Tina."

"Yes, I'm Tina. Come in. Please!"

She opened the door wide and stood against the wall as he entered.

"Claire's not here now. She lives with her friend, Miss Moore. I can give you the address. You just arrived in New York, yes? Come, come into the back room. You're glad to be here, I bet you, huh?"

"My grandmother . . . " began Eric. "Is she here?"

"Mrs. Lindell is dead. You didn't know that?"

"No," he said wonderingly.

"She's been dead since last summer. After she died I took over the place."

"Oh, I see."

"I wanted Claire here by me, but Miss Moore invited her."

"Do you think Claire would be home now?" Eric asked.

"I think so, Mr. Whitney. Would you like to talk with her on the telephone?"

"I'd rather surprise her," said Eric after a minute.

"Yes! That will be wonderful!" Tina squealed with excitement. "Just to think . . . all these years you did not see her."

"They live together? This Miss Moore and Claire?"

"Yes. They are very old friends. When Mrs. Lindell died so quick and sudden Miss Moore asked Claire to go and live with her. Such a place! On the roof of a high building. It makes me nervous for myself. I'd be afraid to live in such a place."

"A roof?" asked Eric. "It sounds wonderful."

"Just wait till you see it, Mr. Whitney. With such a view! All of New York below." Then Tina added in a tone of great awe, "but Miss Moore is a rich woman and can afford it."

"Well, if Claire's happy, that's all that matters."

Tina hesitated. "Well, you know, Mr. Whitney, I can't say that for sure. A young girl all alone like that without parents or many friends. But now I bet you she will be happy! When she sees you! Just think!" Tina's eyes filled with tears. "Her big brother!"

"Well, I'm not her brother, you know," said Eric.

"No, you're not," said Tina thoughtfully. "I forget."

"It's just the same though. I feel like her brother."

"Yes, yes, you feel like her brother."

HE ARRIVED at the address Tina had given him and went inside. He pressed the elevator button, and just as he had moved back a few paces, the heavy metal door of the lift slid sideways and a girl stepped out. She was fair with gray-blue eyes, and there was about her the excitement of being the pulse in your wrist and throat and at your temples. There was a sharp quick look exchanged between them; then the girl walked quickly to the entrance of the building and Eric got inside the elevator.

I wonder, thought Claire, pausing just outside the door on the pavement, I wonder if that could be . . . it might be . . . Eric. She waited, stunned. She had been on the point of going somewhere, but now all that had no sense. She returned inside, tears in her eyes.

"Miss Moore," Eric said to the elevator man. "Where does she live?"

"Top. But I don't think there's anybody home."

Eric looked disappointed.

"You might try anyway," said the man. When they stopped at the roof they heard someone buzzing from below. "I've got to go down, but if there's nobody in just press the button and I'll come back for you."

Eric rang the doorbell and when there was no answer he debated what he should do. Go down to the street? Write a note? He remembered the girl who had stepped out of the elevator downstairs. He recalled the startled expression in her eyes as though she had wanted to speak to him, but had thought of doing so just a second too late.

"That was Claire," he said to himself suddenly, aloud. A cold, bristling awareness passed over the skin of his body. "I know that was Claire. Why didn't I speak to her?"

He turned back to the elevator and stood there for a long time, years rising up, all the years, the days of his past slowly ascending. The elevator was returning for him and all the hours, the letters, forwarded and misdirected letters. He heard the click of the cage as it stopped. As he started forward, the elevator door slid open and a girl stepped out into the hall and there was a head-on collision between them. Each stepped back slightly to look at the other.

"It's all right," said Claire to the elevator man. "I've found him."

Then she moved forward into Eric's arms and he held her.

The elevator door slid shut and they were alone.

THEY did not know anything for a long time—a half minute—and were together in the plains of New Mexico, in the sage, their Indian ponies kicking up dust as they rode over to the Taos Pueblo. When he kissed her face it was wet and the dear upturned mouth like no other, the feeling of being a part of someone and loved. They did not speak and in some way she had unlocked the door that led into the apartment and they moved within. They looked at each other again, seeking out the memories of the past.

"Why, Claire," he said and giggled, "I knew it was you, down below." He rested his face on her hair and she felt his shoulder throbbing against her own.

"It's really you. It is. Eric." She drew him over to the sofa and they sat down and both started giggling in a half-hysterical way.

"God, I'm shaking," he said. "Let me look at you. You're not much changed. I remember you perfectly."

"You're the same, too, only bigger," she said.

"You used to have pigtails."

"Your hair is softer. You can comb it now," she said. "It has a part. Oh, my dear!" She raised her hands to her eyes and wept, the tears squeezing between her fingers. "Oh, if you only knew!"

"Don't cry," he said, and then lowered his head into her lap.

She tried to compose herself, with not much success; no use in trying to do anything but feel while the high cool breeze pushed in the white curtains at the windows, and far below the surface cars clanged and automobile horns were softened into something like music.

He raised his head and drew out a handkerchief and blew his nose and wiped his eyes.

"You're a big girl now." He passed his fingers over her smooth face and caught hold of her hands, tying in his fingers with her own.

"Whatever happened to you?" she asked.

"Why, I wrote."

"I know. I got your letters, or most of them. But I don't think you got mine. Where have you been?"

"Good Lord, where haven't I been? Everywhere, it seems. I was in the army and then I started east, working my way. I know I took an awfully long time about it."

"Eric, this doesn't seem real. Remember when we last saw each other?"

"Indeed I do. It was at the station at Taos Junction. You waved good-bye from the train."

"I remember it perfectly. You looked so small and sad. But what I can't understand is why it took us so long to get together."

"I can't understand it either." He touched her arm. "I can't get over you. You're a woman."

This was Claire, yet he could scarcely believe it. His sister . . . no, she wasn't his sister . . . yes, she was . . . he couldn't make up his mind so soon. He was a year older. They had been very close in a great and deep unconscious love. She must, in the past, have undergone many of his own emotions. But of course, her life had been very different from his own. She was fairly tall, slim, delicate in her appearance, well dressed in a quiet way. She had a manner of sensitiveness and intelligence. It was a long time before he could take his eyes off her; and when he did and started looking about him, he began to wonder. What was she doing in this pleasant place on top of an office building?

"Let me show you, Eric." They rose together and as she took his arm they were singularly alike in their features and coloring, and even in their bodies and movements; the same quickness and aliveness as if they were careless of the blows and wounds that might come their way.

He was astounded by the view and could not speak for several minutes; and when they returned into the room he said, "Tell me about it, Claire. What's Miss Moore like?"

"She's my friend, a very fine girl. You'll like her. We went to the same school together. When Grandmother died, Sandra asked me to come here and live with her. I wouldn't have if I hadn't got a job a little later. As it is, I think the arrangement is very satisfactory."

"Oh, you have a job, Claire?" he said wonderingly. "That's grand."

"Well, it isn't too grand. But I just had to get something. Sandra wanted me to stay here and paint; but that didn't seem fair."

"Tell me, Claire, would you want to move away from here?"

"I feel that I should someday soon."

"Don't worry. I'll find something. I'm sure I can. I'll take care of you."

"You mean I'll take care of you," she laughed.

"Let's leave it this way—we'll take care of each other."

"All right. It's a bargain."

"You said that you painted, Claire. Can I see your pictures?"

"Oh, I don't think they're good enough, really." She was suddenly shy.

"You must show them to me, Claire."

"Some day I will. When I feel that I've done something really good."

"I've been wanting to write," he confided.

"Really, Eric?" she asked in deep pleasure. "That's wonderful! What? Novels? Stories?"

"Both, perhaps. But there's nothing as yet. It's just a great desire to create something."

"You mean you'd write about your experiences?"

"Yes," he said dreamily. "That's it. That's part of it."

"You must have seen and done so much, Eric dear."

He had worked his way across the country and she felt that he had suffered much, and loved much. For the first time in her life she began to think of him as a person not of her own blood. The realization was strange and beautiful to her. In her childhood, they had been brother and sister; and through all the years of their separation she had always thought of him as a brother; but now, suddenly looking at him, his stature and good looks and kindliness were apart and separate, and she was aware of a warm glow of happiness. In a few minutes of time her feeling about him had changed from a dream to a reality; and it occurred to her that the reality was more beautiful.

ERIC slept in the guest room that night, and when he awoke at dawn he could not help going outside to the terrace to look down at the city. The world below was one of exceptional beauty, so rare and delicate that he was only vaguely aware that the scene existed in time and space. A soft breeze touched his hair and eyes and throat with the freshness and beneficence of the salt sea and the rivers of Manhattan. The moistness of the Atlantic seaboard dampened his lips and cooled his pores.

After an hour, the girls had not yet risen, and he went downstairs and had breakfast. He bought the New York Times and scanned the ads in the Help Wanted section, then turned to the Furnished Rooms.

He did not return at once to the roof but strolled westward along the river front watching the boats on their way out to the harbor and thence to the open sea, bound, most likely, for London, Marseilles, Barcelona. He remembered some of the things Claire had said the evening before, something about the way a brother and sister felt in regard to each other. What she had meant was something pure and without strain, not a flame in the heart or a warm excitement in the mind. That was it, wasn't it? The way you could never feel about a friend or a lover. Was that it? And because that feeling was subconscious, an easy flowing of the blood, though warm and close, you could break away from it easily and without pain; it did not hold you.

Eric was suddenly aflame with the desire to go on. He had been born in New Mexico and lived in Montana and Oregon and then traipsed his way across the country. He stood here now on the very brink of the continent and saw the great ships in the harbor, and he was filled with an almost insupportable yearning to cross the sea to a foreign land. And then he remembered Claire. He was astonished that he should have forgotten her, even for a few minutes. How could she have slipped from his mind so soon after a dozen years' separation? Was it because she was so close to him that she was inside his body, his mind and heart, so that wherever he went he carried her along, a part of him forever? This was not the way of a man with a sweetheart or wife, or even a friend. It was like breathing; you did not stop to think of it, you only knew it was there.

ERIC had taken a room near Washington Square. He still acted toward Claire as though she were his sister and she found herself falling in love with him in a way that was far from sisterly. Sometimes when he kissed her she could hardly bear it and wanted to return his caress with passion. She knew that she could not possibly live with him in the same apartment, not unless he changed in his attitude toward her, made love to her and asked her to marry him. Yet there were other times when she found a pure and beautiful release in just being with him, and it was in such unstrained moments that she seemed closest to him.

Eric's jobs succeeded one another with an astonishing rapidity, but he had enough money to live comfortably. Claire was amazed at this young man who went through life as if constantly refreshed by what he saw and felt. She thought him both handsome and gifted and felt inferior and shy with him.

Why does he always think of me as a sister? she thought in sadness and desperation. Why doesn't he think of me as a lover, a wife? She kept telling herself, tomorrow, tomorrow I will confess to him. And then when tomorrow came she could not find the words.

Perhaps he will grow to love me the other way, she thought. After a year, after he has seen the world, after . . . would it be too late?

One Sunday they were in Bronx Park, walking along by the peaceful, lovely river there, and he talked about his dreams and aspirations. His face was flushed, his light hair blown into disarray by the breeze. He must write, he said. He must write something great. Sometimes he stopped to lift his arms and double up his fists as if about to fight off invisible obstacles; and then, after a few minutes, he caught hold of Claire's shoulders and held them in so strong a grip that she cried out in pain.

He instantly released her. "Oh, I'm sorry, Claire! Did I hurt you? When I get to thinking about my work I'm apt to forget everything else."

Then he added after a minute, "We're in the book. You and I, the book that I'm going to write."

"Tell me about it," she asked.

"It's hard to talk about, but I'll let you read part of it one day soon. But sometimes I wonder, am I good enough? Can I see it through to the bitter end?" After they had walked a little farther he said, "Your father was a fine, sensitive man, but he didn't have the stuff to carry through. You'll see, Claire. We'll have a house together . . . somewhere . . . maybe back in New Mexico . . . you and I . . . and to hell with everything else. To hell with people, with love and marriage. We'll be sufficient to ourselves. We'll have each other and nobody else."

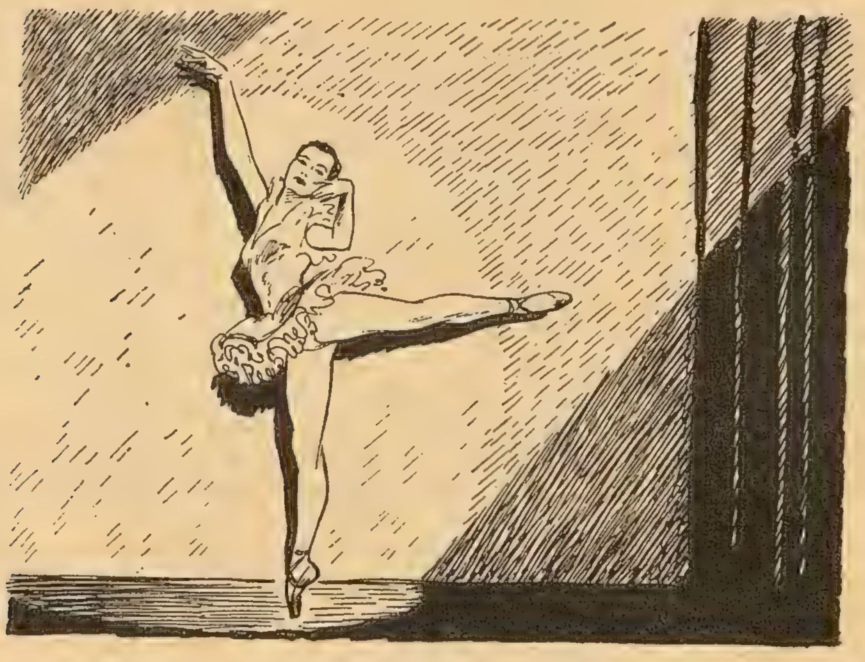
"You mean just us?" she asked timidly. "No other woman or man?"

"Well, if we have to . . . " he compromised. "Do you want somebody else?"

"I don't know," she said.

CLAIRE moved back to her old room at Tina's.

Polly had become a professional dancer and was touring in a musical revue. She had grown to be a handsome girl, exotic in her face and strong in her body. It was difficult to think that the tall young woman who knew her way about stage doors and theatrical agencies had once been the shy child who had danced up and down the living room in her silver-blue ballet skippers. Yet it was clear that even then Polly had had her dreams, her ambitions, her hopes, from which she had never for a moment swerved.



When Polly's show came to town to play a week's stand in the Bronx, Tina, Claire and Eric rode uptown to see her.

Eric was extremely curious about Polly, since he had heard so much about her. She had lived close to Claire for a number of years; and Eric felt close to her even though they had never met.

Polly appeared in three numbers. In the first act she wore an afternoon dress, pretty and girlish, and did a modern dance with a group of other people. After the intermission she performed in a Spanish number; and in another scene she had on the conventional ballet costume and danced on her toes. Eric had no way of knowing which was she until Claire nudged him. Thenceforward he kept looking for her and could not keep his eyes off her.

In the last scene, particularly, when she was wearing her fluffy white ballet skirts, he was entranced with her grace and charm. He could see that she was well trained, and from where he sat she looked beautiful.

After the performance they went backstage and waited until Polly had changed to her street clothes. And when at last she came out, Eric was shocked, so much that he stood off just looking, incapable of speech. He was shocked, not because Polly was so different from the figure he had seen on the stage, but because she was so fascinating to him in a completely real way. You can't go up to a bird in flight and hold out your hand, saying, "Glad to know you." But after a minute or so you can approach a person who is no longer a bird, a young woman wearing a navy-blue suit with brass buttons and a blue hat pulled low over her head.

They went out into the street and moved along in the icy cold, and after a block or so they found themselves at a table in Childs. Tina and Polly sat on one side of the table and Eric and Claire on the other.

Eric had never met a girl in whom reticence was so great a charm. It was what Polly left unsaid that made her so interesting.

"I expected to meet a bird," he said to her now.

Her eyes were Egyptian in their shape and far apart, a brilliant bright blue. She had a high pale forehead and light-brown hair cut short in a bob.

"Well, I'm not that," she said with a half-smile.

"I thought I'd be disappointed."

"Aren't you?"

"No, not a bit."

"I'm a very dull person except that I like to dance."

"You look anything but dull. Are you always so quiet?"

"I thought I was talking quite a lot for me. I'm really rather dull. Maybe I wasn't meant to associate with anybody but dancers."

"Are they dull?"

"Yes, I think so." She began to eat her food in an absent sort of way. "To an outsider they probably aren't dull. But I think they're stupid and vain and haven't any mind for what happens that doesn't concern them."

"Then you haven't any friends on the stage?"

"Not among dancers. The good dancers I admire because they're artists. Not for any other reason."

"You're terribly ambitious, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, how did you know?" she asked, looking at him quickly.

"Oh, I'm psychic," he said, laughing.

Every now and then the conversation would include Tina and Claire; but in the end it always moved back to the two of them.

"Are you going to stay in New York?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'd like to go abroad."

"I've had an offer to go to Paris."

"That's wonderful. You mean dance there?"

"Yes, in a revue. But I haven't made up my mind."

"Why not?"

"Oh . . . I hate to leave Mother alone here."

"Perhaps we'll see each other in Paris."

"Gee, I hope so."

"Remember now," he said. "When you get there."

"Oh, we'll see each other before that, I hope."

"Of course," he replied sheepishly.

He suddenly felt much younger, much less sophisticated than Polly, and wondered why. There was a hardness, an aggressiveness about her that puzzled him.

HE WENT to the Bronx again on the last three evenings of the engagement to see her dance; each time he went backstage and on two of these nights he took her home in the subway. She fascinated him more and more. On the last night of the New York engagement, he accompanied her home in a cab.

"Tell me, Polly, are you glad you're a dancer?" he asked her on the way home.

"Why, of course, Eric!" She turned suddenly and looked at him. "Why did you say that?"

"Oh . . . I wondered if sometimes you didn't get tired of so much work. I wondered whether someday after you'd achieved your ambition you wouldn't have missed something on the way."

"But what could I have missed?"

"Oh, perhaps love, a home, you know . . . " He felt confused, but he knew what was in his mind.

"Well, love. There's always time for that. Anyone can have love. Not everyone can be somebody."

Long ago Polly had determined in her own mind that she would never be what her mother had been, a servant of other people. She would make others serve her. He saw it in her eyes, the lines of her mouth and the determined set of her jaw. And yet he could not help feeling that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

Why did Polly look so warm and beautiful and dance like a divine thing, and then speak these cold, carefully considered, deliberate words? He leaned close to her and drew her toward him. He kissed her mouth, and then, as she turned her head quickly, his lips slid to her cheek. After a half minute, she pushed him away.

"Eric," she said unsteadily. "Please don't. Not now."

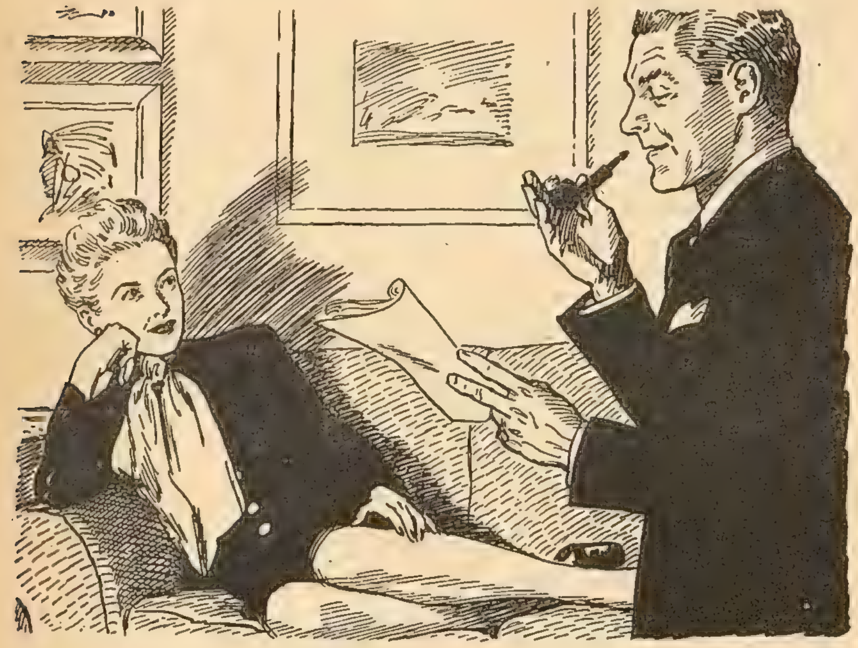
"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. You're really lovely."

"You're a nice boy."

"Is that all, a nice boy?" he said with a sour expression on his face.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing, Polly. Tomorrow you're going to Philadelphia. And Monday you'll be dancing again."



"We have a rehearsal tomorrow afternoon."

"Is that all you ever think about?" he asked brusquely.

"I haven't much time to think about anything else. Why? Are you angry about something? What do you want me to do? Ask you up to my room?"

"I'd think a hell of a lot more of you if you did," he said sharply. "Then I'd know you had some human feelings. As it is—"

"As it is, I'm just a cold, inhuman mechanical toy. Is that it?"

"That just about describes it."

"I'm really sorry, Eric, that I haven't come up to your expectations. But don't worry too much about it. There are plenty of other girls who'll invite you up to their rooms. Well, here I am, home."

The cab drew up at the curb in front of Tina's and after he had helped her out, he paid the driver.

"You're a strange boy," she said as she held out her hand to him.

"Is it so strange for a man to fall in love with you?" he blurted out.

"Oh!" She stood still for a moment looking at him. Then she smiled in a perplexed, tentative way.

He stared at her face under the street light, so young and beautifully appealing despite the quality of hardness in her nature. Her face, her lovely body, her entire personality; he suddenly realized and understood what they were for. She had disciplined herself and made herself into a person for an audience. She did not exist except in that one fixed dimension.

A FEW weeks later Mrs. Van Lagen went to the country for the weekend and left Claire's salary in an envelope on the desk. As she transferred the bills to her purse, Claire had a warm feeling of pride. She wondered how it could have happened that her financial independence had been so long delayed. As she started for the door she heard someone playing the piano in the front room. Curious, she entered this room and saw Carlo striking chords in a vague kind of way. The moment she entered, he looked up and smiled. Once again she thought how handsome he was, and how boyishly gay.

"Hello!" he greeted her.

"Oh. I wondered who was playing," she said.

"I was on my way home from a lesson," he said, "and thought I'd drop by."

"Mrs. Van Lagen has gone to the country."

"You know, I'd forgotten it was Saturday!" He looked at her with what seemed an intense enjoyment. "Were you going home?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I might walk a way with you."

"Why, that would be very nice."

"How do you like your work?" he said, as they started toward Madison Avenue. It was a day in late winter.

"Oh, it's fine," she said. "Mrs. Van Lagen knows so many interesting people. All those great singers! I'm simply overwhelmed. The other day one of them called up on the telephone and I almost fell off the chair. Imagine! Antonio Scotti!"

"Yes, he's pretty good," said Carlo in a rather disparaging way.

SHE felt in some strange way she had offended his ego and wondered why. Surely he didn't think of himself in the same breath with Scotti? "I've heard you're going to have a fine career," she said.

"I hope so. I certainly work at it hard enough." His mood brightened, "I don't mind it, though. I love to sing."

"I'm sure you do."

"Do you like music?" he asked.

"Oh, very much."

"We must go to a concert together."

"Are you Spanish, Mr. Cortez?"

"Argentine. Buenos Aires. I've been in New York two years."

"You speak English very well."

"Oh, yes. I learned it as a child."

"Are you part English or French?"

"Oh, no. My father and mother were both Argentines. Before that my family came from Spain."

She looked up at him. "I thought—your blue eyes—"

"Oh, that's not unusual in Argentina."

"I come from a state where most of the people are Spanish," she told him. "New Mexico."

"Oh, you do!" He regarded her with a new interest. "Do the people there look like me?"

"Well, no. Very few I've seen have blue eyes and they're not as tall as you. Not nearly so good-looking as you."

"Oh, now! You're kidding me!"

"Not at all."

"You're very pretty, you know," he said.

"Thanks, but you didn't have to say that, Mr. Cortez."

"Well, you are! I noticed it the first time I saw you. Are you pleased?"

"Naturally. But I don't believe a word of it." Nevertheless, Claire was happy. "Oh, I'm nearly home."

"Walk down a few blocks with me," he begged.

"Well . . . it's sort of cold and blowy."

He took her arm and she felt warmly enveloped and sheltered by his nearness. "The air is good for you."

"Very well." The man was solid and strong and yet very graceful, too. She thought that if he did become a successful singer, he would be one of the handsomest on the stage.

"When will you make your debut?" she asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Van Lagen wants me to wait two years. It's a hard life. Study, study, all the time. I get very little relaxation."

"But you look so well."

"I get up at seven and take a cold shower. I walk a great deal. Twice a week I go to a gymnasium. That's all a part of it, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so. There are so many things about a career in music that the layman doesn't ever hear about."

"My great ambition is to sing in opera. You were talking about Scotti. I know all his roles—*Tosca, La Bohème, Butterfly* and *Pagliacci.*"

"Gracious!"

"I've been singing all my life. Some friends thought I should make a career of it and they lent me the money to come to New York. That's when the trouble started."

"Trouble?"

"Have you ever been alone and broke in New York?"

"N-no . . ."

"At one time I lived on peanuts and milk for two weeks. I got pneumonia and they sent me to a charity hospital. While I was sick a friend from Argentina arrived in New York. This friend knew Mrs. Van Lagen and he thought she would be interested in me. But I am boring you to death."

"Oh, don't be silly. Go on. Tell me more."

"It was a miracle. When I got out of the hospital I weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. I could hardly stand. And the next day I was supposed to sing for Mrs. Van Lagen."

"You didn't, did you?"

"No. I went to her house with my friend. When we got inside the door I fainted. Can you imagine a big fellow like me fainting? I tell you, it was quite something. Mrs. Van Lagen sent me right back to the hospital, this time to a private room, and I spent the next two weeks really getting well. After that it was all right. I sang for her and she was impressed. She's a wonderful woman."

"She must be," said Claire, trying to instill some feeling into her voice.

"Any success I ever have will be due to her. She's been like a mother to me."

"I must be turning back, Mr. Cortez. I'm afraid I'll be awfully late."

"Very well. I'm sorry I talk so much. I'm sorry to have bored you."

"Don't be silly. The whole story is fascinating."

"It's so wonderful to be able to talk to someone who's young!" he said.

"Don't you see many young people?" she asked.

"Hardly ever. Mrs. Van Lagen keeps my nose to the grindstone. Of course it's for my own good."

They had arrived in front of Tina's house, but he detained her, talking, as if he hated the idea of parting from her so soon.

"Do you live here, Claire?"

"Yes."

"May I drop by sometime?"

"Of course. I'd be delighted if you did."

Something about him as he stood there, something about his youth and animation and enthusiasm made her feel suddenly sorry that she was leaving him.

"Don't forget." He pressed her hand. "Good-bye, Claire." When she got to the top of the stoop she looked back. As she did so, he turned and waved at her, halfway down the street.

WHEN she reached Washington Square, it was late afternoon and she wondered if Eric would be home. She turned up a flight of steps that led off the narrow pavement and found his name on a small white card. After she had pressed the bell the buzzer sounded and she opened the door.

"Eric?" she called.

She made out his figure dimly, leaning over the stair rail two flights up. "Hello, Claire! Come on up!" He was wearing a long woolen lounging robe. "I was just trying to get you on the phone."

"You were? What about?"

"I'll tell you."

She climbed the stairs. When she reached the top landing where he stood waiting for her, they embraced and kissed and she felt the bones of his strong thin shoulders under the material of the robe.

He opened the door for her and she went inside.

"How's the job going?" he asked.

"Well enough. Mrs. Van Lagen is an interesting, odd sort of woman."

"How do you mean?"

"She's a woman of strong prejudices and there's a jealous streak in her." She thought of Carlo Cortez.

"Well, don't worry about it." He lit a cigarette and sat down on the couch. "I got a new job."

"Oh? What doing?"

"I'm shipping out on a freighter."

"You mean you're working your way across?"

"Yes. We leave on Monday. I'm going to Marseilles."

"Oh, Eric! So soon! I knew you were going, but I didn't think it would be right away."

"Would you rather I didn't go?" he asked anxiously.

"No. You should do what you think is best for you." She looked away quickly so that he would not see her eyes.

"It was such a chance. I couldn't refuse it. I've always wanted to go to Europe."

"Well," she sighed. She came over to the couch and sat beside him.

"You don't like the idea, do you?" he questioned her.

"No, it isn't that. I want you to do what you think best. Only it seems to me we were just beginning to know each other again." She knew that she had been lying. She wanted him to stay in New York, but she was afraid to tell him why. She feared that if she told him that he meant much more to her than a brother he would either laugh or feel sorry for her.

"You shouldn't leave me alone." The words escaped her involuntarily; and, when he looked at her with a stricken expression in his eyes, she was sorry she had spoken.

"All right. I won't go."

"No, don't say that. You want to go. You must. I'll be all right."

"If anything happened to you, I'd die," he said.

"What do you mean? What could happen to me?"

"I don't know." He stared at her. "You know, sometimes, you seem much nearer to me than a sister."

"Oh, pshaw, Eric! In a minute you'll make me awfully self-conscious!" She wondered if he could hear her heart and temples pounding ferociously.

"I finished a play," he said.

"Oh? That's wonderful!"

"Shall I read it, or do you want to?"

"You read it, Eric. I can get a clearer idea that way."

HE went over to the table and gathered up the pages of the manuscript.

Eric had gone back to his Butte days and written about himself, Tom and Maggie Whitney. The action was seen through a boy's eyes, a boy of fourteen who sold newspapers. The play sprawled and leapt, was never quiet, ran away, came back, but was never framed or contained. It was not really a play, not as Claire knew plays, not as any Broadway manager would see a play.

Eric continued on through three long acts, never stopping to look at Claire. When he finished reading there was a long silence. Claire then felt the couch sinking under his weight as he sat down beside her.

"What did you think of it, Claire?"

"Think?" she asked at last. "It's too wonderful, that's what."

"Do you really think so? You wouldn't just say that?"

"Of course not. It's a terrible play in a sense, terrible because it's so real. Frankly, I don't think anyone would ever have the courage to produce it."

"Neither do I," he said, and rested his head against her shoulder.

The room continued to grow darker, and they pressed closer together on the couch, as if helpless and in need of each other.

"What a life you must have had," she said at last.

"I suppose I have," he said. "I never think about it that way. I've enjoyed it.

"You know, Claire, sometimes I have a funny idea about us. When you consider the lives we've had! It's as though we carried about with us and within ourselves nearly all living. It may sound a bit pretentious. But it's so. Just consider. A boy and a girl born in New Mexico; our people are drowned in a flood; we're carried away into the world. Things keep happening to us. And even when we're sitting here quietly talking things are happening to us, the world is in terrific motion, we can hardly catch our breaths."

He jumped up from the couch and paced up and down the room. "Maybe it's not that way with you," he said. "Your world is smaller, but no less intense, I'm sure of that. Something happened to you today. What was it?"

He looked at her and she said, "I had a long conversation with a young man named Carlo Cortez. Why?"

"I'm not sure. Are you?"

"No, I'm not. . ."

"Don't be swept away, whatever it is."

"I don't know," she said slowly. "Perhaps I will be . . . swept away, as you put it. But in the end it will always be me and you, Eric."

"Yes, I believe that," he said, looking at her strangely. "We'll probably end up together back in that house in New Mexico."

"I think we will."

"Oh, yes . . . we will . . . we will . . ." she said.

IN THE week following Eric's departure, Claire was told by Mrs. Van Lagen that the maestro, Mr. Tubbas, was to have a select gathering of people to his studio in order to hear three of his pupils sing. These pupils were to include Carlo Cortez. If Claire liked she could come.

On the evening of the recital, Claire was conscious of an exceptional inner excitement, and remembering her last meeting with Carlo she began to wonder just how much she liked him and whether her fondness for him had not passed over the line into love. Since Eric's departure she had been feeling lonely. For a young girl her age she was too much alone. Considering how much she craved affection and love, it was remarkable how friendless and unloved she was.

Was it because, all these years, she had been keeping herself for Eric, only to discover that his feeling for her was that of a brother and not a lover?

The thought of Carlo came back to her as she was crossing Fifth Avenue, in a flash, and she was suddenly both lifted and aghast. The realization that you care for some particular person above all others is likely to come like that, between one heartbeat and the next. You look up at a window shining in a tall building, the pane of glass burning in the light of the moon, and you know that something has happened inside you that wasn't there before.

At some time during the past few weeks you had fallen in love with Carlo and only now were you aware of it.

Carlo offered to see Claire home after the recital, and she accepted gratefully.

"You haven't told me what you thought of my singing," he said when they were on the street.

"Now I hope you won't be offended; but I was very much surprised at how excellent you were."

"But why should I feel offended?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's just that I hadn't expected your voice would be so good."

He looked deeply pleased. "I'm so glad. All the time I was in that room I kept thinking: I don't care about the others. But if she likes my voice that's the main thing."

She wondered whether she should regard this as a declaration of love. She couldn't be sure. Yet after he had spoken there seemed to be no weight in her feet at all; she felt like one of those angels, cut off at the waist and passing the time of day amid fleecy white clouds, in a painted ceiling.

He tucked her right hand into his overcoat pocket and as they walked along he was full of a keen young happiness. He told her this was the first time in many years that he had been really happy.

"And I've been so alone, Claire!" he said, almost crying out the words. "I've never had anyone to love. What difference does a voice make, a career, if you haven't got someone close to you? But now everything is perfect. Except that I've not heard a peep out of you."

"What do you want me to say?" asked Claire.

"You haven't told me that you love me."

"Do you want me to tell you now?"

"Well, when do you suppose?" He stopped and drew her up in front of him and they stood in front of a brilliantly lighted cafeteria.

"Not here," she said quickly, "where everybody can see us."

"But that's just it. I want everybody to see us."

"I love you," she said, and he kissed her.

Something was in her mind as she and Carlo moved forward.

"Shall you tell Mrs. Van Lagen?"

"I don't know why."

"Will she mind terribly?"

"I suppose she will. She wouldn't understand."

"She wouldn't want anything to interfere with your career."

"As to that, I feel that I'm a much better singer than I was before I met you."

When they stopped before Tina's house, Carlo held her in his arms for a much longer embrace, and she felt, oddly, that this was not the way a young woman who had gone to Miss Allison's School should act; there was something vagrant and vulgar about Carlo; but this consciousness in no way diminished her ardor.

"I'd better go in."

"Will I see you tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow is Saturday and I work only until noon."

"My darling!" He clasped her again. "I'm so glad! I tell you what. We'll go skating with Manuel and Violet."

"Who are they?"

"Manuel is my best friend in New York. He's married to Violet. You'll like them both."

"Is Manuel the Argentine friend you told me about?"

"Yes. And he and Violet are going to skate in Central Park tomorrow. Wouldn't you like to go? And then afterward we can have a party at Violet's house."

"Why, Carlo, I think that will be exciting. When shall we meet?"

"Well, at one o'clock. At the Seventy-second Street entrance. Is that all right?"

"Perfect."

IT WAS a sunny day, though cold, and at the park entrance Claire was pushed and shoved about by grown-ups and children in their bright-colored scarves and sweaters and mittens. She was about to turn into the park when she heard her name called and she discovered Carlo's figure hurrying toward her. Carlo with his scarf like a red streak in the air and his sports jacket of a dizzy design was even more colorful than the screaming children he stumbled over. She could see how his eyes lighted up with joy at sight of her and how his blue-black hair glistened in the frigid gold light of the sun.

"It's such a beautiful day," she said. "How's the ice?"

At the edge of the rink, she found a bench and he knelt and took off her slippers. His heavy black hair fell over his eyes and forehead, and in the process of fitting her skates to her feet he had to pause every few seconds and brush his hair back.

"Still love me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, her face colored with emotion. "More than ever."

"That's all I wanted to hear," he said and sat down beside her, putting on his skates. When they moved cautiously onto the ice she felt a vitality and sturdiness about him that were almost new to her senses. He displayed unusual skill and ease as a skater and she was embarrassed at her own awkwardness.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I won't let you fall."

"I hope not, Carlo. It wouldn't be a very pretty sight."

"Just relax," he kept saying. "Just as if you were dancing with me."

After a few minutes she seemed to regain the skill she had lost through years of inactivity, and with Carlo to steer her she fairly flew along. It was great fun and she was somewhat disappointed when she felt her escort draw her up short and exclaim, "Here we are! I found her at last!"

"I'm *so* glad to know you, Claire. Carlo has told us so much about you," said Violet. She had a deep pleasant voice, somewhat hoarse, aged in the wood of experience.

"And this is Manuel," said Carlo, drawing his arm through that of the young man who stood near by.

"How *are* you?" asked Manuel. He was as tall as Carlo, but much less solid in his physique. His face was thinner and had an oily quality about it.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" asked Violet, who had lost no time in looking Claire up and down.

"Oh, lovely," said Claire. "Just perfect."

Carlo and his cousin had moved somewhat apart and were jabbering away in Spanish.

"Come on, let's leave them for a few minutes," said Violet. They skated off together. "Carlo tells me that you work for Mrs. Van Lagen."

"Yes. I had a long letter to type for her and that's why I was so late."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about being late," said Violet. "If I'm not mistaken, Carlo would wait for you all day. And I don't blame him."

"Well, that's a very nice compliment," said Claire.

At this moment Carlo and Manuel sailed up beside them, Manuel on one leg as if the ice were a dancing floor. Then, showing off, he twirled and leaped and did a number of fancy figures.

Carlo took hold of Claire's elbows and moved her away in such a rush of speed that she gasped. "I didn't mean to leave you alone, darling," he said. "Manuel and I have so much to talk about."

"So I noticed."

"You know, darling, they've very nice people. They're the only friends I have in New York—I mean friends that I can act natural with. Violet's a wonderful girl."

"She's awfully nice," said Claire. She was bursting to ask Carlo dozens of questions about Violet, but this did not seem to be the proper time.

"You know," said Carlo, "they've invited us to their apartment for cocktails and dinner."

"Don't you suppose I should go home and change?"

"Oh, no; you're one of the family now, sweet."

"WELL, what did you think of Manuel and Violet?" Carlo asked on the way back to Tina's after dinner and much drinking at the couple's Park Avenue apartment.

Claire hesitated, and then said, "I liked them. It's a sort of peculiar arrangement though, isn't it?"

"How do you mean, peculiar, darling?"

"Well, Violet is much older than Manuel, isn't she?"

"Oh, that!" said Carlo. "I don't think age is important."

"No, perhaps not." Claire knew what she wanted to say, but she was afraid she would hurt Carlo's feelings.

"You see, she's been married twice before."

"Yes, she told me."

"Her first two husbands were wealthy. Besides which she had quite a bit of money herself."

"Where did she and Manuel meet?"

"Well, you'll be surprised. I introduced them to each other. I'd met her at a party, and one evening Manuel called me up because he was lonely. I was on my way to Violet's and I took him along. The moment they saw each other, it was love. They danced together for hours. A week later they were married."

"Do you think it will last?" Claire inquired.

"Why, of course, darling!" Carlo looked astonished. "They're very much in love with each other."

"I hope you don't mind my saying so, Carlo, but I got the impression that her greatest love was for her cat."

"Claire!" He pulled her roughly into his arms and kissed her in a hard scolding way. "What's the matter with you? Have you fallen out of love with me?"

"I'm sorry, Carlo. Indeed I haven't."

"And we can be married immediately?"

"Well, just as you think. But what about Mrs. Van Lagen? Shall we tell her?"

"Not right away. It will be more fun keeping our marriage a secret."

"And where will we live?" she asked.

"At Violet's, darling. They have plenty of room."

"Yes, they have, haven't they?"

"We'll live there until I can get started and we can afford our own place."

"It sounds wonderful, Carlo . . . wonderful . . ."

But after he had left her, she wasn't sure.

IN AN interminable background of darkness there were bursts of color as of rockets exploding and flowering into many brilliant designs and blooms of scarlet and yellow, bright green, purple and gold. Claire saw Eric come up riding the Indian pony she remembered from her childhood. A cool scented breeze moved the gold plain and the glass sage into a softness that was almost real. Sometimes she rode on the same pony with Eric, holding on to him with her arms tight about his chest, and as he galloped along she thought it was odd that while he was grown, a man over six feet tall, she was still a little girl with pigtails down her back.

"Can't you wait till I grow up?" she asked.

And then the gold faded out into the lines of a bedroom, and she and Eric were sleeping in the same bed, back in New Mexico; but now the situation was reversed, for she was a woman and Eric was a small boy.

There was a kind of nerve-racking aggravation about this inequality of stature and years. For every time they were together, he was a man and she was a child, or she was a tall woman and he was a little boy.

Then she opened her eyes and heard Sandra's voice. "I think it would be all right to take her out to my house in Long Island, wouldn't it, doctor?"

"Oh, yes. She'll be all right."

Claire looked about her. The plain gray walls, the narrow sanitary bed, the smell of disinfectant made her realize that she was in a hospital room. Near the bed Sandra was talking to a man of middle age.

After a minute Claire sank back against the pillows. The doctor left the room and Sandra stood by the foot of the bed looking at her.

"Has Carlo been here?" she asked Sandra.

"Yes, a week ago. He seemed to understand that it was all over. He said how much he loved you, but actually he looked relieved."

"You mean he was here this morning, don't you?" asked Claire. "You said a week ago."

"It was a week ago. You've been here two weeks."

"I've been here *two weeks?*" Claire was deeply shocked. "I thought only one night."

"Two weeks today. This is the first time you've been rational."

"What in heaven's name was the matter with me?"

"A complete nervous breakdown complicated by an attack of influenza. I'll tell you something very interesting. Dr. Watts said that you wanted to be sick at a certain time and you were. The trouble was, you were much more ill than you expected to be."

"That's ridiculous!"

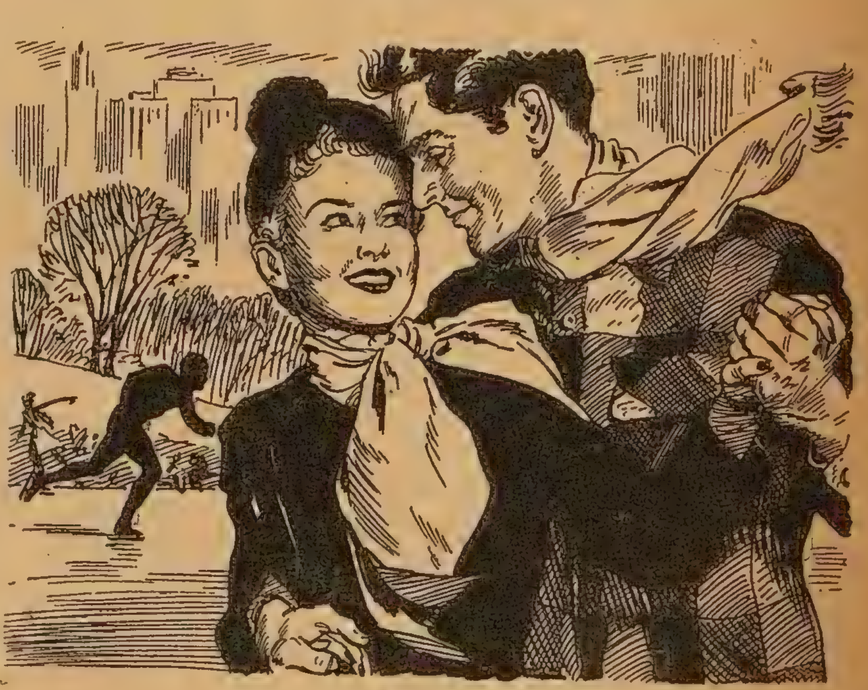
"My dear, don't tell me that you really wanted to marry that man?"

"Of course I did. I was very much in love with him." But actually Claire had no such certainty.

"I'm glad that you have no ill feeling toward him, Claire."

"Poor boy," she said. "Poor Carlo. To think that he had to go through all this on account of me."

"And to think that you've had to go through all you've gone through on account of him. You were pretty sick, you know. The doctor also said that, having worked yourself up into a state about Carlo, you had to get rid of it, and it was the getting rid that caused the trouble."



"I'd better call Carlo and tell him we can be married in two weeks or so," said Claire.

"Ha, ha," said Sandra. "Now I'll tell one."

"You mean he doesn't want to marry me now?"

"I don't think so. But even if he did, you don't."

Claire looked up at the ceiling. "I really don't," she admitted.

"Do you feel as if you could change beds in a few days?" Sandra inquired. "I think it would be very good for you if you went out to the Long Island house."

"Sandra, that's very decent of you, darling. But I've got to think of getting work somewhere. I haven't a penny."

"Yes, you have. You have ten thousand dollars."

Claire wondered if she was still in the throes of delirium. "Where would I get ten thousand dollars?"

"From Uncle Peter."

"But he's dead. We went to his funeral." Claire closed her eyes and tried to think. "Or did I dream it?"

"We did," said Sandra. "But he left you ten thousand dollars."

Claire lay very still for a long time and when she opened her eyes the lashes pressed forth a warm gush of tears. "It was very good of him," she managed to say.

"He was very fond of you, Claire."

"Yes, I suppose he was. Still, how terribly good . . . how awfully decent some people can be. You're awfully decent, Sandra."

"Oh, come, come. But, seriously, I think it would be a good idea if you took it easy for a while on the shore."

"I do, too." Suddenly she changed the subject. "The letters!" she said.

"Letters?"

"Are there any letters from Eric?"

"I haven't seen any. But there might be at Tina's."

"Yes, there might . . ."

Claire suddenly had an inspiration. She was going back to New Mexico and live in the old house near Taos. With the money Peter Moore had left her, she would be able to paint for a few years in peace.

ERIC really got to work in Paris and made progress on the novel he had been writing. The theme of his book was exactly that of the play he had written in New York; but unlike the play, the novel moved with a greater freedom in a wider space.

When he finished his book he moved over to England. He liked London. He passed a theater and his eye was suddenly arrested by the advertisement on the boards. An American musical comedy was playing, the title of which started certain embers in Eric's memory to lighting and warming. He remembered then that this was the same entertainment he had seen that cold winter week in the Bronx. He studied the list of players until he found the name he had been looking for. Polly . . . Polly was here in London.

The show seemed much better to him in its London setting. Between the acts he sent a note backstage asking if she would see him after the show. The note was presently returned and on it Polly had written, "Thrilled to death. Wonderful to see you again. P."

After the last curtain Eric lost no time and arrived at the door of the dressing room almost at the same instant as Polly. "Eric! How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine! And you, Polly?"

"A little tired at the moment. But I'll be all right. Where have you been, Eric?"

"I just got over from Paris yesterday."

They went for supper to Sandini's, an Italian restaurant in Soho to which Polly had been taken by some other member of the show who knew London. The food was excellent, and after a bottle of wine both Eric and Polly were animated and lively.

Eric told her about the novel he had completed. She was deeply interested and told him she had met an American publisher, John Keene, at a party. She thought Eric should meet him and show him the manuscript.

"I'm not sure it's finished," said Eric.

"But it wouldn't do any harm to show him what you've done. Suppose he liked it and wanted to publish it? Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"I admit it would."

"He's coming to the house Sunday afternoon. You must come, too, and stay on for dinner."

He asked her about Tina.

"Oh, she's fine, still carrying on in the same house. She loves that house. But you can see how hard it is for me. Now that I'm becoming better known, I can't tell people my mother keeps a rooming house. It sounds so unromantic for a dancer."

"And how well known are you?"

She looked at Eric in surprise. "Well enough to have received an offer from the Russian Ballet."

"Oh . . ."

"It means study, hard work, and not much money. But the Russian Ballet means prestige. And of course it's what I want to do. Once I'm in the Ballet critics will show more respect. And I can always go back in a Broadway show and make much more. Or I might go on a concert tour, or have a troupe of my own." She paused. "That's my really great ambition. To have a group."

Once again Polly seemed to have lost all interest in Eric as a person. Now she was deeply concerned with her own welfare, her future. Her eyes were brilliant. He noticed that she was wearing a beautiful emerald on one of her fingers and he could not help asking about it.

"A young man here in London, Lord Kelvinston. He's terribly interested in dancing and wants to back me."

"Is he in love with you?" Eric asked jealously.

"Perhaps. I don't know. What difference does it make?"

SEVERAL days after that Sunday, Eric was awakened by a telephone call. The voice was Mr. Keene's. "I read your novel and I'm crazy about it!"

"Oh, thanks. Thanks very much. I'm glad you—"

"I want to publish the book, Mr. Whitney. If you haven't made any other arrangements—"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, could you come around this afternoon and sign the contract. Oh, say, three o'clock?"

"Yes, that would be fine, Mr. Keene."

"Good. And congratulations. That's a swell novel, Eric. You should go places with it."

In a few minutes the telephone rang again. It was Polly. "What on earth have you been doing? Why haven't you called?"

"Oh, I was a bit out of sorts, Polly. The weather and all. But I've just had the greatest news. Mr. Keene is going to publish the book!"

"Oh, how wonderful, Eric dear! How thrilling!"

"I have you to thank for it."

"Oh, I didn't do anything but introduce you to Mr. Keene. It must be a wonderful book because he's awfully critical. I'm very happy for you."

"I don't know whether I'm happy or not. I'm in a daze."

"What I phoned about—I'll be free at tea time. I think it would be nice to have tea at a shop I know just off Piccadilly. Langdon's. You know the place?"

"Yes, I think I do. Anyway, I can find it."

"Then, five at Langdon's. Oh, I'm so glad, Eric dear. . ."

AFTER he had seen John Keene there was a strange burning feeling in him that would not let him rest. He had to walk, anywhere; it didn't much matter. It would be pleasant to walk the London streets in the rain.

The rain was falling with a steady persistence and all the lights had been turned on so that parts of the pavement in the Strand gleamed and undulated with purple and gold reflections. Eric splashed through puddles and scurried across streets, missing onrushing buses by inches.

At last he entered the teashop dripping and soaked to the skin. A bright-eyed waitress smiled at him prettily.

And then in through the door came a tall slim figure in a dazzling raincoat of many colors; and as she stood just within the shop, the darkness and wet behind her, Polly was a figure of such exceptional beauty that everything else fell away to unimportance.

She looked about and, finding Eric, came forward. "I'm so thrilled about the book, Eric!" she said. "And so proud to have had anything to do with it. Tell me all about it!"

"There's not much to tell," he said, stammering. "I just came away from Keene. He likes the book a whole lot and he's going to publish it. And I got an advance."

"But how wonderful! Aren't you happy about it?"

"So happy that I walked for miles in the rain and was almost run over by a bus."

They ordered tea and scones.

Polly looked at him in a new way. He could feel it. Before, he had been a footloose young man who happened to write fiction, but now the situation was suddenly changed. Eric had a career of his own. Polly was impressed. Eric had grown immeasurably in her eyes; but for some obscure reason, the more enthusiastic and respectful she became about his career the less he felt himself to be in love with her. The excitement of having his novel accepted had made him think, for a few hours, that she was necessary to his happiness. But now, in the teashop, so close to her, he knew he had ceased to love her.

"Now you can really settle down and write without worrying," she said. "Why don't you take a cottage somewhere? I'll come up and spend weekends with you."

"You will. . .?" he asked in bewilderment. All these past days he had been going about in a dream of feverish desire for her; and now, in just a few seconds' time, she had signified her willingness to live with him . . . and it was too late. Her words sounded hollow in his ears.

"Polly . . . I'm going home."

"Oh, no!" The words were startled out of her.

"Yes, I'm going home to be a writer. And you'll be a dancer, a great one."

"Do you think so?" Her eyes shone with despair.

"How could it be otherwise? Polly, will you kiss me?"

"Not if you're going home," she said moodily.

"Please. . ." He bent down and kissed her mouth. Her lips were cold and unfeeling.

"Just as we were beginning to make something of our lives," she said in a low voice.

FLORENCE and Alec Vincent met Claire's train.

"The house. . ." said Claire, as they started on the road to Taos. "Is it . . . I mean, is anyone living there?"

"No; and we think you'll like it, Claire. We've had it cleaned and plastered inside, and there's a new coat of adobe on the outside."

"But whom does it belong to?" asked Claire.

"Why, it belongs to you," said Alec.

"I don't understand."

"Well, it was just a matter of paying the taxes," said Alec. "They didn't amount to much."

"In that case, the house isn't mine. It belongs to you."

"If you insist, Claire, you can pay us back what we spent on taxes. It's a good property, and we always thought you and Eric might want to come back and live here sometime. By the way, where is Eric?" asked Florence.

"Oh, he's in Europe. In London," said Claire.

"You don't say? Well, what do you think of that, Florence? The boy has got around, hasn't he?"

"He sure has. Is he coming here?" she asked.

"I . . . don't know."

"He's not married, is he?" asked Mrs. Vincent.

"Not that I know of," said Claire. "At least . . ." She looked confused. "I have an idea he may marry soon."

"Well, he can bring his wife out here," said Alec.

"Wife? I don't believe it," said Florence and Claire saw the caustic look she sent in Alec's direction.

IT WAS late autumn and the cottonwood trees were bouquets of flaming gold against the green and red hills. The occasional villages looked as if they had sprung out of the earth. Strings of brilliant red chili had been hung out to dry against brown adobe; from a distance they burned through the blue and gold air like clots of blood that have taken on the hardness of rubies and garnet.

As the car came out of the Rio Grande Canyon, up onto Taos plain, a sigh came out of Claire, as if this sudden disclosure of beauty was far beyond the picture that had stayed in her mind. And as they drove closer in the direction of Taos, Claire felt that she was not alone; surely Eric must be somewhere on the scene. It was inconceivable that she should be returning here without him. When she arrived at the old house where she had been born, he would be there to surprise her.

But Eric was not here; the reunion with the country, with her friends, was complete except for that one factor. She went through the various rooms. This was the old living room, the fireplace; here her father had read by the kerosene lamp; here, in the bedroom, he had slept by the side of her mother. The kitchen was the same as the one in which Elizabeth had cooked, the same as when, on cold winter mornings, Claire and Eric had dressed in it.

The weather stayed fine for the next few weeks and Claire managed to get her painting under way. She had finished a number of sketches of the country and hoped to work on them indoors when the winter set in. She was very happy when she was working; it was only when she put her brushes away that she became aware of loneliness.

One morning, about a month after her arrival, she was walking along the road when she passed a small cemetery. It was not until she had gone inside that she remembered that Eric's parents were buried there. She was curious to look at the graves. She was so intent on her search that she did not see the young man standing over a grave.

"I was on my way out to the house," said Eric. "And then I remembered that my father and mother were buried here and I thought I'd come and see their graves."

She started slowly toward him. At last she was at his side and he moved his arm about her waist.

Finally they walked arm in arm to the road. He had closed the gate and kissed her.

"You'll love the house. It's just as it used to be."

"That's good. Do you think we'll be happy here?"

"Uh-huh." She began to cry.

"What are you crying about?"

"God knows! It seems the only way I can express my emotions adequately."

"This good dusty road on which we stand and walk. This mortal moment in immortality," he said. "I thought of it as I was walking here from Taos. And I thought, 'This firmness of earth, the trees and sky . . . are they good homespun? Are they here forever?' "

"Yes. Everything is here forever. Even if it passes."

They arrived at the main road. Claire had finished crying and began to laugh. "I was thinking that I almost got married in New York."

"Were you very much in love?" he asked.

"I was in love with you," she said. "But you weren't in love with me."

"I think I was always," said Eric. "But it was too good to be true. It took me a long time to wake up."

When they reached the turn that led off the main road to the house he said, "Everything is just as I remember it. The road, the sky, the mountains. It's as though not a day had passed. And now let's be practical. We'll be here and when we get tired of here we'll go there, anywhere, and then come back here."

"Mostly I like the idea of coming back here," she said.

When they got within sight of the house, he caught at her hand and they started running. Suddenly, halfway to the outer gate, they stopped. "What are we running for?" he asked. "The house is here."

"It's wonderful how these houses stand up," she said.

"Yes, isn't it? Like a man's immortal soul."

They opened the gate, moved arm in arm along the path, and then stood before the front door. Eric opened it slowly.

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By Helen Greenwood

**MORTON THOMPSON**, ex-columnist and author of Joe the Wounded Tennis Player, has written an angrily funny book called **How to Be a Civilian.**

"I got damned sick and tired," he writes, "of hearing this jerk and that being learned about the problem of how to handle the returning soldier. . . . The way I figure it, we were all prisoners of war, and when it's all over, we're released and can go home and adjust ourselves to being free men again. . . . The human race has two outfits: a civilian suit and a uniform; two sets of morals and customs: civilian and military; two occupations: civilian and military. Both set-ups require considerable orientation. It is just as hard to adjust a human to military life as it is to adjust him to civilian life. As a rule the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps do a more efficient job of conversion. They take six months or less to turn out a soldier, sailor or Marine. It takes a lot longer than that to turn out a civilian."

*Morton Thompson*

Interspersed with Thompson's biting witticisms about the average civilian are some practical hints to the returning soldier: what to do about clothes, what to do about women, and what to do about language: "Speak civilian whenever possible, no matter how badly you may pronounce it. Civilians will be pleased and may help you. . . . Take it easy, try to be a good Joe, and in a month you'll be a Civilian like any other Civilian, and not a toe stepped on and not a crack out of line."

Thompson also has advice for the veteran visiting a civilian doctor: "Your first instinct will be to throw yourself violently on the floor, screeching bloody murder at the top of your lungs as follows:

" 'Oh, Doctor, it hurts! Oh, I can't stand it!'

"Once on the floor you will thresh around in convulsions, grabbing your head, your stomach, and your throat in as many hands as you can manage.

" 'Help me, help me, help me!' you will scream from this rolling and kicking position. 'I am going out of my mind, I've been hit, I keep throwing up, I am burning up, I bleed, I am going to faint!'

"While this was a logical and necessary preamble with which to lead up to the fact that you have a common cold and need a physic, nose drops, and some aspirin, and without which you could not have obtained the attention of any Army doctor in his right mind, you must not pull any such thing. Civilians do not do this. If you pull it on a Civilian doctor he will quick call the little men and they will hit you on the sconce and put you in the Section Eight ward."

Doubleday and Company, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.

WHEN she was six, pretty Regan Carr had visited her grown-up cousin Hurst at his spacious Southern house. Summoned there as a young lady, she finds Hurst has just died and his numerous kin are assembled. The old pavilion on the estate calls up weird memories of a series of tragic deaths in the family, and Regan finds herself drawn unwillingly into a feverish quest for the solution to the mysterious demises.

*Hilda Lawrence*

**The Pavilion** is a gripping and suspenseful thriller. Its author, **Hilda Lawrence**, writes with great insight, painting an array of fascinating characters in a vivid and terrifying setting. This is Miss Lawrence's third and certainly her finest mystery novel.

Simon & Schuster, N. Y. Price $2.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

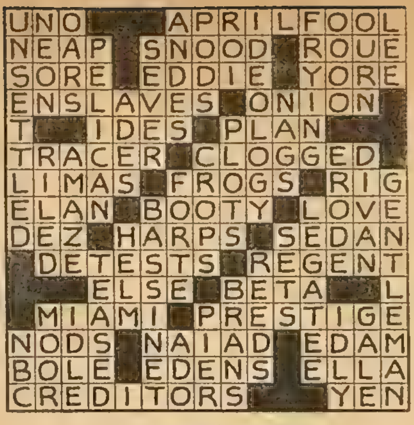
## By Ted Shane

### HORIZONTAL

1 At what atoll is the Navy conducting atom-bomb tests?
7 Cheerful music is usually written in what key?
12 After what planet is the world's most important mineral named?
13 What pernicious disease is cured with liver extract?
15 What determines sex?
16 What imaginary circle passes through the poles and any given place on the earth's surface?
18 Whatabrain's nickname
20 Nickname of one of Winnie's daughters
21 The atom's blown the supremacy of what to bits? (abbr.)
22 A super-B.A. would be a what?
24 Roman historian
27 The British drink what uniced, unlike us?
29 The Japs fortified what island illegally in the '20s?
30 Hollandaise is a what?
33 Gwyn and Brinkley
35 Name one of Jerome Kern's classics
37 Its larvae and pupae live on water; it lives on blood
38 What Old Curmudgeon was just guilty of the most appaulcying behavior?
40 Exclamation, usually used double
42 —— *pro nobis*
43 Kind of rug
46 Marshall Field III owns what leftish organ?
47 The N.A.M. would like to dissolve the what?
50 What's the square root of one multiplied by itself?
51 *Oui, si, ja,* or O.K.
53 One of F. D. R.'s first acts was to do what to the sale of booze?
56 There's an English mag called Tit whats?
59 The murmuring pines and hemlocks stood like the whats of old?
60 The Mona Lisa hangs where?
62 Brief and snappy
63 What's the basic Jewish law?

### VERTICAL

1 Name the insect river
2 What country was part neutral, part not recently? (abbr.)
3 What German philosopher has a negative name?
4 Drift of tide at its flood
5 Mrs. Nussbaum's trade-mark
6 Democracy is the best what?
7 French revolutionary
8 Spirit of hostility
9 Broadway producer Harris' nickname
10 Leave out
11 Irish given name
14 At what small river was a big Civil War battle fought?
17 Plants, such as Spanish moss, that live off trees and air are whats?
19 Clarence Who wrote of Life with Father?
22 Which motorcar exhaust sounds bountiful?
23 What nickname's made from a great general's name?
25 Cry ravenously
26 What do middle-aged men do in their bay windows?
28 The head of what has a fraternal significance?
31 World peace depends on what three letters?
32 What scavenger fish is called sewer trout?
34 French article (pl.)
36 Complete Lady Macbeth's dry-cleaning speech: "——, damned spot! ——, I say!"
39 Xanthippe types are common whats?
41 Which West is actually south in the United States?
44 Flatulence can be cured with what?
45 Picture puzzle
48 Saucy
49 Great-grampa called the flu the what?
52 What many-handed Indian deity could symbolize a tax collector?
54 Sinclair Lewis wrote a novel called Free What?
55 Hard-boled shade tree
57 Kind of color
58 Unsweetened wine's said to be what?
61 Open mouths on twins



UNO APRILFOOL
NEAP SNOOD ROUE
SORE EDDIE YORE
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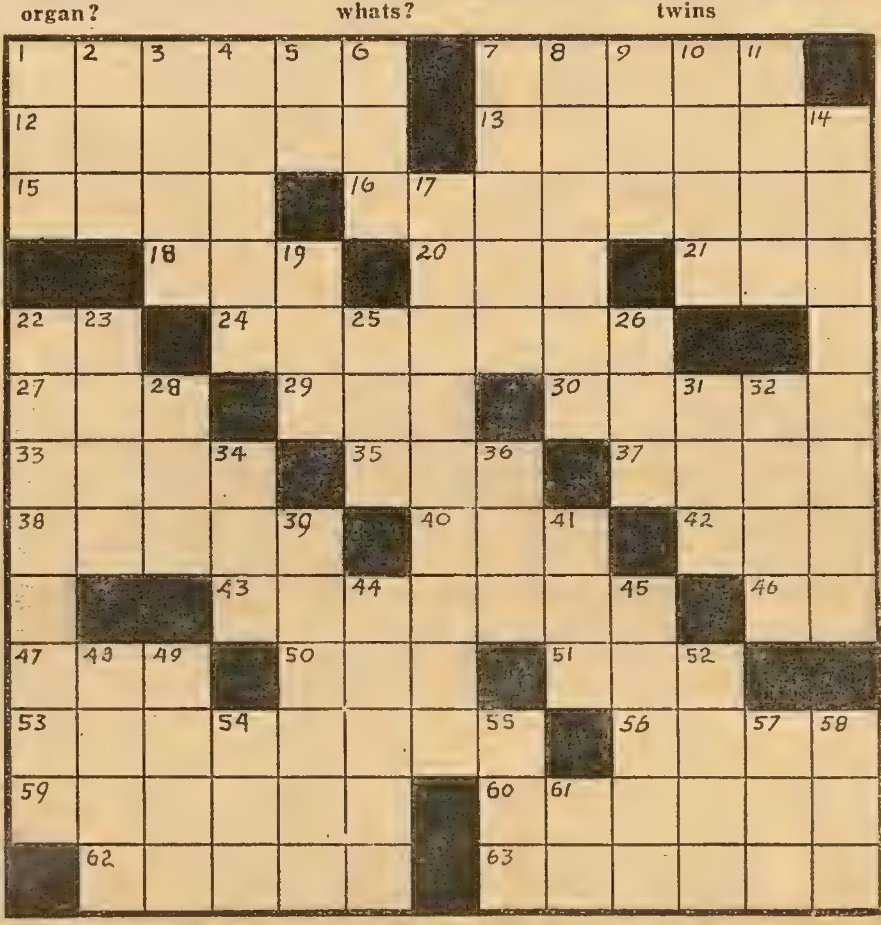
T IDES PLAN
TRACER CLOGGED
LIMAS FROGS RIG
ELAN BOOTY LOVE
DEZ HARPS SEDAN
DETESTS REGENT
ELSE BETA L
MIAMI PRESTIGE
NODS NAIAD EDAM
BOLE EDENS ELLA
CREDITORS YEN

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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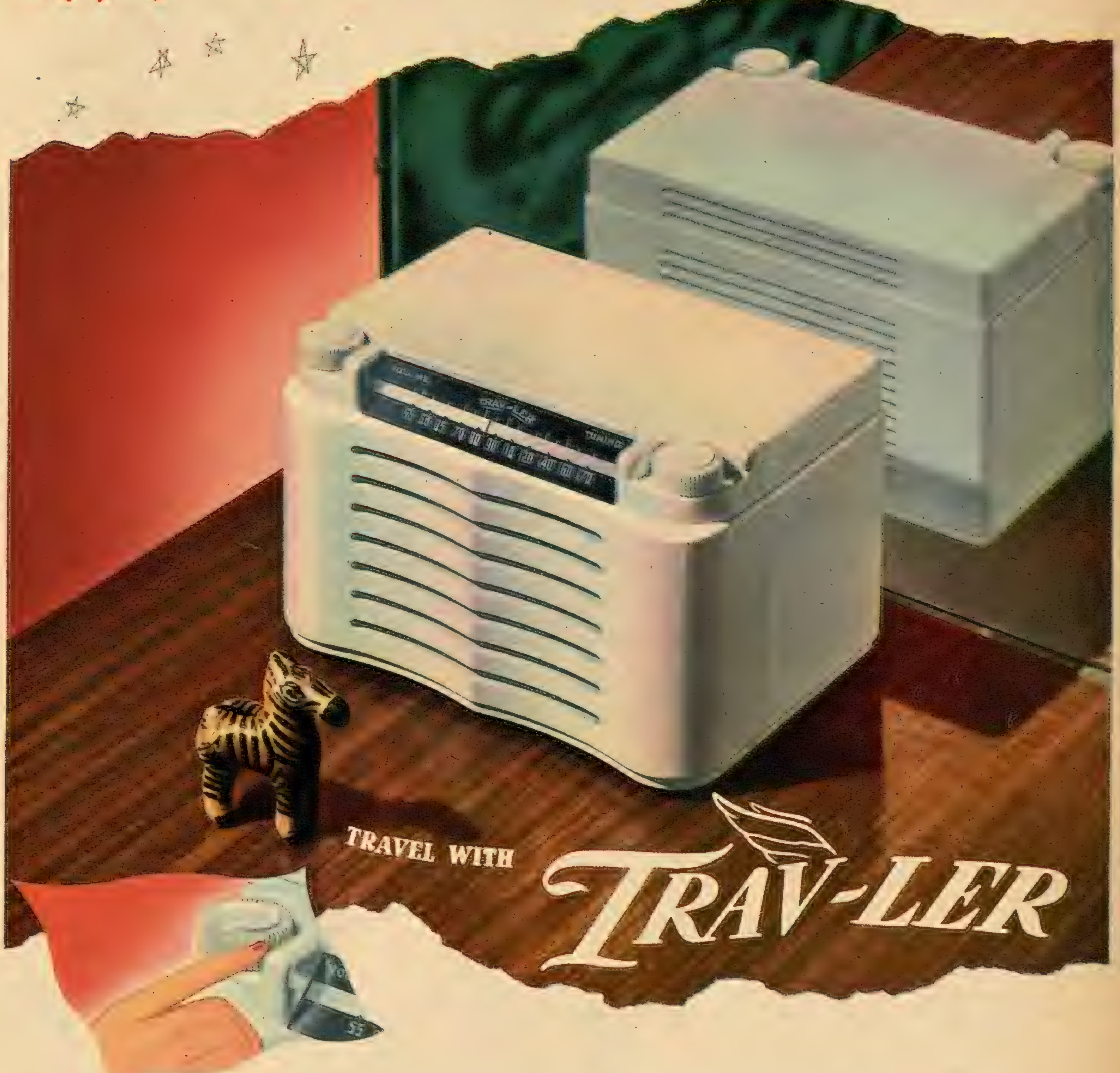

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*Beauty*... ultra-modern *completely encased* plastic cabinet, no chassis visible. So handsome, you'll even want the back side to show.

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# THE WILL TO DIE

Continued from Page 20

or thirst, failure to marry, unpopularity, criticism, or persecution; they fear punishment for real or fancied wrongdoing. Too often these social fears grow out of exaggerated self-love, of a nature unskilled in accepting humiliation. Then there is the fear of insanity, of cancer, of blindness, of physical mutilation, of old age with impaired senses. These are all anxiety fears, tied in with a sense of inadequacy or inferiority.

THIS inferiority is a paralyzing emotion that makes social contact almost impossible. During the long struggle to master one's environment, or even to get up confidence to cope with it, he is fighting an inferiority complex. This complex is usually overcome, but if not, the sufferer finds adjustment difficult in all stages of life. Thus one preventive measure against suicide would be to make certain that our young feel at home in their world; to make them feel wanted and confident that they belong and can meet all challenges.

How will I know if I've successfully overcome my inferiority complex, you ask, if we all have them at one time or another? Are you extremely self-centered? Dissatisfied to the point of making yourself and others miserable? Prone to criticize everything and everybody? Worried over the way you impress others? Are you oversensitive? Do you feel unappreciated? Respond intensely to praise and blame? If your answer is yes to all these questions, the chances are that you haven't yet overcome a sense of inferiority.

When we feel unworthy or incompetent, we try to compensate for our distress in various ways. Perhaps we overact with bravado and bluff; we may become aggressive, surly, bullying, or antisocial. *At any rate, if our sense of inadequacy is so great that we can't overcompensate for it, the ensuing depression can lead to suicide.* On the other hand, a superiority complex carried to excess often results in suicide, since such an act may give the individual his only chance to "make the headlines." Thus it gives him, in advance, a sense of his own importance. An example was the woman who jumped from an airplane in flight, leaving the note: "I hope the newspapers will devote plenty of space to me."

Hatred, too, may stir the suicidal impulse. Freud states: "Probably no one finds the mental energy to kill himself unless, in the first place, he is . . . at the same time killing an object with whom he has identified himself, and . . . turning against himself a death wish . . . directed against some one else."

A man may have a murderous hatred of his wife, yet be deterred by fear of the electric chair or by religious training. So instead, he dramatically enacts upon his own person the fate he would like to inflict upon her. He may go so far as to don her clothing before committing the act. Invariably the public pronounces the victim "queer," but the psychologist asks: "Whom did he hate so much?" Quite recently an adolescent boy dressed himself in his mother's clothes and locked himself in the refrigerator, freezing himself to death by way of revenge.

Guilt and the feeling that one must atone for real or fancied wrongdoing may also lead to suicide. The demand of the human soul for punishment is one of the amazing aspects of the psychic life of man: the person injures *himself* in direct contradiction to the general law that man prefers pleasure to pain. Escape from life seems to be easier than the psychological burden of remorse. Oddly, the act of self-punishment seems to ease the tension permanently, even when destruction is not complete, for many attempted suicides consider that the try alone has accomplished retribution.

There are specific traits of acts which lead to suicide. Say, for instance, when an overwhelming interest in one thing renders all other interests insignificant. Such an interest when frustrated leaves nothing to fall back on and chaos moves in.

The mother interested *only* in her son, the young girl in love with a married man and unable to enjoy the company of boys her own age, the man who wants nothing but money—all these individuals are left high and dry when death, an irate wife, or a business reverse blocks their ambitions.

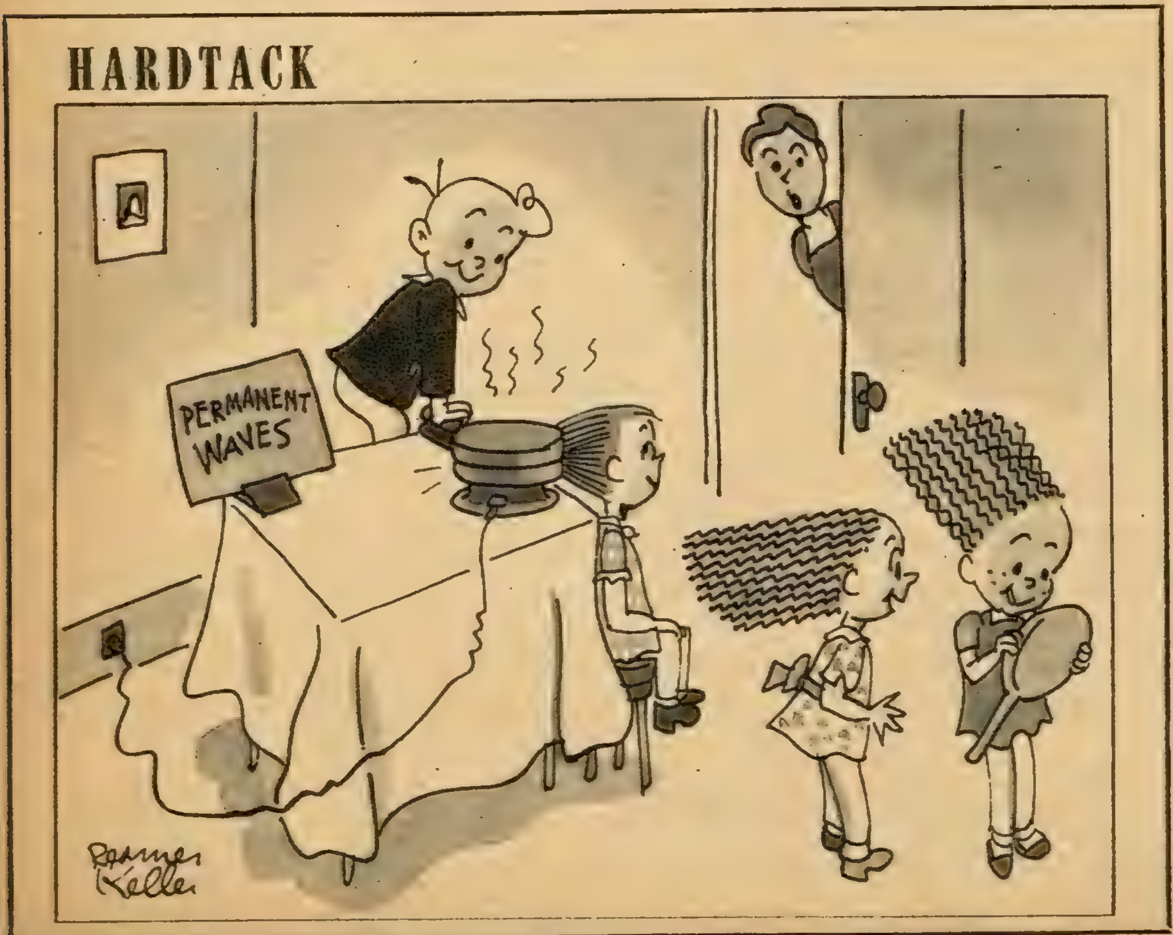
Nonadaptability and lack of objectivity are extremely noticeable in those who later commit suicide, particularly when a social relationship is involved. When another person is the disturbing element, the situation often takes the form of conflict *between* two persons and the suicide blames the other for his death. "He doesn't love me any longer," "My only reason for living is gone," "If you had kept your promises I wouldn't be doing this." Sentences like these in suicide notes give the clue to the real situation.

DO social and physical environments influence the personal act of suicide? Dr. M. Brouc made an elaborate study on this point and declared it a social law that suicide is commonest where education is most diffused; that suicide and scholars increase in the same ratio. There is truth in the statement but the inference drawn is faulty; probably the conditions are coincidental without existing as cause and effect. But it is true that among primitive peoples and animals suicide is extremely rare. It is definitely a civilization disease, civilization in its original meaning — "banding together in cities."

Dr. William Farr, another prominent authority, studied the relation of occupation to suicide. He found the least tendency to suicide among outdoor workers, and the greatest among artisans who work indoors and have little muscular exercise.

Suicide is rare among sailors, fishermen, farmers, and clergymen; high among doctors, soldiers (especially officers), café and hotel workers.

As to sex, three times as many women as men attempt to kill themselves, but men do a more thorough job and so outrank women in completed suicides. Most women choose poison (the least successful of all methods), whereas men use guns, knives, and razors, or hang themselves. One theory is that women don't really desire complete annihi-



lation but seek only to create a dramatic situation.

As to race and nationality, only those communities and races which have made progress in civilization present a high rate of suicide. Austria has an extremely high suicide rate, as have Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Our own rate is moderate, along with those of Sweden, Belgium, and Australia. The least tendency toward self-destruction is found in the Irish Free State and Spain. The rate is high in France but comparatively low in Italy.

Because religion undeniably exerts a marked influence over would-be suicides, one would suppose that a nation's suicide rate would depend largely on its devoutness or the constancy with which its people resort to religious comfort in time of need. Yet nations like Japan exonerate suicide as an honorable deed tied in with their religious beliefs. Our Western civilization in its earlier stages had a similar viewpoint. The early Greeks and Romans looked favorably upon self-destruction. And in our own twentieth century many men have considered it honorable in times of economic stress, when an insurance policy would mean security for the family left behind.

BUT the essence of the suicide situation lies in the meaning it has for the person himself. Economic failure or social dishonor does not mean the same thing to every one. Disorganization occurs only when the person regards the disrupted phase of his life as essential to his happiness. If a man finds little pleasure in his home and finds happiness elsewhere, he will suffer little disturbance when his wife dies. In practical handling of possible suicide cases, *one must know how deeply into the person's organized life any instance of disorganization cuts.*

Some people are particularly sensitive to atmospheric and climatic influences. If they're mentally depressed during a long period of hot weather (accompanied by drought), they may commit suicide. The hottest months of the year bring the greatest number of cases of insanity. May and June produce more suicides.

The ratio of suicides to population is chiefly governed by political and industrial causes. By far the major rates coincide with a mean annual temperature from 47° to 53° Fahrenheit. Within this belt are gathered all the causes of fear and worry which impel to suicide: large cities, dense population, rapid industrial development, fierce competition, great risks and losses, and a ceaseless eager striving that makes heavy demands on health and contentment.

In the United States the suicide rates are higher on the west coast than on the east, with San Francisco hitting the nation's peak. Next come Los Angeles, San Diego, and Oakland. This is probably due to

Are you in the know?

**For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—**

☐ *Give up breathing*
☐ *Minimize the midriff*
☐ *Try corset laces*

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *don't show.* And to help you stay dainty, there's a *deodorant* in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!

**Does a square shaped hand indicate—**

☐ *An inquiring mind*
☐ *An impulsive nature*
☐ *A dynamic personality*

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

**If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—**

☐ *A pickle-pan*
☐ *Dracula's mother*
☐ *Justified*

This little lap-lander didn't *mean* to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use *care* in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection from problem-day accidents!

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
Kotex
Kotex

Contains a deodorant at no extra cost!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins*

the migration of old people to these cities, since far more old people commit suicide than young. Seattle, Portland, Denver, Spokane, Omaha, Minneapolis, Kansas City and St. Louis all have high suicide rates. The lowest are found in Lowell, Scranton, Fall River, Jersey City, and Yonkers, all industrial cities. New York has a fairly low rate, due probably, in part, to the high percentage of Negroes, among whom there is almost no suicide.

War reduces suicide by changing people's mental outlook. The lowest United States record for suicide was in 1942, when personal worries were forgotten in the desire to help the nation in time of crisis. Some view the increase in income as a factor, but the real explanation is the existence of a goal. Many rich people commit suicide.

Imitation is one of the strange and special causes of suicide, having as its root a common bond of sympathy; a like experience of trouble. A remarkable series of imitations occurred in a small French village. A suicide hanged himself from a prominent tree in the center of the town. He was respected and loved. For thirty days thereafter there was a fresh suicide on the same tree waiting to be cut down each morning. Then in 1793 there was a great epidemic of suicide in which 1,300 persons killed themselves. And history tells of the similar procedure in Napoleon's army when soldier after soldier voluntarily ended his life.

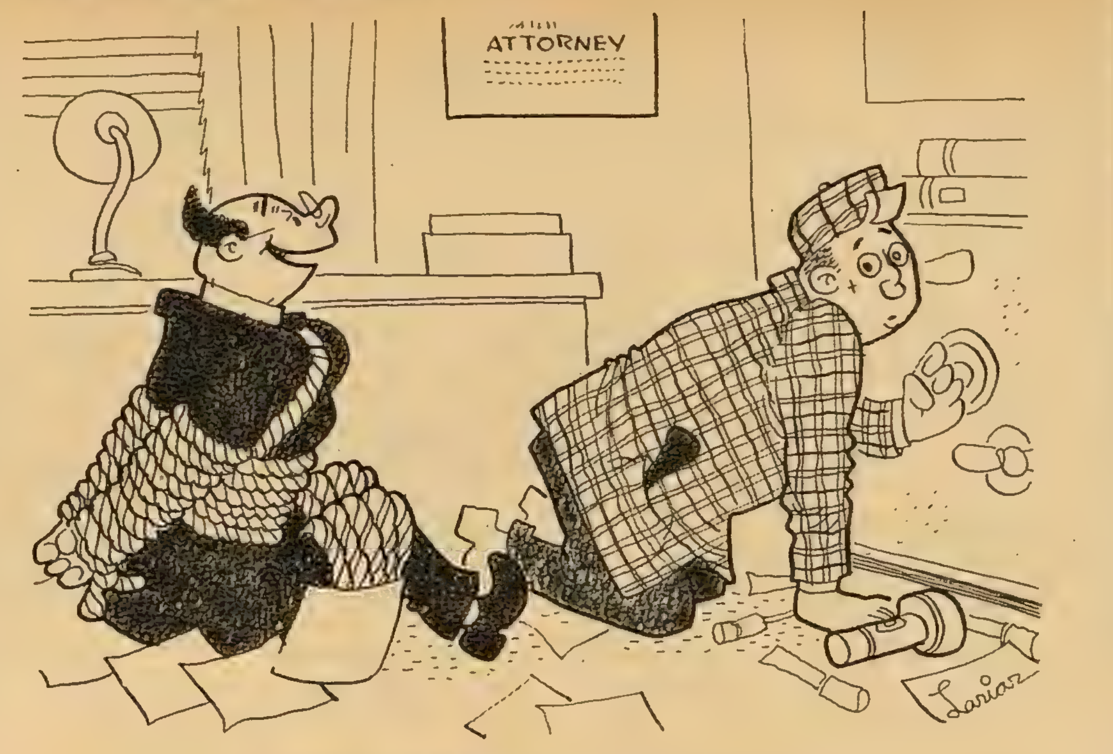
THERE has always been a great interest in child suicides, which are usually the result of momentary impulse. Most cases are traceable not to a brain taint, as the parent might believe, but to faulty upbringing in the matter of self-control. Child suicides usually stem from external causes which stimulate rage, grief, jealousy, desire for revenge, or more frequently the fear of punishment and a sense of humiliation.

A few years ago a young high-school pupil committed suicide, giving as the reason that her sorority refused to pledge her two sisters. This called forth much publicity, and started a movement to abolish sororities. But one wise psychologist explained it this way: "The sorority incident was merely the straw that broke the camel's back. Next year the straw might be failure in school. Five years from now it could be failure in love. Fifty years hence, disabling illness or loss of money."

Fundamentally, there is one explanation for suicide: it is a losing conflict between man's inner desires and thoughts and external circumstances over which he thinks he has no control. The only remedial approach is to strive to give him a thorough understanding of the important factors that bear on his individual and social life. The goal, of course, is a sound mind in a sound body in a sound society.

THE END

**THE HOME FRONT**



"If you get caught, can I be your lawyer?"

LIBERTY

## TINY TRYOUTS

### Continued from Page 21

higher—the waves of a real storm now. But even as they swept shoreward, the peculiar sweeping jetty which he had put in place fended off the seas as it withstood their pounding. The little imitation boats ceased their bobbing, and for all the high rollers bearing in from the sea the water in the docking basin fell calm. This was the way a million-dollar emergency job had been planned for the Navy at Los Angeles. Before a single stone of the real jetty was laid, the Navy knew that it would work.

Great expense and much time had been saved, the possibility of faulty design or complete failure reduced greatly by the swift and precise work done in this low, wind-swept building.

THIS enterprise at Vicksburg, Mississippi, the U. S. Waterways Experiment Station, is the most important thing of its sort in the country, and indeed is the leading hydraulics laboratory in the world. It was started in 1930, with the specific job of solving problems connected with flood control and navigation in the Mississippi River. But it quickly developed into a testing laboratory for all sorts of river and harbor problems in all parts of the country and the chief center for gathering engineering data on such problems.

Control of inland navigation in the United States rests with the Engineer Department of the Army, and many of the details of ocean ports also fall within its jurisdiction. So the station is an Army undertaking, under the direct control and management of the Mississippi River Commission.

The River Commission, and of course the Experiment Station, is under the command of Major General R. W. Crawford. He was graduated from West Point in 1914, second man in a brilliant class, and thereafter spent nearly twenty-five years on various flood-control projects of the Army Engineers. In 1939 he was ordered to the Army's General Staff, and soon was appointed to command of G-4 (supply) in the Middle East. For the last year of the war he was Eisenhower's own G-4 commander at SHAEF.

BUT we were still at Los Angeles, the engineer was talking again: "Looks as if we'll be working on this model a long time. The Navy had hardly finished its building job to our specifications before a whole sheaf of questions came in from other people out there. They came here and saw that the model could solve a lot of other problems that were giving them headaches."

Indeed, the station has agreed to undertake four more major experiments involving improvements to sections of Los Angeles harbor before breaking up the model.

It costs very little to work the trial-and-error method on the model. Jetties and breakwaters, openings and sluiceways of a dozen shapes and dimensions may be built at the workbenches. They may be set into place and the wave machines started. Those models that do not work can be scrapped at once, and little time or money is lost. Eventually one will work perfectly. Its specifications are forwarded to the construction engineers at the actual site. And they can go ahead, with confidence that what they construct will probably work.

By walking 100 yards along an earthen path, we left the Pacific Ocean behind us and, in another low building, gazed out over the Atlantic. The sign on this building read:

SAVANNAH. Spread out before us was the maze of streams and creeks and runnels which lace the earth in the Savannah area from the hills where the rains fall, past the docks of the city itself, and down winding channels to the sea.

The experiments on the Savannah model, unlike the complex Los Angeles project, involved but a single problem: the best and most economical way to straighten and realign the seventeen-mile river channel which reaches from the city docks to the open sea. Nevertheless, this model is one of the most interesting and certainly one of the biggest practical toys that human ingenuity has ever put together.

The curves of the river, its storms and its tides have for 200 years caused trouble to shipping. The sands and the silt of the river bed shift and re-form, causing unexpected and of course uncharted shoals. Many a vessel has gone aground in the river because the pilot thought he had plenty of water beneath his keel.

TO solve the problem and design an improved and stable channel, engineers first had to find out exactly how the river behaves under every variety of wind, weather, and tide. So they reproduced out of molded concrete the whole tangled basin of the river system. Out from the shore line they put in half an acre of salt water to represent the ocean.

Actual tides require about twelve hours to move through the cycle from high to low and back again to high. The valves and controls of the Savannah model accomplish this same cycle in a minute and a half. In that brief time the clear waters flow down from the mountains into the river bed and out to sea. On the exact dot of the split second the salt water from the ocean rises for the high tide. And a dozen tiny electric needles, suspended in the stream and actuated by electronic tubes no bigger than a pea, feel what is happening to the water. They record their microscopic reactions upon slowly moving drums and thus make a permanent record of the behavior of current and tide every moment of the day. Because of the speed with which the model runs the cycle of the tides, a thirty-day study of river conditions at flood, or drought, or normal flow of fresh water, in clear weather or in stormy days at sea, may be recorded within the space of a few hours.

But the eye, as well as the electric gauges, may see what is going on.

The tide is out and the river current, unimpeded by ocean waters, flows steadily past the town, around the curves, past the little points and islands. The engineer tosses a handful of confetti on the water to make the movement plain.

Then the tide begins to sweep in from the sea, slowly at first. As it gathers force in its push against the river current, the engineer lets us see what is happening. From a long-

*When the young wife*

KNOWS ONLY 'HALF THE TRUTH'...

whispered in secrecy by
well meaning
but ignorant neighbors!

Ignorance of intimate physical facts has wrecked many a happy marriage. Pity the poor young wife who listens and follows the advice of women whose knowledge may prove ineffective or even dangerous to health.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness. And what's more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with — ZONITE.

**No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic Tested Is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS**

No well-informed woman would think of using weak, homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. She certainly should know by now that these 'kitchen makeshifts' DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

In fact — no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet so SAFE to delicate tissues!

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury: no creosote. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.* Despite its great strength—you can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury.

**Zonite Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Chemist**

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE *immediately* kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

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FOR NEWER
*feminine hygiene*

**FREE!**

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nozzled bulb he deposits a few spoonfuls of purple dye carefully upon the very bed of the stream. The dye, heavy and sluggish, spreads slowly. Then the incoming tide waters pick it up, and it begins to move upstream. This demonstrates that salt ocean water, being much heavier than fresh water, does not mix with the fresh water. It comes in from the sea and moves in a thick layer on the very bed of the stream. Here is a river running two ways at once: the confetti lying on the fresh water at the surface sailing blithely down toward the river mouth; the dye in the salt water moving doggedly upstream.

PRESENTLY, however, the force of the incoming tide checks the river flow. The confetti ceases to sail out. This is the period of slack water, motionless water in which ships may be moved about or docked with ease. Then the confetti—the fresh water—loses the battle momentarily. Pushed by the tide, it unwillingly backs up toward the hills. But the tide must inevitably recede, and as it flows out to sea again, the fresh water rushes over it, pushing and riding upon it until the speed of the current tears at river bed and banks. It is this constant shifting of forces that produces the silting and shoaling of the channel which the engineers must overcome.

One of the most elaborate of all the projects at the station is the model of the Galops Rapids reach of the St. Lawrence River. Not only is it beautifully and shrewdly built; it also reveals in measurable terms the value of the work these experimenters are doing. The ten-mile stretch lies, a wild and roaring barrier to navigation, about halfway between Montreal and the beginning of the St. Lawrence at Lake Ontario. Once it is conquered and channeled, ocean-going vessels may be able to steam from the American and Canadian lake ports all the way to the sea.

After years of study a Canadian commission produced a plan to carve a smooth-water channel through the rapids at an estimated cost of $44,000,000. An American commission came forward with a plan slightly different in everything save cost—which it estimated at $48,000,000.

At the request of Washington, the Vicksburg Experiment Station built a working scale model of the rapids, reconstructing precisely every turn and twist of the current, every island and jutting point—reproducing, too, the bed of the river itself in exact contour. Then they turned the water in to watch its behavior. That behavior was a duplicate of the foaming rapids themselves, noisy, savage, and swift, with angry spray tossing from the miniature boulders.

The next step of the engineers was significantly practical. Before they began to play with their model at all, or attempt rearrangements of earth and rock to eliminate the rapids, they brought a dozen men from the St. Lawrence River to Vicksburg. These men from the St. Lawrence were not famous engineers. They were simple boatmen, canoemen, and fishermen who had spent their lives navigating the rapids.

Interminable questions were put to them as the engineers stood with them beside the rushing confusion of the waters in the model: How does the current behave right there, at the top of the island? Where is the water quietest of all, and are there any backwashes? What is the best way to get a canoe from here to here and then over to here?

Years of practical everyday knowledge of the tricky waters were reduced to pages of memoranda. And then the engineers began to tinker with the model. They arranged and rearranged, studying minutely each alteration of sweep or current that resulted from their experiments. After a year they had the model changed about, the river bed redesigned, so that a big ship could easily move through what once had been an impassable barrier of rapids. They reduced the changes they had made on the model to figures on paper. That constituted a plan for rebuilding the ten-mile reach. And the plan involved only $22,000,000, just half the sum of the lowest previous estimate. The cost of the experimenting amounted to less than $100,000, for a saving of millions when the work is finally done.

The plans for virtually all important river dams in the country, whether they be power dams, irrigation dams, or flood-control projects, are first tested by scale models at the experiment station before actual construction is begun. In the majority of cases, changes and improvements are indicated from the behavior of the models.

It is doubtful if a lock system for a ship canal of any complexity whatever would be undertaken anywhere in the country before experiments were first made on models at the station. A typical project is now under observation there. This is a model of a proposed dam at Sayreville, New Jersey, connecting the inland waterways system with the open sea. The problem here is to control the movement of cargo vessels as they move in from the sea so that the salt water upon which they sailed up to the locks won't come through and pollute the fresh water of the inland system. From the model an intricate system of valves was developed, so that the salt water is replaced by inflowing fresh water within the lock itself while the vessel is in transit through the channel.

"Still think you can handle it yourself?"

LIBERTY

WHILE the Experiment Station is under the jurisdiction and control of the Army Engineers, other agencies of government are the principal users of its facilities. Departments of the federal government, state governments, cities, and port authorities send their problems to the station for experiment and test. They are billed for the work. Therefore the Experiment Station actually operates without expense to itself. Indeed, no federal or other appropriations have been allotted to it since the original foundation allotment in 1930.

Since any agency asking the station to undertake preliminary experimentation upon a project is virtually certain to save huge sums in ultimate construction costs, the station is in fact a profit-making enterprise for the people. Thus it furnishes for us a unique spectacle: 500 engineers, skilled craftsmen, and clerical workers working in an elaborate government plant and earning money for the taxpayers.

THE END

# Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

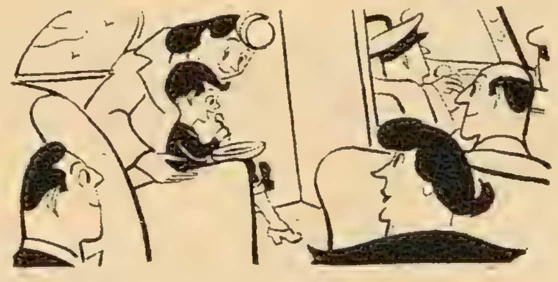
TIPS ON LIPS AND FINGERTIPS: Among the prettiest of the new packages of lipstick and nail polish is the "Spring Up" combination involving Primrose House lipstick and nail polish. Decked with multicolored flowers, the package is one buck plus tax. . . . Dorothy Gray's new "Bright Touch" combination is packaged to resemble a book. Inside are nail enamel, rouge, and lipstick in a sleek metal case, the whole works for $2.50 plus tax. . . . Another new lipstick is Helena Rubinstein's blue-enameled job with the pink dove on its façade ($1.50 plus). The new Revlon "Hildegarde Rose" shade, a pinky gold, appears to advantage in a combination "Match Box" containing nail enamel, lipstick, and adheron, all for $1.75 plus tax. . . . Yardley's "Full Red" lipstick is a fine deep color in a metal case of red and gold, its creamy top adorned with golden plumes ($1 plus tax). Yardley's "Full Red" cream rouge in a cute round glass pot with a black plastic top is 85 cents plus tax. . . . "Slightly Dangerous," the new La Cross nail-polish shade, will make you think of pinky red geraniums. Sixty cents plus tax.

UP TO HER NECK!—Edwina Patterson's blouses come high (from $35 to $110). When she started her own business last summer at 69 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City, she worried lest it be a flop. Now she worries because it's such a success she can't keep up with her orders. She designs all her blouses, skirts, slacks, and play clothes, and actually makes a great many of them herself. With only a small staff to help her, she keeps right on working after her girls have left. Her husband, in the merchant marine, objects strenuously, but since he is at sea most of the time, Edwina ordinarily sticks to her drawing, painting, cutting, and stitching until between twelve and one o'clock at night, then up again at 7.30 A.M. Her originals include such charmers as her hand-painted "Russian Easter" blouse with extravagant Cossack sleeves and a high round neck painted with vivid Russian scenes. Angels and fairy tales have inspired other blouse designs. Her "Show Boat" blouse and skirt are lavishly hand-painted and so pretty that my only objection would be sitting on the skirt.

### BOY-CRAZY

**Little girls, I think, are cute.**
**I've a niece who is a beaut.**
**But boys I simply dote upon**
**Because—*my* tadpole is a son.**

UP IN THE AIR: Alice Hughes has a rugged adopted son who will be two years old in August. Last Monday she took Jake along on a quick trip to Providence via American Airlines. Though he plays the usual tricks on her to keep her anxious about his eating, he didn't have to be coaxed to wolf his breakfast in the plane. Alice is convinced there's nothing like a plane ride to stimulate a baby's appetite, for Jake plowed into his food when he started his air travels at the ripe old age of eleven months. My four-year-old son gets around almost as much as Gypsy Jake. Last week my Tony took in the showing of Emily Wilkens' summer collection of teen-age clothes at Essex House. He gave it his enthusiastic endorsement because Miss Wilkens served hot dogs, soft drinks, and peanuts. The evening frocks, bathing suits, and dresses were wonderfully smart, yet young. Practical too. Many of the dresses had detachable skirts, so that trunks and tops could double as play suits. There were also button-on piqué collars and cuffs. Everfast cottons in prints and stripes, Mallinson printed rayon jersey, spun rayon, and linen made the female mouth water. By letting Tony shell his own peanuts, which he had never done before, I managed to keep consumption low, not because I feared a stomach-ache, but because a nose-and-throat surgeon once warned me against nuts for small children. He said he makes a large part of his income extracting peanuts from small windpipes. So, mothers, take warning!



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# I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING

Continued from Page 29

As we took Jamie home, she and Tone made their plans for the next day. "Too bad," Tone told me kindly, "you just have your evenings free."

I grunted. They were going to take Jamie's car and have themselves a nice long ride. Some situation.

It wasn't until we'd left Jamie and the taxi was stopping to drop Tone at his hotel that I got an inspiration. As we drove off, I told the driver, "Go back to that last address. I left some important papers there."

He shrugged. "You're paying for it."

Jamie's house was still lit up. I went around back. The garage doors were padlocked, but I forced a window. I couldn't use a light, but I felt around in the cupboard where Jamie's dad kept his stuff, groped my way to the car. I was grinning when I got back to the taxi.

"Get your stuff?" the driver leered.

"You bet." O.K., let him think I went back for a private good night.

Next morning I reshuffled my students so I wouldn't have one in the afternoon that pulled back on the stick automatically when he wanted to climb, and froze when the ship started flying backward.

•

AT one thirty I took Lieutenant Ryan—Shorty for short, and a good boy—up and gave him the controls. "Today," I said as pompously as a teacher should, "you will keep an eye on ground movements from the helicopter. Fly due east about six miles (I'd measured it long ago) and a mile north. Hover at two thousand until you see a car with a circle painted on top—a good big one. It's your problem to tail that car. They'll try to lose you."

Shorty grinned. "Let 'em try." He set our nose due east. "What color's the circle?"

"Color? Why, they're testing different colors for visibility. No telling what color they used today. I'll use the glasses to make sure we don't miss it."

Catfish! Black paint would smell like any other in the dark!

But I guess I live right, because it was green. It was big and wobbly, and I'd have thought anybody could make a better circle than that, even in the dark. It was just the color of Jamie's porch furniture.

"Thar she blows," I reported. "Up an' at 'em. Let 'em know we've got 'em spotted, only watch out for the constabulary. They don't cotton to windmills on highways."

Shorty came down in front of Tone and Jamie, flying along sideways about twelve feet off the ground while I gave 'em a friendly wave and a grin.

"What-dya know, he's got a dame," Shorty snorted. "Now that's a branch of the Air Corps I could use. Take your dame riding with one hand and complete a mission with the other."

"That Cassidy . . . a real fighter."
LIBERTY

"Buzz back up to about five hundred," I cautioned. "Then just stay with 'em." From the glare on Tone's face, that would take some doing.

But that Shorty was a good boy. When they stopped for stop lights, so did Shorty. When Tone started down a road and suddenly backed up and buzzed off in another direction, Shorty just mimicked him backing and filling and away we went.

Tone started up this sharp valley, and I knew he thought the tricky air currents above ravines like that would throw us off. But he didn't know the helicopter. The helicopter doesn't pound and pitch like a conventional fixed wing in choppy air. It just floats up and down and lurches sideways. In a few seconds it rights itself.

Shorty grinned. "Nice ship."

Tone came close to shaking us in the next town when he got on a street tunneled with tall trees, but Shorty put the bee on it and tore back and forth until Tone came sneaking out.

But that probably gave him the idea, because right away he turned the car back into the mountains, high-tailed it up the flat bare side, and disappeared into Minter's Tunnel. It's about a mile long.

Shorty hovered high over the middle. He buzzed from end to end. No car with a wobbly green circle. Tone had just hung himself up with my girl in the middle of a long, dark, friendly tunnel, and I could go chase myself and my windmill around in circles.

"What," I asked Shorty with dignity, "would you do if those were a couple of Jap ex-war lords you'd been told to tail?"

Shorty sighed. "I'd radio for ground forces and hover until they came up."

I nodded as if he'd hit it on the head. "O.K. Now let's see you find Hatchet Field."

ON Jamie's front porch that night, Tone took a little black book out of his pocket and showed me where he'd tallied one after his name, and a neat goose egg after mine. The rat.

"Tomorrow," I told the ceiling, "is another day."

"How true," Tone agreed softly.

When we were dancing—where Tone could enjoy the music—I asked Jamie what she and Tone planned for tomorrow. Tone wouldn't make the mistake of talking it over in front of me again.

But Jamie did. "Oh, guess what, D. T. We're taking Pop Hanover's sailboat out to Cove Island for a picnic."

I pondered. No point in praying for a calm. Pop's boat had an auxiliary motor. "Sounds swell," I lied.

When the heavy-heavy hand fell on my shoulder, I glowered. But it wasn't Tone. It was old bell-bottomed trousers again. As they danced off, I heard Jamie say, "I'm going out on the briny myself tomorrow, Donny. You know where Cove Island is. . . ."

It gave me hope. Maybe that purposeful gleam in the Navy eye meant he'd barnacle himself to the side of Pop's boat. I must remind Jamie that I expected my answer tomorrow night.

The next day began better than I'd expected. The colonel canceled my training flights so I could fly a demonstration for some visiting general.

"Colonel, sir," I asked respectfully, "could I invite a couple friends out to watch? One of them is Captain Anthony Martin—a pilot on his way to the Pacific, and—well, the other one's a girl."

I could see the guy was touched. "H'mmm-m-m-m. Rather irregular." Then the corners of his mouth curled a trifle. "Pretty?"

"Yes, *sir!*"

That did it. I high-tailed it to the phone. Jamie was exuberant. I left her to sell Tone the idea. That gal could sell a throne to Stalin.

When she came on the field wearing bright blue slacks and yellow sweater—wow! What I mean is, even old Stars twinkled.

There's a real thrill in putting on a show with the helicopter. Fixed-wing men spend months learning to keep plenty of speed at all times, and we come along in the windmill and make liars of 'em. Usually in our demonstration we rise a few feet from the ground and turn the ship from side to side, like a circus horse taking its bow. Then we gain altitude, fly forward, backward, and sideways. Next comes a demonstration of slow twisting flight between rows of trees, and then a few fast flights with steep turns at about five hundred feet.

Then the fancy stuff: taking on and dropping passengers with the rope ladder, delivering packages by hand a few feet from the ground, raising a litter case to the side and taking it in as you would from a lifeboat—stuff like that.

Trouble was I got so interested putting the windmill through her paces, I forgot Tone and Jamie. I'd meant to stall until they'd be late out to Pop's. If I knew Pop, he'd just puff his pipe and say, "Too late. No boat today." But I forgot to stall.

It wasn't too bad, though. Jamie came up all flushed and thrilled. "Oh, D. T., you were *won*derful!"

I grinned and made marks for Tone's benefit in *my* book that read, "Tone—Goose egg. D. T.—One." Tone just looked indifferent, humming, "Sailing, sailing!" under his breath.

I went with them to the gate. "I'll be seeing you," I told Jamie.

"Oh, now, we *hope* so," Tone said warmly.

As I watched them go, one of those things that makes the human mind a handy gadget to carry under your hat happened to me. I suddenly remembered hearing a test pilot for Sikorsky's helicopters talk about rescuing three damsels in a becalmed sailboat. He hovered about fifty yards off the stern until his down-wash filled their sail. Then he just moved along behind them with his artificial wind until they were safely beached. The thing had possibilities. Now to get me a helicopter for the afternoon.

I dropped in to see the colonel. "The demonstration was so short," I explained, "I thought I might take Lieutenant Ryan out this afternoon to practice pontoon landings."

The colonel saw no objection, and if Shorty had been looking forward to an afternoon in his quarters with the latest copy of—er—Survey Graphic, he didn't voice 'em.

I directed Shorty to the cove. Pop's boat was still tied up, so I let Shorty go on out over the water. It's hard to tell your speed over water, but with the helicopter, the down-wash makes a trail of ripples—close up if you're going slow, stringing far behind if you're moving fast. When you stop, they make a perfect ring around you. Shorty was as delighted as a kid, taxiing forward, backward, and sideways on the water, and turning around in one spot.

Shorty didn't notice Pop's boat putting out across the cove, but I did. The breeze was lazy and intermittent, and they were having what you might call a nice leisurely sail.

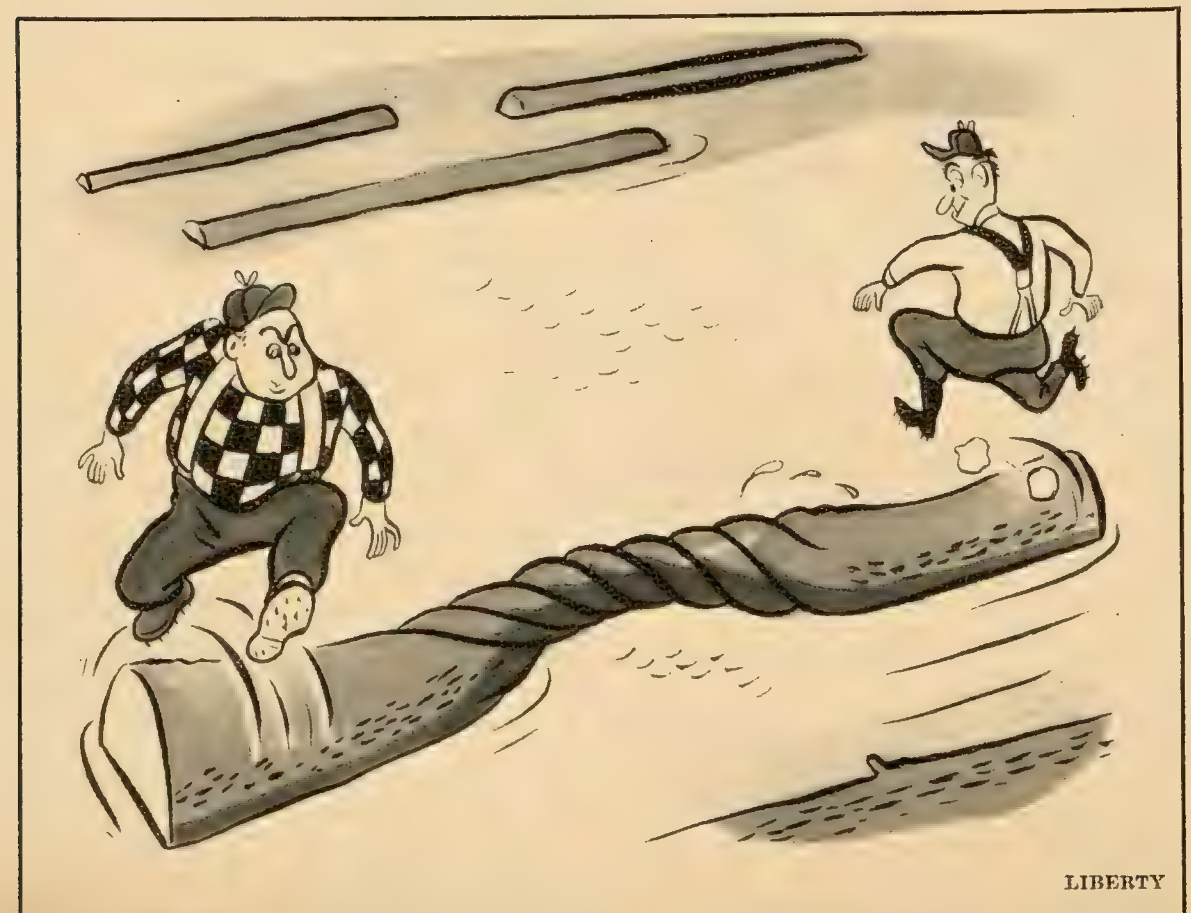
"Let me take it awhile." I thought Shorty might have qualms. "Looks like that sailboat could use a breeze."

We came down to stern. As I eased up behind them, their sail filled, and Tone caught on. He trimmed away and waved me on to do my worst. Boy, that *was* a ride! They zipped and zoomed and yelled and waved, and Shorty grinned from ear to ear.

"Isn't that the girl who was in the car yesterday?" he asked suddenly.

"Looks kinda like her," I admitted, reminding myself to set 'em up for Shorty pronto. The guy knew too much. Tone and Jamie nosed their boat up to Cove Island, and then Tone yelled and waved some more.

How was I to know he meant, "*Adios,* chum," instead of "Hey, let's do that some more!"? I didn't. I came down on the shore side of the boat just as Tone and Jamie jumped overboard to swim to shore. Tone had hold of the rope, but Mr. Down-wash took hold of the sail



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"Personally, I prefer the old free lunch!"

LIBERTY

and Tone never had a chance. Old sailboat just slid away from there like it really had to go. Tone and Jamie pulled themselves up on the rocks, and I could tell that what Tone was waving was a fist.

I wasn't worried. I figured I'd just get around on the other side of the boat and drive it back. Yeah. With nobody to handle that sail, it collapsed like a limp dishrag. The boat heaved farther and farther from the island.

"Is my face red!" Shorty murmured sympathetically.

"Got a pencil?"

He fished one out and I wrote a note. "Be back in half an hour to pick you up." "Drop this to 'em when I get close enough, will you, Shorty?"

I planned to take Shorty back to the field and then pick Jamie and Tone up one at a time. As for Pop, if we lost his boat for him, little old D. T. would be buying a boat.

I landed at the least visible corner of the landing field, and apologized to Shorty for making him hoof it the length of the runway. I suggested that if he ran into the colonel, he might tell him I was on a rescue mission.

When I got back to Cove Island, I saw Tone waiting on the rocks. I hovered at about fifteen feet and let down the rope ladder. Tone grabbed hold and started up.

"Ladies first!" I yelled, but of course he couldn't hear me over the noise of the rotor. I pretty near put a foot against his hairy chest and shoved when he got halfway in.

"Ladies first!" I yelled again.

He just climbed on in and pulled the ladder up. "There are no ladies present," he said quietly. "Little Lord Fauntleroy just happened to row all the way out to Cove Island in a canoe with only room for two. Exit Jamie." He looked at me. "Bonehead."

"Yeah," I says. "Yeah."

"They're coming back out for Pop's boat. Offered to swing by the island to see if I'd been rescued."

"Nice of them," I offered.

"Yeah, damned nice. I hope his arms ache to pieces before he gets to shore."

There weren't any boats out, so we knew Don and Jamie must be in Pop's shack breaking the news to Pop that his baby was out alone on the big broad blue.

"Let me out on the beach in front of my hotel," Tone suggested. "In these trunks, I'd look good on a bus."

"Sure."

THEN Tone got interested in the helicopter. When I landed, he kept browsing around. He was fascinated by the torque rotor that sits at right angles to the tail of the ship. Knowing Tone, I should have understood.

"What's this for? Pusher?"

"That keeps the helicopter itself from picking up the reverse motion of the rotor and the whole works spinning the opposite direction. It steadies the cabin by pushing against the reverse motion of the main rotor."

"What happens if the torque rotor fails?"

"You spin," I told him.

"Fatal?"

"Nothing," I explained with dignity, "is fatal about the helicopter. You can cut your engine and land with autorotation."

"What if you're still twirling?"

"Your wheels would take it up. With pontoons it might be rougher."

"Hmm. Got the time? My watch is in Pop's boat."

"Danged near six. I'd better cut and run if I'm to see Jamie tonight." I felt a little sorry for Tone. He'd been loused out of an afternoon with Jamie and he'd taken it like a gentleman. Tonight wouldn't be easy for him.

I took off. It wasn't long before I realized what had made a gentleman of Tone. The controls seemed sloppy, there was a sensation. Then more sensation. The torque rotor'd gone dead, and not a peaceful death either. Tone had murdered it. There I was spinning lazily. I cut the main rotor, and the spin eased. Autorotation kept the rotor spinning sufficiently to keep the sinking speed reasonable and I glided to what looked like the corner of a golf course. I worked the stick. The tail came down first, and I bounced around some on the pontoons, but I was alive—as Tone had figured—but discommoded, as Tone had figured also.

I KNEW Tone hadn't had time to do much more than yank a cable loose, but the rough landing had cracked a torque rotor blade. There was nothing to do but phone the field and then wait, a lonesome Don Quixote with his windmill.

I got back to the field about ten. I explained to the colonel (a little sketchily on the details). He's a darned nice guy. I hope he has a million-dollar wife and a good business waiting for him.

Then I beelined it to a phone and dialed Jamie's number. She was probably frantic, this being, you might say, an important occasion in her life. I listened.

You've all heard it. *Brrr-rp.* . . . Silence. . . . *Brrr-rp.* . . . Silence. . . . I'll let it ring ten times, I said. Then I said, I'll let it ring a couple more. She might be out on the porch with Tone. *Brrr-rp.* . . . *Brrr-rp.* . . . *Brrr-p.* . . .

I kicked stones all the way back to B. O. Q.

Between flights next morning I dialed again, only to hear more of the same. For a minute I wondered wildly if Jamie had come home at all. Then I thought what a dope I was getting to be, and it was just as well I was marrying the girl so I could get her off my mind.

But I didn't expect to see Tone when the guard phoned about noon that somebody was asking for me at the gate. Tone looked funny.

"Got your mail yet, D. T.?"

"I dunno. Why?"

"Because you're getting a letter, and I want to see your face."

Something crawled in my stomach. "Come on in," I said. "I'll see."

There was just one letter in my pigeonhole. "That's it," Tone said. "Gonna eat it here or take it home?"

"I'll eat." I slit it open.

Dear D. T. [the letter read]: First I'm sorry I missed my date with you and Tone last night [So Tone missed out too!], but I felt Donny deserved a date for rowing me all the way to shore and then going back out for Pop's boat. Then the most wonderful thing happened, D. T. I know you'll understand. Donny got to telling me about life on shipboard, and how it felt hanging over the rail on watch, and nobody back home to dream about, and not even any battles to break the monotony, and how he's too young to have very many points yet, and—well, what he wants to come back to when the Navy releases him is a little white cottage and flowers and a family, and—me!

I've known Donny over a year, D. T., but it wasn't until he came home this time and told me he loved me like everything that I knew how I felt. So I went to Rosedale with him last night and spent the night with his family, and they're all so sweet and fond of me that—well, Donny and I are going to be married this afternoon at two o'clock in the little Rosedale church. Donny has only five days before he goes back, and—well, I hope you and Tone can come up for the wedding. I'll send these letters special delivery as soon as the post office opens this morning. I hope you'll have time to make it. It's only two hundred miles.

I know you and Tone won't feel too badly. It won't really matter to either of you if the girl you're fighting over isn't me.

Thanks for everything.

JAMIE.

Tone was watching when I finished.

"I asked her to marry *me*," I said.

"I did too."

"When?"

"Dancing, the first night I was back."

"What'd she say?"

"Oh, she never suspected I felt that way about her, and you'd feel tough, but she'd let me know in a couple days."

"I'll bet," I said, "you forgot to mention how it felt flying those long, lonesome missions with nobody back home waiting for you, and a white cottage and stuff."

"Yeah. I guess that's what women like, huh?"

"I guess."

"Dames," Tone said moodily, "are too hard to please. But maybe we should go to the wedding."

"Sure," I said. "Sure. It's two hundred miles and we've got an hour and forty-five minutes. Is there a plane flies up there?"

"There's not even a landing field within fifty miles. I asked."

"We could," I said slowly, "take the helicopter."

Tone acted surprised. Either too little or too much, but it was an act. I saw that's what he'd had in mind all the time!

I WON'T give details of how I finagled the plane. Suffice it to say that at one fifty-three we were hovering over a certain little white church with the sweetest spire that just glistened in the sun. We hovered in closer.

"Hear any wedding marches?" I asked Tone.

"No, but the wedding march hears us."

Sure enough, heads were popping out through the big front door, and then women came out on the front steps and grabbed for their skirts. The windmill must have sounded fierce in that church.

Jamie came out behind them. She wore a white dress, and a veil that fumed up in the down-wash, and I must say she looked as if a helicopter was the last thing she'd ever figure into her postwar plans. She grabbed her veil and beat it back inside.

"Land," Tone suggested. "We'll get to kiss the bride."

"I don't think that apple tree gives us enough clearance for the rotor," I lied. I didn't think it would be a good idea for Tone to go sniffing orange blossoms with that faraway look in his eye.

"I'll drop a note and ask somebody to kiss the bride for us. Can I use this basket?"

"That's what it's for."

TONE stuck his note in the basket with a pencil, and motioned me down. The hollyhocks and delphiniums just lay down flat in that downwash like life had become too much.

Tone put the basket over the side, and I saw him maneuver it to a special receiver. I approved his choice. She was a curvacious little number in a pink lace hat, and her lashes swept up like swallow's wings. After Tone retrieved the basket and read his answer, I was consumed with what killed the cat. Wanting to know did she say she'd kiss the bride for us, of course.

I started manipulating the helicopter. You can rock the ship under its rotor so the seat tilts under you like a kid's swing. I started singing against the roar:

"Oh, how I like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue. . . ."

Tone was quick to catch on. He started singing and waving and nodding too. The wedding party seemed to know there was no use in trying to have a wedding as long as we rocked up there making such a clatter nobody'd be able to tell did they say "I do," or "I don't." Naturally, with Tone engrossed in being the life of the wedding, it was simple to slip the note from his pocket.

Dear Lady in the Pink Hat [Tone's note read]: As the jiltee at this wedding, I need sympathy. If you should be near the Mirror Room in [Censored. That's the town nearest Hatchet Field.] at about nine o'clock tonight, I vote you the girl most likely to be able to mend my broken heart.

CAPTAIN TONY MARTIN.

The answer was brief but good:

Under the circumstances, I find that it won't be out of my way at all.

I slipped the note back.

The Mirror Room at nine, eh? No reason why I couldn't make it.

I sure liked my last glimpse of the tilt of that pink lace hat. And probably after the first jolt of recognition, Tone wouldn't even be surprised when I walked into the Mirror Room.

I glanced at where he was doing a bum job of covering up a smirk. You know, Tone's not a bad guy at all. I'm even kind of glad I wasn't the one to beat him out of Jamie.

THE END

When can a Man Trust his own Judgment?

**WHEN HE OVER-ESTIMATES HIMSELF...** This may prompt you to tackle something that's tougher than you are... like one of those powerful laxatives that act like bottled TNT! Even if you have the courage to put up with the taste of the stuff, its after-effects should be enough to convince you that

**SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!**

**WHEN HE TAKES THE EASY WAY...** Under-estimating yourself may get you into trouble, too! You may decide, for instance, to be *overly* cautious and trust your luck to some namby-pamby laxative. But, if the medicine you take is so weak that you don't get the relief you need, it shouldn't take you long to realize that

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# NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY

Continued from Page 37

the simple reason that Bessie had a firm grip on his necktie and was twisting it firmly.

"That's no way to be treatin' a leddy," said Bessie, her eyes throwing blue sparks. "Now I'll give you yer choice. Either you invite us in—nice-like, or we'll invite you out—rough-like." This last observation was accompanied by a sharp tug on the necktie.

"Here—here! What goes on? Stop this roughhouse. Let go of my secretary."

The speaker was tall, angular, well past middle age, and his long narrow face was pursed in a manner that suggested he had been sucking lemons.

Bessie released the now thoroughly jittery secretary and extended a rough-and-ready hand.

"Good evenin', Mister Mayor," she said respectfully. "We was about to drop in fer a friendly visit when yer—yer secretary kinda went outa bounds."

The mayor glanced distastefully at his uninvited guests and his frown deepened.

"Well," he snapped, "come on in. Samuel—go to the library. I'll handle this."

"Ye-yes, sir," said the secretary, backing away.

MAYOR GRISWOLD reluctantly led them through the living room and out to a porch that overlooked a portion of beautiful Arbruster Bay.

Bessie flopped down into an overstuffed chair and sighed. Spike, Barney, and Sandy chose a huge divan and sat tensely on the edge of the seat, watching the mayor closely.

"Beautiful place ye got here, Mister Mayor," said Bessie cheerfully. "Never seen it up close afore."

The mayor agreed, somewhat haughtily. "It is referred to as the show place of the island," he said. He waved an arm in the direction of the terrace. "My hobby—flowers and shrubbery."

"Ever try fishin'?" Bessie asked quickly.

The sour-lemon look reappeared on the mayor's face. "Never! I consider it—ah—messy." He glanced sharply at Bessie. "And I assume that fishing is the subject on which you wish to approach me this evening."

"Eggsackly!" said Bessie emphatically. "Mister Mayor, me an' Spike an' Barney an' Sandy here, we make a livin' by rentin' boats an' sellin' bait an' stuff to fishermen. Sundays is our biggest day."

"That's unfortunate," snapped the mayor.

"If'n we can't rent boats an' sell bait 'n' stuff on Sundays, we might as well go out of business," Bessie continued.

The mayor lighted a fat cigar, puffed, and then said:

"The island of Barkentine has a great and wonderful future." His voice was at its luncheon-club best. "Real-estate values are rising rapidly. The anti-Sunday-fishing ordinance is the beginning of a campaign to make the island more desirable. To attract, shall I say, the better classes. Sunday fishing serves as a magnet for hoi polloi. We who represent the city consider it our duty to carry this campaign of improving the island's desirability to a successful conclusion. Do I make myself clear?"

For a moment Bessie was speechless.

"Looks like yer tellin' us to pack up an' leave," she said finally.

"You are an intelligent woman," the mayor said.

"But—but—" Bessie stuttered. "Now yer talkin' like they use ta talk in Germany."

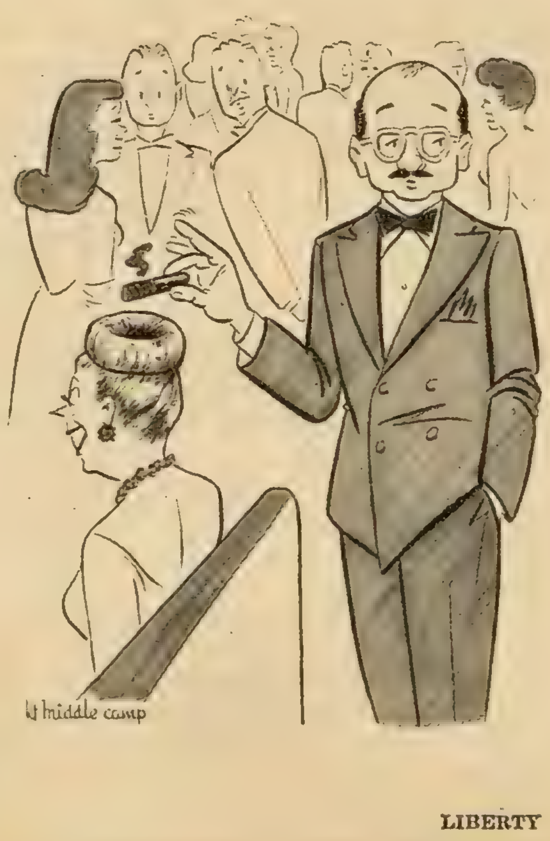
"Don't be rude," said Mayor Griswold, glowering.

PEOPLE who knew Bessie well would have recognized the symptoms of an explosion. Her jaw jutted out just a little, her blue eyes narrowed a trifle, and her sunburned face turned a shade pinker.

"You kinda seem to fergit," Bessie said slowly and quietly, "that Pappy Arbruster came to this island whin it was jest a flock o' sandbars. He built the inn an' started boatin' an' fishin' here. Then he helped build the first bridge over here. People started comin' an' liked it an' the island growed an'—"

"Yes, yes," the mayor said impatiently. "I realize all that. But times have changed. Today we must concentrate on advance and improvement."

"An' makin' dough," Bessie added sharply.



LIBERTY

"What's that?" the mayor demanded.

"You heerd me. I said makin' dough. I know, an' everybody knows, 'at you own half the property on the island. Even though yer wadin' in gold now, ye ain't satisfied. Well—if'n ye think ye kin throw about twenty people an' their families out o' work an' make 'em starve jest by writin' a ordinance, ye got another think comin'."

The mayor's face acquired a shade slightly deeper than bay blue.

"Get out of here," he said chokingly. "Leave at once—all of you. How—how dare you?"

"C'm'on, Barney. C'm'on, Spike 'n' Sandy," said Bessie. "There's somepin about this place what turns me stomach."

"And never come back here!" the mayor barked.

"An' don't you ever show yer mackerel face up't my end o' this island!" Bessie roared.

"Is that a threat?"

"Ye kin sleep on't," said Bessie, giving Spike a shove out the door, "whativer way ye like."

Fifteen minutes later the quartet trooped into Doc Harrison's cozy cottage at the other end of the island, and Doc put another log on the fire and whipped up a large jug of hot buttered rum.

"I suspect," said Doc casually as he poured the potent liquid into thick tumblers, "that the feud is on. Was Hizzoner courteous, contemptuous, or just plain contemptible?"

Bessie sniffed. "The mayor thinks 'at this end o' the island is undesirable. He's startin' a campaign to git rid o' all fishermen. Told us to git out an' stay out."

"Now I *am* intrigued. Bessie—I have a hunch we can make things uncomfortable for Mayor Griswold."

"That's 'bout what I told him," said Bessie.

Doc made a clicking sound. "You shouldn't have. Now he'll be on guard more than ever. Remember, Bess, the mayor has the power to revoke liquor and beer licenses. He could put you entirely out of business."

"Up to me," Barney growled, "I'd git me some tar an' feathers an' take him fer a ride out to the inlet."

"Let's get this straight," Doc said severely, "there will be no violence. Just a little co-operation and teamwork. Now let's see. . . . How many commercial boatmen and operators of fishing camps do we have on the island? . . ."

THE conference lasted until well after midnight. By this time Spike, Barney, and Sandy were as mellow as a May moon; but Bessie, who had been inhaling cup after cup of strong black coffee, remained glum. Doc bade a cheerful good night to her three companions, then said, "Snap out of it, woman. I think our program will work out fine. Remember what you have to do?"

"Ye-up. First I see Tony the

bridge tender. Then I see his brother Angelo. Then Axel Petersen the bargemaster, an' after that, Herman Gorley what runs the Atlantic City garbage scow."

"Right," said Doc brightly. "And I'll go to work on the councilmen. There's an election coming up next year, and you know very well that as we go, so goes the rest of this end of the island."

"What about Trixie?" Bessie inquired. Trixie was Trixie Dunbar, editor of the island's weekly newspaper and an old friend of both Bessie and Doc.

"Just tell her to keep a close check on the mayor's social and business activities and keep us informed," said Doc. "Now go on home and get some sleep."

Bessie's eyes still resembled those of a Great Dane.

"Doc," she said intensively, "I hate this kind o' business. Let's us use dippleomacy instead."

Doc patted Bessie's broad back.

"Dippleomacy has failed, Bessie," he said. "This is total war. Just this once will you please use your head instead of your heart?"

Bessie took a deep breath. "Reckon yer usually right, Doc. But I don't think I kin sleep. Me head is goin' whoom-whizzle-whizzle."

"Well," said Doc, "after all these years you know very well that when you can't sleep, there's only one alternative. Go and warm up the Lark while I get my tackle ready. They should be biting around Big Mud."

Half an hour later, as they sat on the aft deck of the Lark with their lines dangling over the stern, Bessie said:

"Doc. D'ya reckon as how anybody what thinks fishin' is messy could really injoy life?"

"Life without fishin'," said Doc thoughtfully, "would be like hot dogs without mustard—beans without pork—bread without butter. Hell—I don't even want to think about it."

"Eggsactly," said Bessie. And just then something hit her line.

IT was about a week later that strange things began to occur in and around Barkentine Island—things that somehow disturbed Mayor John Griswold's normally pleasant life. First it was whistles—deep bass whistles and hysterical, frantic toots which echoed from the water front near his home between the hours of midnight and four o'clock in the morning. The mayor lost much sleep. He complained to authorities in Atlantic City, but they explained that there had been fog and that where there was lots of water and fog, whistles were inevitable if boats were around.

Then began the vastly irritating delays at the drawbridge which connected the island with the mainland.

Four mornings in succession, just as Mayor Griswold's chauffeur rounded the curve leading to the drawbridge at exactly ten o'clock—

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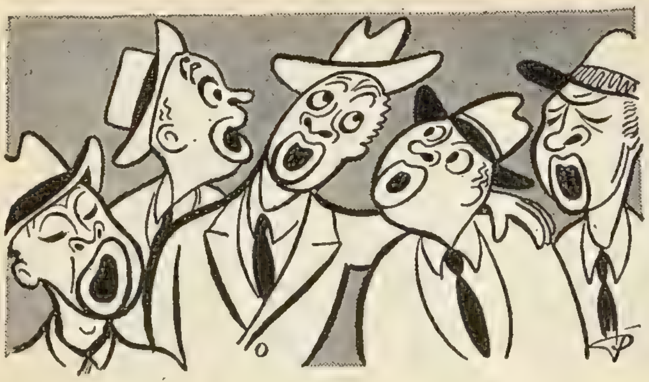

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

**SPIRIT-YOU-ALL:** Southern revival meeting.

**RASKULL:** He dissiPATEs.

**ASSTATE:** A donkey's property.

**NUFFLE:** As in "Let well a nuffle own."

**GOO-RMAND:** He delights in cream puffs.

**INTER-LECTURE-AL:** A learned speech.

**PIROUWET:** Whirling in the rain.

**HATOM:** Chapeau for Mollie Cule.

**PRIGNANT:** A "superior" woman before her baby is born.

**, CAL:** Silly way of writing "comical."

barges or tugboats would suddenly appear out of nowhere and frantically toot for the bridge to be raised.

On the fourth morning the mayor climbed out of his car and walked over to the draw, shaking his cane angrily at Tony DeSanto the bridge tender.

"I've important business," he roared. "Lower that draw!"

Tony waved happily and pointed to three barges which were being hauled through the inlet half a mile away.

"The boats she come up the inlet," he shouted in return. "See? The boats she got—what you call it—priority, Meester Mayor."

It was almost eleven thirty before the last of the barges had passed through the draw, and by that time the mayor's face was livid and his blood pressure so high that he returned home for aspirin.

Thursday was an all-important day for the mayor from both a business and a social standpoint. It marked the opening of the semiannual real-estate convention in Atlantic City.

AFTER attending the morning sessions, the mayor, at two o'clock in the afternoon, led a motor parade of real-estate men across the bridge to Barkentine Island. For two hours he showed them Barkentine's natural advantages and the bound-to-boom potentialities. He talked until he was hoarse and he felt that he had made an excellent impression. The delegation was due back at an Atlantic City hotel for the semiannual banquet at five o'clock that afternoon.

Promptly at four forty-five the mayor's group reached the Barkentine bridge, only to find the draw raised high but no ships in sight.

They waited ten minutes and then the mayor strode up to the draw and roared for Tony.

"I demand," the mayor shouted, "that you lower the draw immediately. Lower it or by gad I'll have you fired!"

"She'sa gone boost, Meester Mayor," Tony explained apologetically. "The main gear she'sa boost. Can't poosh her up—can't poosh her down."

"Get it fixed," the mayor screamed. "Get it repaired immediately."

Tony shrugged. "Da gear she gotta come from Camden. Mebbe tonight. Mebbe tomorrow morning. Tony, he don't know."

The cavalcade backed off the bridge and the mayor led them to the Sand and Surf Hotel. It was operated by Tony's brother Angelo, who greeted the mayor and his friends warmly, happily—but no, every room was occupied.

"Sorry," said Angelo, looking as though he would weep any minute, "but nothing until mebbe next Monday or Tuesday."

"I demand that you—" the mayor began.

Angelo cocked his head and held out his hands. "Mebbe you tella da peeple to get out," he suggested. "Angelo can't do it. Angelo already has their money."

The mayor had a sudden horrible thought. His attitude underwent a quick change.

"Well," the mayor said heartily, "we understand how it is, Angelo. I won't insist. We'll just take over your dining room, and I want you to serve us the best wine and the thickest steaks that—" he stopped short as Angelo's hands came out again.

"Sorry," said Angelo. "Joosta enough food for the guests. And joosta enough drinks. The bridge she'sa closed and no supplies came over thees afternoon. It'sa too bad."

For a moment it looked as though the mayor was going to explode. But the deep red on his face faded to a pale gray.

"Show me where your telephone is," he demanded huskily.

"You bet," said Angelo. "And Meester Mayor—mebbe some of Angelo's private stock to take home? I gotta mebbe six, seven bottles."

The mayor nodded grimly. "Put them in the car."

He telephoned his secretary and felt a little better after learning that there were three bottles of Scotch and one of bourbon in the house. Not much food though, Samuel reported. But he would hustle right out and round up something.

BACK at his residence, the mayor counted his guests as they filed into the house. There were thirty-seven, all of them a little tired, thirsty, hungry, and inclined to be irritable. The mayor got ice cubes, glasses, and spoons.

"Help yourself, boys," he said with pseudo heartiness, "Angelo's private stock! And now, if you'll excuse me while I keep a date with the cook."

But Adele, the cook, was missing. The mayor paced up and down in the kitchen for twenty minutes and his heart leaped when the back door opened and Samuel entered, his arms loaded down with paper bags.

"Where's Adele?" he demanded.

"Her day off," said Samuel. Samuel looked worried. "All I could buy, sir, was six loaves of bread, five jars of peanut butter, and two cans of spaghetti."

"What?" The mayor's voice had regained its strength.

"I can't understand it, sir. All the stores closed. I managed to get the bread and the other stuff at a little place on the water front which opened only yesterday. They were poorly stocked. Said that they had practically sold out because the bridge is closed."

The mayor slumped onto a stool.

"This can't happen to me, Samuel," he said quietly. "Do you understand? My reputation—the island's reputation—will be ruined."

"Yes, sir," said Samuel.

The mayor arose and waved his arms.

"Well—do something, you ninny! We've got to get these—these people off the island. Tonight! Call the Coast Guard—the Navy—the Marines."

Samuel gulped. "I thought of the Coast Guard when you phoned me about the bridge. I put in an emergency call to ask for a special ferry. But they told me that two barges are stuck at the inlet channel. Navigation is impossible. They said the channel will be blocked all night."

The mayor closed his eyes. His lips moved but no sound could be heard.

"We—we—" Samuel began.

"Well—what is it?" the mayor growled.

"We have four cartons of ladyfingers—the ones that were left over from the yachting party two weeks ago."

The mayor groaned.

"All right, let's serve them. Get 'em out on the terrace. Feed 'em ladyfingers. Give 'em highballs. We'll have to worry about the sleeping later. But do something, Samuel. My Lord, man! Do something!"

Samuel stood there hesitantly. "I have a thought, sir," he said. "That —ah—woman at the other end of the island. She has a large inn and perhaps—"

"Positively no!" the mayor roared. "I would sooner starve to death."

"But would the thirty-seven guests, sir?" Samuel interrupted.

"Don't be impertinent," the mayor barked. "Set up the tables on the terrace and never let me hear you speak of that woman again."

The mayor returned to his task of getting ice cubes and was dismayed to discover that only three trays of ice were left. While he was mumbling about this, Samuel returned. His eyes were balky neon lights and his mouth was agape.

"The—the garbage," he stuttered. "Everywhere—garbage!"

The mayor studied his secretary aggressively.

"Have you gone completely crazy? Garbage? What garbage?"

Samuel just pointed toward the terrace door. He started walking. The mayor followed him, blinking. But the expression on the mayor's face when he reached the terrace would have done justice to a zombie.

Everywhere there were gulls, gulls, gulls. Gray gulls, white gulls, gulls with red beaks and gulls with blue beaks. They were flying and waddling and tripping among the rosebushes, over the lawn, and through the shrubbery.

The reason for their mass meeting was garbage! Slews of it. All over the lawn, clinging to the shrubbery, covering the beach. A stiff nor'east wind was whipping whitecaps in the bay, and the harder it blew, the more garbage piled up on the mayor's beach to be snatched by the gulls and hauled to safety on the terrace.

THE mayor dashed madly out onto the terrace, waving his arms. "Shoo!" he screamed. "Shoo! Dirty birds. Go away. Shoo!" Then he slipped on an orange peel and slid in a manner most unbecoming to a mayor. A few gulls stopped eating to stare at him curiously with cocked heads.

"Do something!" the mayor bawled. "Call the Board of Health! Look! There it is. The garbage scow! Right out there. I'll have them jailed."

When Samuel returned from the phone the mayor was still shooing gulls and getting nowhere.

"The Board of Health," said Samuel, coughing, "says there is nothing they can do until morning. They said that the skipper of the tug that hauls the garbage scow out to sea—a Mr. Herman Gorley—has already reported that the scow is aground and partly upset."

The mayor sank down upon the terrace steps.

"Are—are you all right, sir?" Samuel inquired anxiously. For a moment he had thought that the mayor wasn't breathing.

"Go away," the mayor muttered.

August Withers, the president of the real-estate group, came wandering out onto the terrace. His mouth dropped open a little as he observed the mess.

"JOHN," he said somewhat apologetically, "I don't like to say this—being your guest and all that—but I'm afraid we'll have to do something about feeding the boys. John Edwards and Bill Southerly just had a bad argument. Bill's got a black eye."

The mayor arose as if in a daze. "Go away," he said softly.

"Eh?" asked Withers. "Well—of course. After all, it's your home. But the rug in the master bedroom caught fire and they brought the garden hose in to put it out and now some of the boys are having a water fight. Frankly, John, I never serve my guests liquor without some kind of—ah—sustenance. So I thought I would suggest—"

"Go away," said the mayor.

"I'll be damned!" Withers said. "Certainly I'll go away. What is more, I'll stay away from this stinking island forever."

Samuel hastened after Withers and started explaining.

"Never mind," said Withers, brushing him aside. "Wait'll the boys hear this. He was to be our next president. We'll blackball this island off the map. Before we're through it'll be just a—a fishmonger's back yard. You wait and see."

"But listen," Samuel pleaded, and there were actually tears in his eyes. "It's not the mayor's fault. He—"

"Make it fast and make it good," said Withers, hesitating in his stride. "I'll give you exactly two minutes."

Samuel made it fast and he made it good. Withers looked bewildered for a moment and then a suspicion of a smile crossed his face.

"Sounds something like sabotage," he commented. "What's the name of this woman who threatened the mayor?"

"Bessie Arbruster, sir."

Withers looked pleasantly surprised.

"For heaven's sake! Why, many's the fishing trip I've taken out of the Arbruster docks. She's a prince—I mean a princess. Where's the phone? I know she'll help us out."

"I'm afraid you don't know her very well," said Samuel.

"The devil I don't. It's you who don't know her well. And"—Withers' eyes twinkled understandingly—"the fact that I telephoned her is our little secret."

It was about an hour later that a

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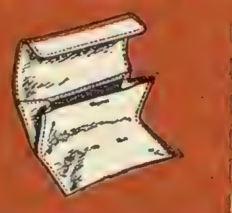

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bizarre motorcade rumbled into the driveway of the Griswold estate. It was headed by the Barkentine Volunteer Fire Department, manned by half a dozen firemen. Behind that came Doc Harrison's jaloppy, containing Doc, Bessie, Trixie Dunbar, a huge coffee urn and several large boxes of food.

Spike Giles' beach truck followed. In it were Spike, Barney, Sandy, Shorty Harris, Bessie's handy man; Charlie, Bessie's first broom, and two very large, very black women. Bessie was the first to reach the Griswold door. She was greeted heartily by Withers. She waited until the fire-truck motor had been cut off, then stood on the front steps and shouted:

"Now lissen, fellers. We gotta job to do an' we gotta do it fast. Chief—s'pos'n' you take the boys an' the hose an' git to work on the terrace. I'll git coffee an' sandwiches out to ye after a bit. Sylvia, you an' Mabel git into the kitchen an' start the fish t' broilin'. Shorty, you an' Charlie haul in the vittles an' then start tidying things up."

Doc pushed her gently in the ribs. "Aye-aye, ma'am. And what about Trix and me?"

"Whyn't you an' Trixie kinda take over the hostessin' end?" Bessie suggested. "Keep the boys happy while the fish is cookin'."

Doc, Trixie, and Bessie followed Withers into the living room and found the place a shambles. The piano bench was in splinters. Broken glasses lay on the rug. Several arguments were under way among groups of realtors gathered in various parts of the room. Doc walked over to the liquor cabinet and sniffed.

"Just as I thought," he said, "they got hold of some of Angelo's private stock. That stuff is dynamite."

"Ye-up," said Bessie. "An' I know ye know. C'mon. I'll git the coffee goin'."

Coffee, black and heavy and steaming, was served first. Lots of it. Meanwhile, tables were set up in the dining room and on the sun porch. And finally—dinner, consisting of golden-brown broiled fresh croaker, French fried potatoes, little spring onions, and hot rolls and butter. Thirty-five of the thirty-seven guests dived in with gusto. Charlie was taking care of the other two in a cold shower.

WHILE knives and forks clicked and faces brightened, Bessie collared Doc.

"Where's the mayor?" she asked.

"Oh, my gosh!" said Doc. "I've been so busy, he slipped my mind. I think he's out on the terrace steps."

Doc found Mayor Griswold sitting with his face buried in his hands.

"Come on in and eat, Mr. Mayor," said Doc.

The Mayor looked up.

"Here for the showdown, eh?" he muttered. "Go away. I'm ruined."

"The party's going nicely," said Doc quietly. "We've got Jersey broiled croaker and French fries and teamwork and co-operation. Fresh hot coffee from Bessie's big urn. C'm'on, Grizzy."

Grizzy went.

Later, lethargic Charlie took over the piano and played hillbilly tunes and old favorites. Shorty started a blazing fire in the huge open hearth. Withers made a brief speech, thanking the mayor for his hospitality. Then Doc took the floor.

"Tonight," said Doc, "we can accommodate eighteen of you nicely at the Angler's Inn. I can take care of six at my home. Shorty's got room for two in his trailer, and I believe the mayor can handle the rest. The bridge will be opened in the morning and—"

"Doc," Withers interrupted, "were those croakers we just ate caught around Barkentine?"

Doc grinned. "Just half a mile from Arbruster Docks. With shedder crab. They're biting like the Old Harry."

"How many boats has Bessie got?" Withers inquired.

"More than thirty in the water right now."

"Gentlemen, attention!" Withers shouted. "I hereby move that this convention be extended for another day. The purpose—a fishing trip in Arbruster Bay, starting at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. All those in favor say aye."

The response almost raised the roof off the Griswold home.

THE party began breaking up about eleven o'clock. The mayor found Bessie busily feeding sandwiches and coffee to the firemen who had cleaned the terrace as slick as a new pin. He managed to get her away from the crowd.

"Bessie—I—I—" he began. Then he blinked his eyes and blew his nose. "I can never thank you enough for this. You—you've saved my reputation—the island's reputation."

Bessie fidgeted embarrassedly.

"Oh, shucks, that's all right, Mister Mayor," she said. "Glad we had a chance to show you that we fishermen got corporation and teamwork."

The mayor took a deep breath. "You certainly have," he admitted.

There was a painful pause and then the mayor said, "Would it be possible for you to—ah—let me charter, say, twelve of your boats for next Sunday? I have some friends coming to visit me. I know that they will be interested in fishing."

Bessie gulped. "Sunday?"

"By all means," said the mayor emphatically. "Sunday!"

"We'll be glad to take care of ye, sir," said Bessie.

The mayor extended a hand.

"Will you—" he asked.

Bessie grasped it firmly with her big sunburned fist.

"Cripes, o' course I will," she said. "I didn't want t' fight in the fust place."

THE END

# THE FIGURINE OF HUNGRY COMPOUND

Continued from Page 31

"It's something for you to hold on to—that's it, isn't it?" he asked.

"Something like that," I said.

He turned away and looked out the door of the hut.

"Don't let it get into your mind too much," he said uneasily and jerked his head toward Yashita, on guard outside the gate. "He might take it away from you, and then—" He left the sentence unfinished.

"I've thought about that," I said, "but I want it so that I don't think about anything else at all."

"Now look, Jack!" Kelly said uneasily. "You've kept to yourself too much since they—killed Jim. And that's bad. It helps to have cobbers."

"It suits me this way, Kell," I said and grinned at him.

"Listen!" he whispered quickly, leaning close to me. "We've got a butcher's knife. I pinched it from the store. We could make a chance for one of us to slip it between Yashita's ribs. We could do that!"

"Yes," I said, "and how many of us do you think would get it?"

"They'd leave some of us alive. They'd have to, to get the work done."

I turned the figurine about in my hands and looked at it.

"I think that it's going to take him a long time to wear me out," I said. "And the war won't last forever."

"Well, have it your own way!" Kelly grunted. "I'll bury the knife and we'll talk about it again later."

The days crept into weeks and the weeks into months.

There were times when I couldn't work on the figurine. Sometimes I was in the "black hole," as we called the punishment cell. It was a place black as the pit; six feet high by four by four.

When I came out of there I was blind for a while, but Kelly would put the figurine into my hands and I could feel the smooth warmth of it.

Then Yashita smashed the fingers of my right hand, and for weeks I didn't touch the figurine. But my fingers healed and I worked at it again.

IT was strange the way I felt about it. At first it was just a piece of wood and the memory of other days. And then it was Val—my wife. It had come from the sea. Just as Val and I together had come out of the sea on that last day of my leave.

We had walked up the stairs to our flat hand in hand. Val opened the door, and when I came in she locked it and turned to me. It was good-by, and her eyes—a woman's eyes can say so much.

I tried to catch something of the way she looked and carve it into the eyes of my figurine, and I think that I succeeded a little. When Kelly saw it again, he just stared at it, and he said, very softly, "Mavis—Mavis!"

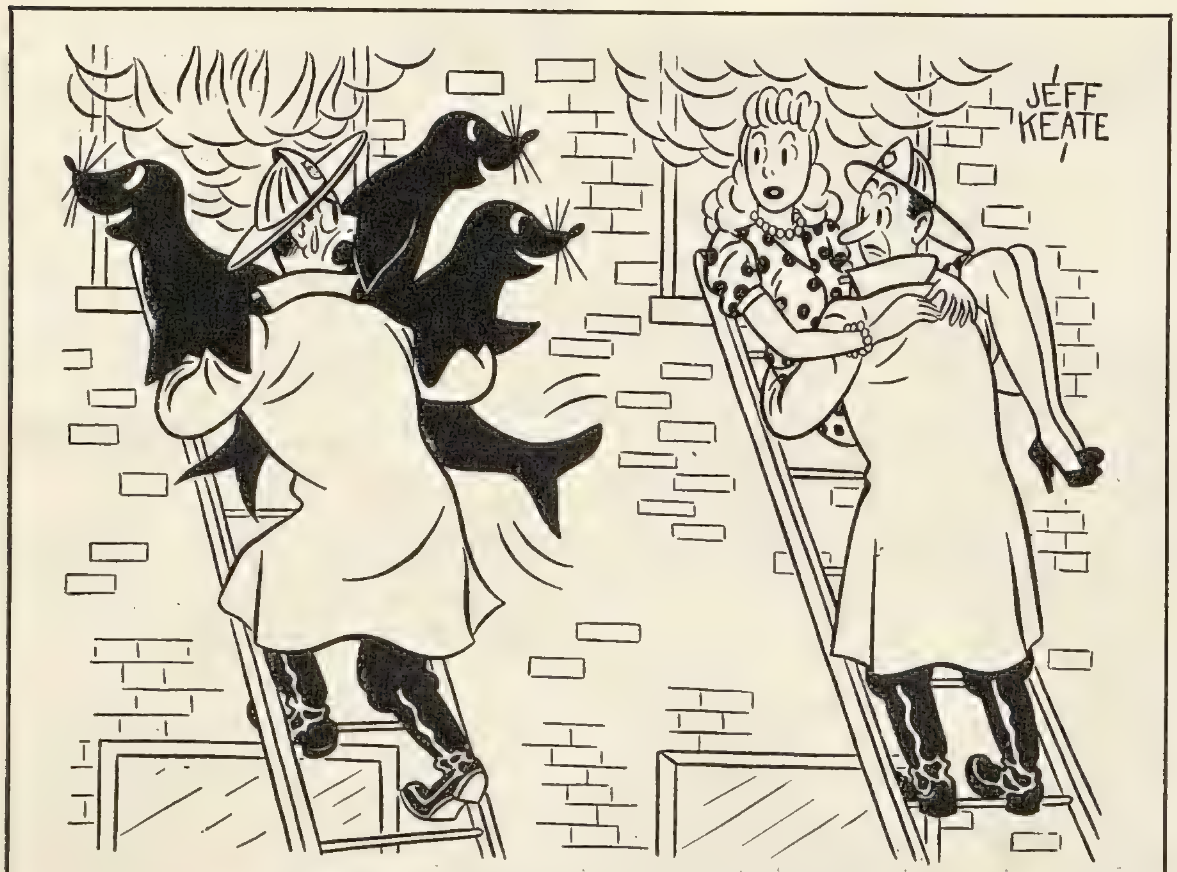
"No," I said, "it's my wife—her name is Val!"

I was doing the finer work with some rusty razor blades which Kelly had scrounged for me from the Q. store. Yashita cut my ration again, and when hunger is strong upon you, your senses are abnormally acute.

It was then that I first smelled the faint fragrance of the figurine. It was fragrance you could never forget.

It was faintly eucalypt and it was faintly wattle. It was the sun on new-plowed earth. It was the wind among the hills. It was surf on a summer beach. It was the fragrance of the Australian bush by mountain, stream, and beach.

It was a figurine of my wife, but it



"Sometimes I hate these theatrical hotel jobs!"

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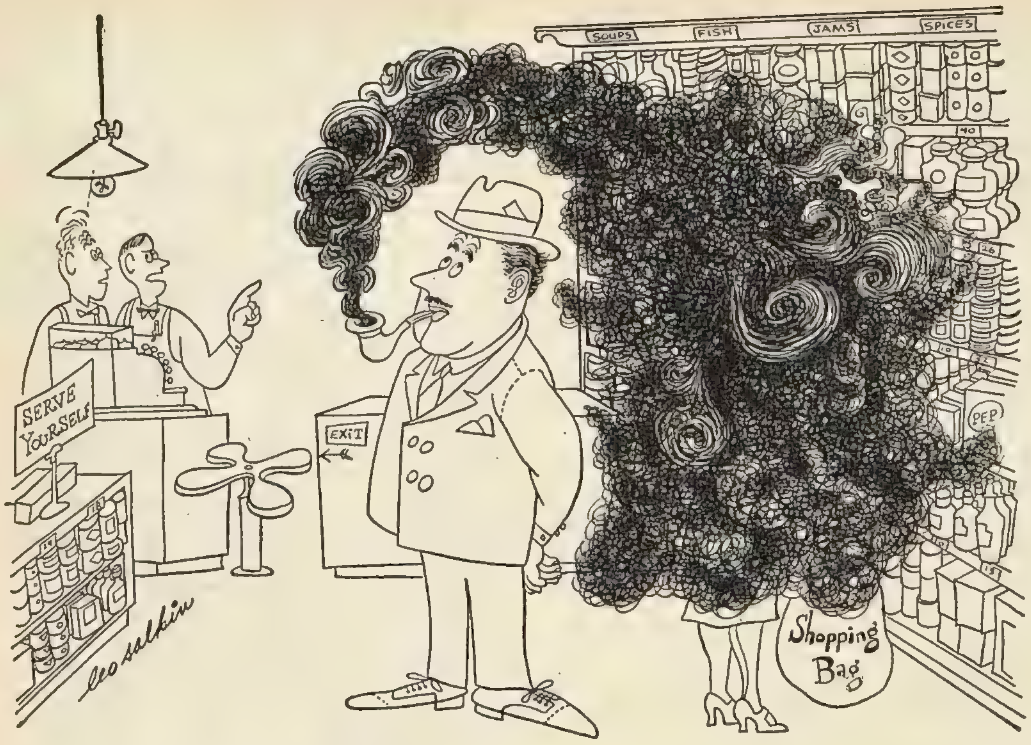


"When he starts laying down that smoke screen, look out!"

LIBERTY

was something more. It was a part of the land where I was born and bred.

And then I knew that unless he shot or beheaded me, Yashita would never wear me down, that I would *not* die as long as I had the figurine.

We were working strung out along the railway line. It was hot, with the moist, unbearable heat of the jungle. We had stripped to slouch hats and G strings. We were thin and brown, and there was not much strength left in us.

Yashita was squatting under a rubber tree, glowering at me. He was puzzled. I should have been dead, but I was still alive and I was still working. Yashita was angry, and a little afraid.

I COULD feel the lassitude of fever coming on, and it was going to be bad. I leaned on the shovel and tried to wipe the sweat out of my eyes with my hand, but my hand was shaking too much.

Suddenly the shovel was kicked away from under my hand and I fell sideways and rolled down off the line into the ditch beside the road. I looked up, and it was Yashita. He was running and sliding down the bank after me. His eyes were glaring and his expression was twisted with rage.

I tried to get up—and the green world commenced heaving like a ship at sea.

I heard Kelly shouting, "Leave him alone, you —— ape!" And his shouting was broken off, as though he had been clubbed with the butt of a rifle.

Yashita was bawling curses at me. *"Bugaro!* Son of an ass! *Canaro!"* And then he was kicking me with his heavy boots, and the butt of a rifle crashed against my face.

He's scared of me, I thought, and he can't understand it, so he's going to kill me! This is it! This is—it! And the darkness came.

I opened my eyes again. It was still dark. I was lying with my head twisted and my legs drawn up. I knew where I was. I was in the black hole again. Some of my teeth were gone and my mouth was full of blood. There was a tooth embedded in my lip. I worked it out.

After a few hours, or a few days—there was no way of telling which—two guards opened the door and hauled me out.

"Come, dog!" One of them grinned. "The lieutenant wants you. He has an untried sword."

They both laughed and pushed me forward along the corridor.

Yashita was with the lieutenant.

"So this is the *canaro!"* The lieutenant said, and flexed his hands and touched the hilt of his samurai sword lightly with his fingertips.

Yashita bowed and started talking quickly. The lieutenant grunted and moved his fingers reluctantly away from the haft of the sword.

"Yes," he said, "it is so. We need them for the railway line. They are of use to Nippon."

"I will look after him myself!" Yashita said slowly, so that I could understand. "I will make him work."

"It will be the same thing," the lieutenant said, and grinned at me coldly, "but it will take longer."

The guards marched me out and Yashita followed. We halted at the compound gate, and Yashita came around in front of me.

"You are not like the others," he yelled. "You think that Yashita cannot wear you out—you think that! *Canaro! Bugaro!"*

And he screamed curses at me.

"You have something that keeps you alive. Some joss or some relic! Yashita will find it!"

He yelled an order at the two guards. They marched me into the compound, and Yashita dragged my few ragged possessions out of the hut.

Fear came up into my throat in a hard, tight lump, choking me. But he examined the last of my ragged belongings—and the figurine wasn't there.

I tried to keep the relief out of my eyes, but he saw it, and they marched me out of the gate again and made me kneel beside the road.

Yashita brought a bamboo pole and forced it in behind my knees, so that the ends stuck out at each side. The guards stood on each end of the pole and pain swept up in a burning wave as my knees ground into the hard road and the pole cut into my flesh.

Yashita was shouting.

"Where is it, dog? Where is this thing? What is it?"

"There's nothing," I groaned between my clenched teeth. "Nothing, you yellow ——! Nothing!"

And then the guards started jumping up and down on the ends of the pole, and the lights went out again.

They dragged me just inside the gate and left me there, and when the lights came on again the boys were working on me in the hut.

Kelly was there with a great bruise on the side of his head and one eye closed.

"They bashed you, Kell," I said, when I could get around to it.

"Not much," he said. "You haven't had such a hot time yourself."

I thought of the figurine.

"It wasn't there!" I said. "It wasn't there when he looked for it!"

"I was minding it for you," Kelly said quickly. "I thought you mightn't want it any more, when—they took you away."

He dived his hand inside his shirt and took it out and gave it to me reluctantly.

I COULDN'T walk out to the railroad so well after that, but the boys helped me along.

Yashita took to swooping unexpectedly on the hut during the noon break. Often when we returned at night, my things were lying trampled in the mud of the compound. Sometimes he had me searched.

It didn't do him any good, because Kelly carried it tied inside his hat during the day. I only had it at night. Even Yashita didn't dare come into the compound at night; there was a regulation forbidding it.

We were working on the line when the bombers came over. They were American boys this time, and they straddled the line accurately with the first stick of bombs. Someone screamed up the line, and there were a few futile bursts of fire from the Nips. And then they were gone and for a while the silence was painful, and somebody shouted:

"It's Kelly! Kelly's had it!"

I stumbled along the ditch, and the thought in my mind was not of Kelly but of the figurine.

Kelly was lying half in the muddy

water of the ditch. His hat was off and there was blood on his face.

Halse was with him. Kelly had the figurine in his hands, and he was whispering, "Mavis—Mavis—!"

Over at the slit trenches Yashita blew the all clear, and I could see him coming toward us.

Kelly wasn't holding the figurine any more. Kelly was dead.

"It's sort of funny about this thing," Halse said slowly. "They say what's lucky for one man ain't lucky for another."

"Take it!" I said to him quickly. "Here comes Yashita."

I thrust Kelly's hat into his hands, and he picked the figurine up and shook the muddy water from it and thrust it back into the loops inside the hat.

He put the hat on reluctantly and left his own lying beside Kelly.

Yashita came and turned Kelly over with his foot, and they drove us back to work.

Yes, I saw it through. I saw it all through, until the day the Nip lieutenant came to the gate and shouted:

"You will please to parade! I have an announcement to make!"

We gathered and formed up. We hadn't been addressed like that since just after the fall of Singapore, when they were still afraid of us.

There was a thought in the minds of all of us, a thought that we dared not utter. And the thought strengthened when he told us that our rice issue was to be increased.

The next day we didn't go out to the railroad, and when our only remaining N.C.O. asked for medical supplies, and the request was granted, rumor became certainty.

"They're licked!" Halse yelled. "The green monkeys are licked! That's what it is! They're scared and they're squaring off!"

The next day a solitary bomber, flying very low, circled the camp. The door opened and something dropped. We ducked for cover.

It fell just inside the gate, and after a few tense seconds' wait, somebody risked a look, and Halse yelled:

"It's a biscuit bomber! A good old biscuit bomber! They've dropped a parcel!"

There was chocolate, canned milk, and cigarettes. And best of all, there was a note printed roughly on a cigarette carton with a pencil.

"Japan has surrendered. Hang on, Aussies. We are coming."

We went mad for a while. We sang and cheered. And then we ate half the stuff in the parcel and sat and smoked luxuriously.

We talked about the many of us who, like Kelly, weren't around any more. Then somebody asked:

"What will you do when you get back home?"

Back home! We were still thinking about that when somebody blew a whistle out in the compound.

We piled out of the huts like excited schoolboys.

There was a guard drawn up there, and the sergeant in charge smiled and bowed.

"You will parade before the orderly room, yes, please," he said, and bowed again. "The lieutenant wishes to make an announcement."

As we filed out the gate, Yashita jabbed a finger at me. "Not you!" he shouted. "You stay!"

I turned back reluctantly. Yashita watched the men march down toward the orderly room.

"Inside!" he said, and pointed to the hut, and I saw that he held an automatic pistol in his right hand.

I hesitated, so he signaled curtly to the two gate guards and they gave me the bum's rush into the hut.

Yashita came and jabbed the automatic hard into my stomach. He said slowly so that I could understand, "The war is over. Yes, the fighting is finished. But there is death here for you unless you give me the thing you have hidden."

"There is nothing!" I said.

"No? Then why did all the others die? All but you?"

"Perhaps I was stronger," I said, sparring for time. He meant to kill me. I could see it in his eyes.

He started hitting me, slashing at my arms with the barrel of the pistol as I tried to protect my face.

"I'll get it for you," I said after a while.

"Then there is something!" he said gloatingly. "I knew it! What is this thing?"

"I'll show it to you," I said. "It's over here!" And I went over to where Kelly's scanty possessions were piled up in his corner of the hut.

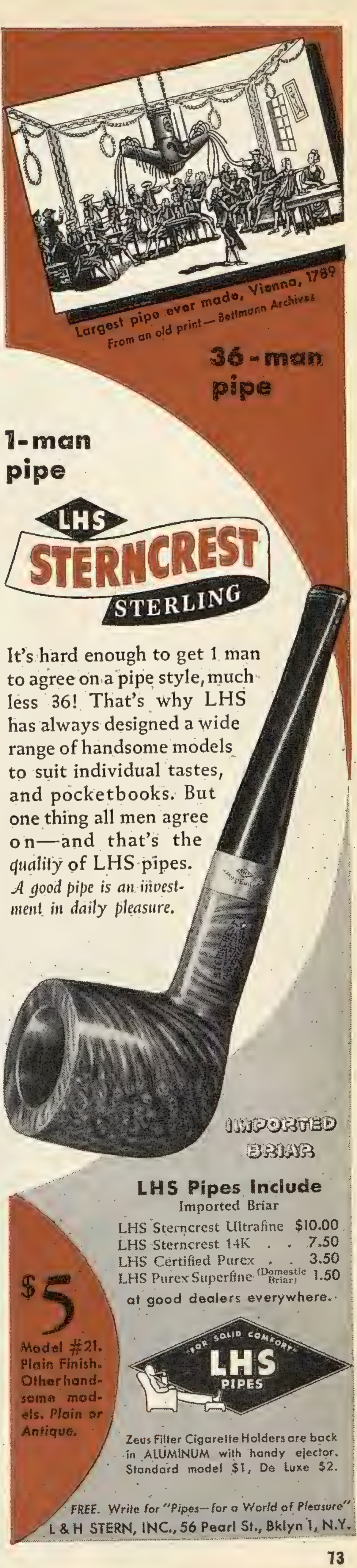
"It is a little figure." I moved Kelly's things and started digging with my fingers in the earth. "I buried it here. I carved it out of a piece of wood."

"A joss!" he said, and came and stood beside me and slipped the pis-

WILL JOHNSON

"He's learning to walk."

LIBERTY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tol back into his holster. "I knew there was something. There had to be something strong to keep you alive, you Australian dog! Come! Come! Give it to me!"

I drew a deep breath and thought of Jim and the others. I thought of Yashita kicking Kelly's body, and I thought, a little, about the bamboo pole behind my knees.

And then I leaped up quickly with Kelly's butcher's knife in my hand and I stuck him like a pig, just above the groin. And as he sagged I caught him by the throat with my left hand, and ripped upward with the knife.

Two guards, yelling in their high-pitched voices, came running.

They put in some smart work with their rifle butts taking the knife away from me. And then they towed me by the heels down past the parade and threw me in the "hole" again.

When the door opened at last, it was a tanned homely face that looked in behind a tommy gun. And the slouch hat bore the double-diamond color patch of an Aussie commando unit.

I heard him say "Christ!" very slowly. His voice seemed very far away.

The next thing I knew I was in a plane, lying on a stretcher. Halse was there, and in answer to my unspoken query, he drew the figurine out of his pack and gave it to me.

"Hang on to it, boy!" he shouted. "There's no doubt about it—it's your good luck!"

So I closed my eyes again, and I could see the gum trees on a ridge, swaying in the breeze. And hear Val's voice. . . .

THEY kept me in hospital at Balikpapan until the flesh healed into knotted lumps behind my knees and my broken bones knitted and the grayness went out of my face.

Halse and the others came and shook hands and touched the figurine for luck and went south.

I picked up quickly in hospital, and on the destroyer going home, and later in the base hospital. And then, at last, the day came when I walked up the stairs to our flat, hand in hand with Val.

The flat seemed smaller, and the stairs steeper. But it's always like that when you've been away.

The sea was the same, and, yes, the look in Val's eyes was the same when she turned to me.

"There's so very much to tell you," she whispered. "So very much. Was it very bad over there?"

"I've something to show you afterward," I said, and could hardly hear my voice for the pounding of my heart, "something that helped to make it easier."

"But—not now!" she whispered, and her eyes were the eyes of the figurine. And I thought of Kelly staring and whispering, "Mavis!"

Somehow I didn't get around to opening my pack until the afternoon. And then I sat on my heels looking at the figurine.

I went out to Val quickly, and put it into her hands.

She raised her face to me, and I kissed her slowly, on the lips. She slipped her arm around me, and held the figurine, and looked at it.

"Smell it," I said, "and tell me what it reminds you of."

"It—needs cleaning!" she said doubtfully, and looked at me.

She looked alive, and eager, and a little wary. I knew that she was being careful, trying to say the right thing, and the thought annoyed me a little.

"I'll clean it for you," she said slowly. And then she looked at it closely. "It's pretty!" she said, and her eyes widened in surprise. "But it's got no clothes on. It's a little nude wooden doll, Jack! It's sweet!"

She looked at me again, hesitantly.

"I—couldn't carve clothes on it," I said awkwardly. "It had to be smooth. Sometimes I worked on it in the dark."

"Did *you* carve it?" she queried in surprise, and then added hastily, "It's cute! It's like a doll I used to have when I was a little girl—only, it's so small!"

I said, "Yes, I carved it. It took a long while. I used a piece of glass and a razor blade."

"Who—did you use for a model?" she asked suddenly.

"Who do you think?" I grinned at her and tousled her hair and watched the flood of red creep up to her face.

Then I took the figurine from her.

WHEN she went into the kitchen, I sat by the window looking out over the calm sea, holding the figurine.

I smelled it, and somehow it did smell just a little musty. I sighed, and looked at it, and it was just a honey-colored piece of wood carved into a little nude figure. And the eyes were polished wooden eyes, blank and staring.

I thought a lot about Val, about how alive and loving she was.

And then I slipped the figurine unobtrusively into the little cedar box where I keep my pipes.

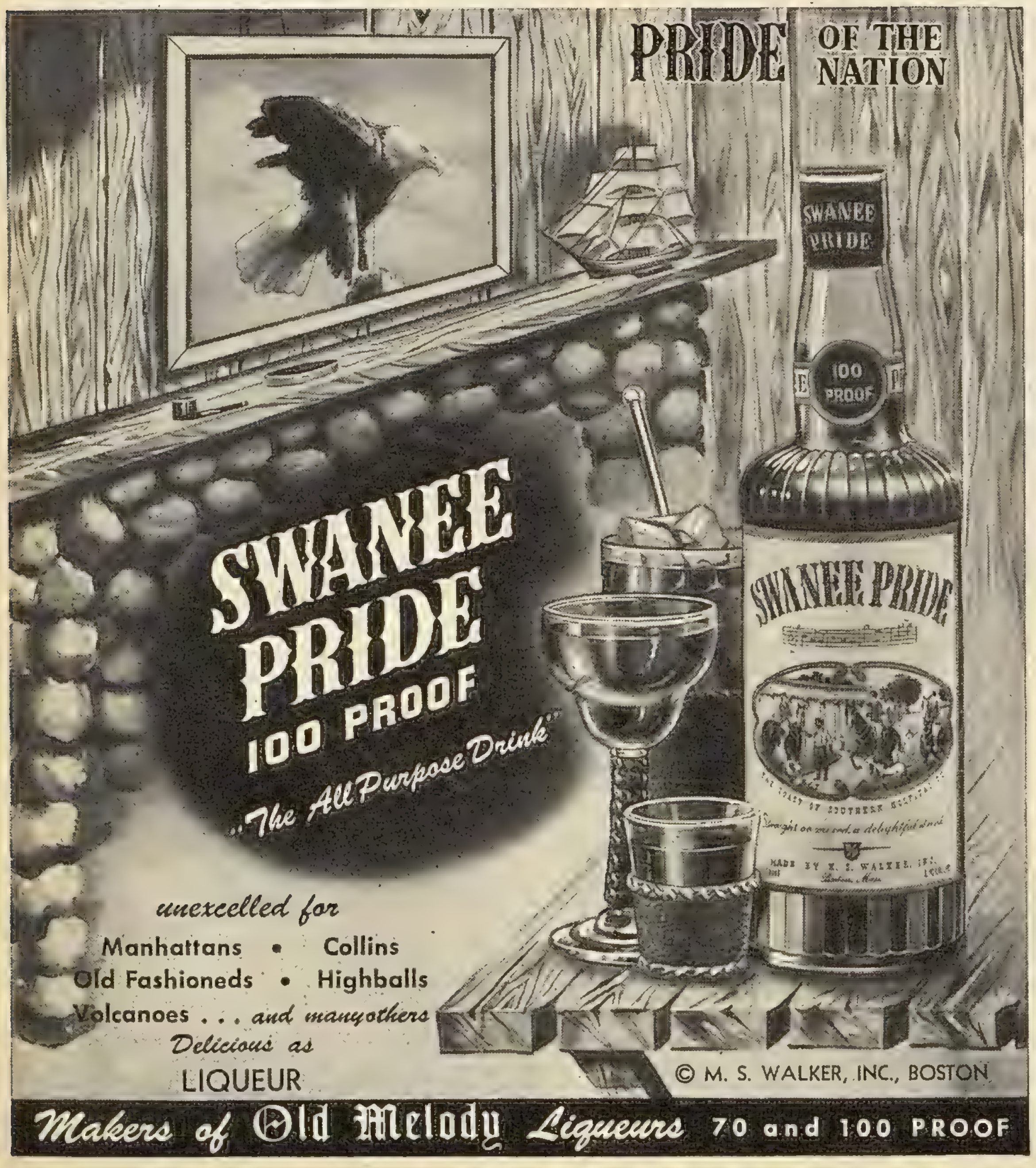
After all, I was home, and that was all that mattered. I was home—home—home!

THE END

## DARN CLEVER—THESE AMERICANS

American People know just the right caper;
For methods efficient they strive;
They make all their napkins and towels of paper
And then have a Waste-paper Drive!

—*Berton Braley.*



## SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

Continued from Page 19

son in 1942. After the brief ceremony they went to the near-by home of Orson's friends, the Joe Cottens, for a champagne celebration. That night Rita defied Mr. Cohn and went on in the Magic Show. Even the paying customers got more than their money's worth.

Two years three months and one baby later, the Welleses called it a day. The morning the separation story broke on the front pages of the Los Angeles newspapers, Miss Hayworth, working in Gilda, did not go in for the heavy dramatics usually indulged in by glamor girls on such occasions. She arrived for her hairdressing at six, drank her coffee, and said yes, it was a lovely day. That was all.

Since her separation Rita has been living alone in a house in Brentwood which she leases from Cliff Henderson, sports promoter. It's a modernistic house with a tendency toward the nautical. Attractive features of the place are a swimming pool with an island in the middle of it, and a series of sundecks where little Rebecca, born December 17, 1944, can get the morning, noon, and afternoon sun. Rita is a great believer in sun for health.

She has a couple to run the house for her, and a nurse for the baby.

She has had more than her share of servant problems the past year, what with Orson bringing in his friends and eating at all kinds of unconventional hours. Her only pet is a cocker named Pookles. As Orson could not drive a car, Rita often acted as his chauffeur, and consequently sat in on innumerable meetings for the betterment of something or other. She became almost as politically minded as Orson, and joined him wholeheartedly when he campaigned for President Roosevelt for a fourth term.

RITA spends hours romping with Rebecca, who almost made her debut on the set of Tonight and Every Night. Rebecca was named after Rita's favorite character in her favorite book, Ivanhoe. Rebecca is the image of her old man. Perhaps she takes after him in other ways too, though her mother doesn't mention it—except to say, "Rebecca acts all over the place."

When Rita is working on a picture she gets up at five. By six, she is in hairdressing at the studio, where she spends three hours before she is due on the set at nine. While she is under the drier she eats breakfast, which the year round consists of orange juice, coffee, eggs and bacon and toast. She likes to dunk her toast in her coffee. She has a very light lunch at noon, usually a salad. She leaves the set promptly at six, rushes home in her make-up to play with Rebecca before her bedtime. At eight she eats a hearty dinner that nearly always includes peas and mashed potatoes. Nine hours' sleep is her only beauty secret.

Rita spends more time in the studio hairdressing department than most stars do. This is because her hair has to be bleached regularly when she is busy on a picture, and especially where Technicolor is involved. When she first came to Columbia, she weighed 130 pounds and had shiny black hair. Today, at twenty-seven, and after eleven years in pictures, she weighs 117 pounds, and has what Helen Hunt calls "bronze red" hair. It was bleached for the first time in 1940 when Rita was to make a test for Strawberry Blonde. She photographed better than she had ever photographed before. So from then on Rita has gone in for bleaching. Naturally a very frank person, she makes no bones about it. "Do we have to bleach so much?" she'll say to Helen Hunt. "After all, everybody knows I'm a brunette." Or if anyone says to her, "Rita, your hair is beautiful," Rita quickly answers, "Yes, I think it's a nice shade now." Off the screen she wears her hair straight and plain, the way she wears it in Gilda, her latest picture, released this month.

FOR one so lovely, Rita is not vain, not even with a salary said to be $2,500 a week plus bonuses. She is one of the few stars who will answer her doorbell with her hair screwed up on top of her head and wearing rumpled workclothes. (Between servants she does the dusting and vacuuming, but not the cooking.) She has only one vanity: her extremely long fingernails. She never wears any polish on them, and spends hours buffing them. She doesn't care what color the studio chooses for her hair, but she'll never allow them to color her nails. However, she does admit she likes to have her picture taken, and likes being a glamorous person. "All women like being made a fuss over," she says, "and I'm no exception. I think it's damned nice."

Usually easygoing, Rita springs to life when she falls in love. As one of her friends says, "When Rita's in love she even immerses herself in her boy friend's friends and family. And she's been known to change her agent for his agent. As interested as she is in her career, she'd throw it over for love any time." Fortunately for Harry Cohn, the two men she married wanted her to have a career. So did Victor Mature and so does Tony Martin, her present boy friend. But Mr. Cohn may not always be so lucky.

Careers are old hat in Rita's family. Her real name is Margarita Carmen Cansino, and her father is the third-generation star of a Spanish theatrical family. It was Grandfather Antonio who made the bolero famous. Her maternal grandfather was

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Joseph Haworth, English Shakespearean actor who played with Booth. (A press agent once described Rita as a Latin body with an English mind.) When Papa Eduardo and an aunt had danced their way through Europe, England, and Australia, they were brought to New York in 1913 by social leader Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to give color to her swank parties. They became the toast of Manhattan, and later signed up for a lucrative vaudeville tour that took them all over America. They often played on the same bills with a promising young dance team, Fred and Adele Astaire.

Rita was born in New York City, October 17, 1918. She received her early education in Woodside, Long Island. At school, her favorite sport was basketball, and her favorite subject English. At the request of Harry Cohn she changed her name from Rita Cansino to Rita Hayworth after her second picture at the studio. She added a "y" to the Haworth.

It was a family tradition that the Cansinos danced only with members of their family. So when the aunt died in 1928, Papa Eduardo had to wait for Rita to grow up. Rita didn't want to be a dancer. But at fourteen she did her first professional dancing with her cousin in a stage prologue to Back Street at the Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles.

WITH the pantry shelves nearly empty, and Mama and the two boys, Vernon and Ed, getting a bit faint, Papa signed the first contract that came his way: an engagement at the Foreign Club in Tijuana, Mexico. Everybody took him and Rita for brother and sister. Prohibition was in full swing and Tijuana was crowded with bums, drunks, and rich Hollywood playboys on the make. "Between shows Papa locked me in the dressing room," says Rita. After a hitch at the Foreign Club, Papa in desperation accepted a four-week engagement aboard one of California's gambling ships off the Santa Monica shore. This engagement was a flop.

Then Papa and Rita got their first real break in the West. They were booked for four weeks into the expensive Hotel Caliente at Agua Caliente, Mexico. They were an instant hit, and the engagement was extended to seven months. It was only a matter of time, of course, before the movie moguls would discover Rita. Winnie Sheehan, then head of Fox, signed her for the lead in Ramona. In the meantime he spotted her for a dancing bit in Dante's Inferno, starring Spencer Tracy, and a picture that is still fondly referred to in Hollywood as the biggest stinker of all times.

After that she did bits in three Bs at Fox while they groomed and tested her for Ramona. But before production started on that epic, Mr. Sheehan and his entourage were tossed out of Fox, and Darryl Zanuck breezed in, renaming the studio Twentieth Century-Fox. Loretta Young was given Ramona and Rita was given the gate. Zanuck lived to regret his haste in sweeping out Rita. He had to pay Harry Cohn a pretty penny in 1941 when he borrowed her for Blood and Sand.

Bounced by Zanuck, Rita next landed in Westerns. She has disliked horses intensely ever since. She made Westerns at Talisman Studios, at RKO, and Columbia. Columbia signed her on a contract in March, 1936, at a salary of $150 weekly, little suspecting that they had acquired a gold mine. When Mr. Cohn suggested to one of his producers that he use the new contract player in a picture, the producer railed, "I can't. She doesn't even speak English." But other producers used her, in fourteen B pictures. "Or were they Cs and Ds?" suggests Rita.

BUT it wasn't until Only Angels Have Wings that the executives at Columbia gave her more than a passing glance. Her part in the picture was hardly more than a walk-on. Nonetheless, at the preview the producers woke up to the fact that they had a potential star on their hands. So what did they do about it? They put her in a minor part in a Blondie comedy, and later loaned her to Metro, at the request of Director George Cukor, for one of the supporting roles in Joan Crawford's version of Susan and God.

While everybody is taking bows over what they have done for her, Rita, in her own way, goes about doing right well for herself. Without any close friends, she probably has more real friends than any of her contemporaries. "It's nice to have people rooting for you," she says. "Sometimes I feel like the favorite at Santa Anita— everybody betting on me and hoping I'll win."

THE END

LIBERTY

# IT PAYS TO BE IDLE

Continued from Page 17

maintains a separate account for each state agency.

Not all workers are eligible for these forms of social insurance. They must be in a "covered industry," which means any employment except in agriculture, domestic service, most maritime work, service in federal, state, or local governments, and certain others. By the middle of 1945 more than 74,000,000 persons had credits under the Old-Age and Survivors Insurance plan; about 36,000,000 had wage credits qualifying them for U.C. payments when out of work, and additional millions had credits toward such jobless benefits.

While the old-age and survivors business clicks along smoothly, unemployment compensation has threatened to become a grand national headache. All you need to collect your old-age payments is the accumulated credit on Uncle Sam's books and proof that you are sixty-five. But in U.C. it isn't that simple.

TO be eligible for U.C. benefits, you must have had a certain amount of earnings in a "covered industry" during the past year. You must also be unemployed, be able to work and available for work, register for work at a public employment office, file a claim for benefits, and not be disqualified for benefits under other provisions of the law. There is a waiting period, usually one week, during which no benefits are payable. Unemployment compensation is intended to compensate for wage loss during periods when people are unemployed because there are no suitable jobs for them. Therefore, if you refuse a suitable job which is offered, you may be disqualified from receiving benefits for a varying number of weeks. If you get fired for drinking on the job or throwing a wrench at the foreman, that's misconduct and you don't collect. Voluntary quits don't count either, unless you can show "good cause attributable to your employer."

These are some of the provisions designed to guard against impairment of the will to go to work. However, they haven't proved as effective as could be desired. In Michigan, where the automobile industry had to reconvert to peacetime projects, the theory of unemployment compensation received a severe test right after V-J Day. Last fall the state's unemployment compensation commission announced: "Michigan is now paying over $3,000,000 each week in unemployment benefit checks. At present there are 204,912 people whose claims are current." About that time the USES reported there were 12,000 job openings in Detroit alone.

Presumably they were not "suitable," for even with over 100,000 men and women out of work in the Detroit metropolitan area, private employment agencies gave up soliciting employers for job openings simply because they could not find workers who were interested.

A job's suitability depends on such factors as past work experience, distance of the job from home, wages offered, and local work opportunities. The unemployment compensation agency determines each case on its merits, but in no instance do you have to accept "work which offers wages or working conditions far less favorable than those prevailing in the locality for that kind of work." Yet it must have been something other than subnormal wages and working conditions in Pontiac, Michigan, where, with 5,600 people drawing compensation, work at more than a dollar an hour went begging.

Not even the most captious critic logically can condemn the *theory* of unemployment compensation, but the unfortunate fact is that the safeguards in the laws do not prevent those who wish to take advantage of a situation from doing so. Representatives of industry, labor, and the State Commission in Michigan will tell you with equal frankness that the project is an excellent idea but contains too many bugs.

Offered as an instance was the story of girl clerks. By last December there was no longer any dollar-an-hour war work for them. There were 45,978 payable unemployed women in Detroit. A drugstore chain needed help, and scores of girls were referred to those jobs. Most of them were drawing Michigan's maximum U.C. benefit of $20 a week. Rightly or wrongly, the drugstores objected to use of highly colored nail polish by clerks, and that information spread among the job applicants. They showed up with the giddiest kinds of paint on their fingernails, insisted on their right to wear it—and were refused jobs. They had complied with the law by applying for work referred to them, but the twenty-dollar U.C. was more enticing than a twenty-five-dollar pay check subject to deductions for taxes, union dues, lunch, and transportation.

A RECENT report to the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, compiled by the Committee's social security technical staff, states: "Just what proportion of wage loss can be compensated without impairing the will to work is indeterminate." It also is the subject of considerable controversy. The government in Washington has advocated that maximum weekly benefits be raised to and standardized at $25 throughout the nation, and that the maximum payment period be 26 weeks. One group in organized labor would boost the weekly amount to $35 for 30 weeks. Close observers of the system as it has operated in the states warn that such action would endanger individual initiative, that even the present scale is sufficiently enticing to restain many people from returning to work.

The foregoing report gives $44.21 as the average 1944 weekly wage of workers covered by state unemployment compensation laws. At that rate deductions for taxes and so on would make the take-home pay for a married man with one child approximately $32.60. Unemployment compensation at $25 would set a value on the incentive to work all week—instead of remaining idle—at about $7.60. The results from a $35 U.C. benefit check should be obvious.

AS a further example, the woman wage earner in Michigan's non-durable goods industries averaged $30.70 a week up to the first of the year. If she lost her job and became eligible for U.C., the following is a picture of her "dilemma":

| | *If married, and husband working* | *If single* | *When unemployed* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hours worked per week | 40.9 | 40.9 | None |
| Gross pay | $30.70 | $30.70 | $20.00 |
| Withholding tax | 6.00 | 4.10 | None |
| Social Security tax | .31 | .31 | None |
| Union dues | .25 | .25 | None |
| Insurance | .60 | .60 | None |
| Lunch and transportation | 6.00 | 6.00 | None |
| Net earnings | $17.54 | $19.44 | $20.00 |

If U.C. benefits look more inviting than 40 hours of work for a little more money, there are ways to collect, despite the supposed safeguards. There were the five young ladies of Lake Odessa, Michigan, for instance. They worked in a war plant in Ionia, seventeen miles away, until they were laid off, with assurances that they would be called back later. All filed claims for U.C. Soon after the checks started arriving, all five were referred to new work in Portland, twenty-two miles away.

Refusal to accept the proffered work might disqualify them for further benefits, so four of the girls agreed the jobs were "suitable," but claimed they had no means of transportation, although they had been getting back and forth to the Ionia job every day. The fifth girl made the mistake of being honest. She didn't bring up the transportation question, but stated she would quit the Portland job as soon as she was notified of re-employment at Ionia. The referee ruled that that amounted to "a refusal of permanent employment," and disqualified her for further benefits.

Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown knew what to do when the rent came round—for twenty weeks, anyway—and his case high-lights the problem of policing. Of 7,000 out-of-state workers registered with Michigan's Unemployment Compensation Commission as of last December, Rufus and some 4,700 others were receiving Michigan U.C. checks. When he was laid off in Detroit after V-J Day,

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Rufus decided to go home to Tennessee and wanted his unemployment compensation. He was entitled to it, even though he moved to another state, provided only that he accept suitable work, if offered. He was registered at USES, told to register again when he got back home, then hold himself available for work on seventy-two hours' notice, even if it was 500 miles away in the Detroit area, which, in itself, is on the ridiculous side.

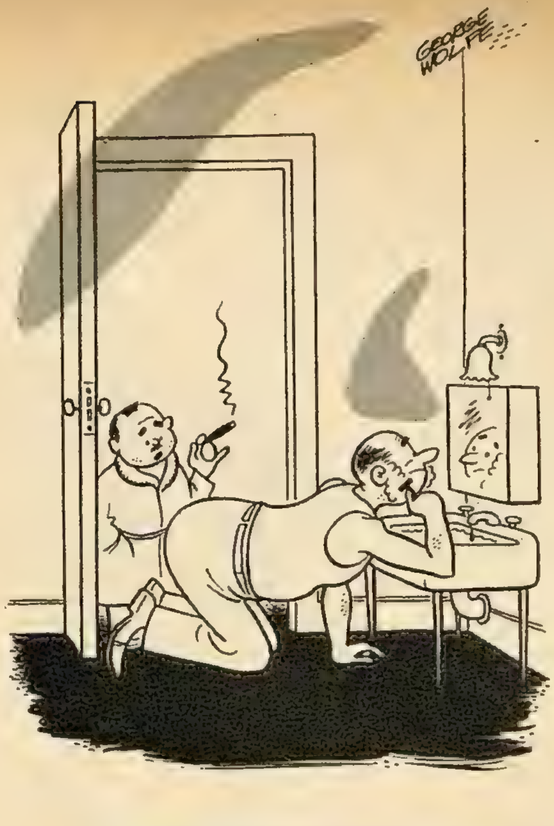
Under Michigan's law, Mr. Brown, a married man with four children, was entitled to $28 a week for 20 weeks, a much more tidy sum in Saw Dust Valley, Tennessee, population 102, than it would be in Detroit. So the entire Brown family stayed home. Of course, if Rufus or any other out-state beneficiary is offered suitable work and refuses, the parade of checks can be stopped, but distance of the job from home, wages offered, local work opportunities, and lack of transportation, all are convenient means to an end.

THESE cases are typical of hundreds, and indicate something is awry with the system, and that a federally sponsored increase in weekly benefits could prove more deleterious than beneficial.

Management clashes with labor and the federal government over amounts to be paid to out-of-job workers and length of payment periods. Employers claim that organized labor's tactics don't help in securing unbiased applications for U.C. benefits from displaced workers. Labor counters with an identical charge against industry, but directs its attack specifically at what is called the "experience-rating system," claiming the system "encourages employers to contest the payment of benefits, even to deserving claimants."

The Social Security Act set 3 per cent as the tax to be paid by employers on payrolls in covered industries, but offered lower "experience" or "merit" rates to employers who could earn them by maintaining steady employment and low percentages of lay-offs. Thus, one manufacturer may pay a tax as low as 1 per cent, while another employer's less favorable record will necessitate the 3-per-cent rate. The resulting lower tax rates have reduced the amounts collected between 1938 and 1944 from what they would have been at the standard rate by the estimated $1,300,000,000.

Experience ratings are provided for in the laws of forty-five states. Where they do not exist, there are only two parties to a U.C. transaction —the official of the state commission and the jobless worker. Introduction of experience rating not only tends to help stabilize employment but also to police the whole system against fraudulent claims and political and other pressure by bringing the employer directly into each case. It also has been argued that so long as the employer pays all or most of the cost, he should have a chance to see that the cost stays legitimate; but labor remains suspiciously critical of the whole experience-rating idea.



"I didn't plan on guests!" LIBERTY

There is little or no danger that the worker, legitimately entitled to U.C. benefits, will be done out of them by the policing aspects of experience rating. If you're not satisfied with what you get, you have only to request the claims examiner of your local U.C. office to recheck the case. If what he says still is unsatisfactory, you may ask for a hearing before an impartial referee, and if you don't like his decision, you can go further up the line to an Appeal Board. This costs nothing, nor does it call for a lawyer. If a claimant still is dissatisfied after the Appeal Board's ruling, he has the option of carrying his problem to the Circuit Court.

Lowered unemployment compensation tax rates are of importance to the public, including members of any union, for while the unemployment fund is derived entirely from the payroll tax paid by the employer (except for the four states named), it eventually is passed on to consumers in the price of the product. It follows that a lower tax rate tends to reduce the price of commodities, particularly in highly competitive markets. Experience ratings may have a direct effect on labor. One automobile maker, enjoying a merit rate of 1 per cent, while his competitor pays 3 per cent on fairly comparable amounts of payrolls, may be in position to offer higher wages. By the end of June 1945, the nation's unemployment fund had reached $7,000,000,000. This was created largely by full employment in wartime, but in the face of the fact that the standard tax rate had been reduced by experience ratings to an average of 1.60 per cent in states where they had been in effect, as

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against the original 3-per-cent tax.

Persons directly involved in a labor dispute are not eligible for unemployment compensation, except in the states of Louisiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Tennessee, and then only after waiting from three tc eight weeks.

The Veterans Administration recently advised that veterans made idle by strikes in plants where they are employed are not entitled to the special unemployment compensation provided under their G. I. Bill of Rights, even though they are not members of the striking union. Both veterans and non-veterans are entitled to benefits if they are laid off due to strikes in plants where they do not work. When steel scarcity, due to the steel strike, caused layoffs in the automobile plants, automotive workers forced into idleness were eligible for U.C.

Undeniably, unemployment compensation is a strong tonic for an ailing national economy, and, like many powerful medicines, there is danger in overdosage. Abolishing the merit system isn't a panacea for the several ills, nor would the establishment of a nation-wide $25-a-week maximum be a cure-all. The latter could be a calamity. Standard provisions governing unemployment compensation for the whole country, instead of the present set of forty-eight different state statutes, as advocated by some labor and Washington officials, conceivably could reduce some existing complexities. But over a national law, state administration offers advantages of decentralization, closer contact with individuals and groups, and flexibility.

SINCE the inception of unemployment compensation ten years ago, we have had three types of experience: (*a*) heavy unemployment in the depression days of the late '30s, when comparatively few jobs were available; (*b*) negligible unemployment in the peak of wartime, when relatively few benefits were paid out; and (*c*) an all-time high in the filing of claims and the payment of money during immediate postwar months. None of those can be construed as "normal" unemployment conditions, and evaluation of any proposed changes in the laws should be gauged accordingly.

Within the past year many changes were made in the 45 states that had legislative sessions, with 25 states increasing weekly benefit maximums, 27 lengthening the period of payment, and 20 acting to do both.

What future accomplishments will be and how they will come about cannot be forecast here, nor can the whole complex subject be more than high-lighted. The original purpose of unemployment compensation was to pay benefits to individuals who *didn't* want them, individuals who would much prefer a productive job. That was the original intention. It is a far cry from that to actual performance.

THE END

## BASEBALL'S NEW WONDER CROP

Continued from Page 23

Field. He hurled only one complete game before going into the service, but that was a fourteen-inning six-hit masterpiece against the Giants.

Flinging for Fort Riley the next summer, Rex struck out Cecil Travis four times in one afternoon. "Even Bob Feller never did that to me!" gasped the Washington veteran slugging star. "This kid's another Walter Johnson. Wait—he can't miss."

Last year Barney pitched for the U. S. Army team in Germany right after V-E Day. His manager was Harry Walker, former center fielder of the champion Cardinals and a hustler who lived up to the Gashouse Gang tradition by personally accounting for twenty-nine Nazis killed, wounded, or captured.

Walker simply couldn't believe that the strapping 190-pounder on the mound at Nuremberg Stadium was the same spindly kid whom he had batted against in the National League two years before. Upon returning home for discharge, Harry raved, "Barney's the greatest young pitcher I've ever seen. He's learned to snap off a sharp curve, and with his keen control and blinding speed besides, I just shudder to think of batting against him in '46."

Other prize winners ready to hatch in the Rickey roost and develop into regulars this season are Joe Hatten and Gene Hermanski. Hatten's the southpaw speed-ball strike-out and no-hit artist who won 90 of 125 games in the service, largely against crack Coast clubs. Hermanski, a camera-eyed clouter, made such an impression during an eighteen-game trial between service hitches in '43 that Flatbush idol Dixie Walker cornered him and drawled, "Listen, kid. I think you're the one who'll eventually steal my job here. But I like you and I want to help you, so I'm going to give you some tips on playing the rebounds off Ebbets Field's right-field fence, throwing for cut-off plays, and stuff like that."

Brooklyn also has "sleepers" like infielder Stan Rojek, pitcher Johnny Van Cuyk, and first baseman Lou Ruchser. But if the Dodgers are hip-high in diamonds in the rough, the Cardinals are just as deep. Only, St. Louis' stock is more polished than the Flock's. Branch Rickey frankly expects the Cards to win the '46 flag with ease, but warns one and all to watch Brooklyn in '47.

First of the fresh Card aces is six-foot-two, 185-pound Erv Dusak, who is expected to nudge the fleet and fabulous Terry Moore—himself just back from three years of service in the Canal Zone—out of a regular job. The Giants recently stated they'd rather have the "unknown" Dusak over Stan Musial, and backed it with a steep cash offer.

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Three Card farm-hand pitching prizes coming up for their belated big-league crack are Fred Martin, for whom Sam Breadon wouldn't take $50,000; Max Surkont, a searing righthander; and Johnny Grodzicki, who will burn up the league if he can overcome a leg wound he suffered as a paratrooper in Germany.

You may ask how the Cards dare sell Walker Cooper, the game's No. 1 catcher. The answer is a kid named Joe Garagiola, not yet turned twenty, whom they're expecting back from the Philippines before midseason.

Card manager Eddie Dyer, who developed St. Louis' brightest stars, touts Caragiola as "a powerful left-handed hitter who has a wonderful arm and is a smart receiver. At fifteen, he was enough of a natural to catch for Columbus, a Class AA club! He's bound to make a few mistakes with us at first, because he'll be nervous. But give him a little time, say twenty-five or thirty big-league games, and the fans will forget all about the sale of Cooper to the Giants."

Of all the Card rookies, though, St. Louis fans will root hardest for Dick Sisler, son of the immortal George. The 210-pounder hasn't his father's defensive grace and rhythmic tempo that made the ex-Brownie one of the greatest first basemen of all time. But Dick is a left-handed powerhouse who promises to terrorize pitchers for a long time.

A likely-looking minor leaguer when he entered the Navy four years ago, Dick had only one serious flaw, a batting hitch. He managed to iron out the kink, and he consistently outslugged major-league teammates and rivals while at the Bainbridge Naval Training Station. Soon after his discharge last November, he was shipped to the crucible of winter baseball in Cuba, where he tore apart the Cuban league. He led the circuit in homers and triples. He cracked a twenty-six-year-old record by poling three homers in one game (and might have had four if they hadn't walked him in his last appearance). Finally, he hit a homer out of Tropical Stadium!

THAT last exclamation point may seem sophomoric, but not if you've ever seen that park. Its right-field fence is 410 feet away and forty feet high, and that's the closest barrier. When the stadium was opened, the owners made a standing offer of $1,000 to anyone who hit a baseball out of the lot. The money stood safe through the years despite the blasting of such left-handed home-run heroes as Ruth, Gehrig, Ott, Camilli, Terry, Trosky, etc. Unfortunately, the offer was withdrawn during the war; but when Sisler's fence-clearing clout landed on a brewery roof 450 feet away, Havana fans collected gifts of money, clothes, and a watch for young Sisler, and even pinned a silver medal on him.

While labeling youngsters who can't be overlooked in the baseball crystal ball, we can't by-pass the ever-producing Yankee farm system. According to manager Joe McCarthy and talent developer George Weiss, the "next Lou Gehrig" is a gangling chap named Jack Phillips, who is still on occupation duty in Tokyo. Little-known pitchers Mel Queen and Tommy Byrne are expected to become regulars this year, while Bill Dickey's catching mantle is likely to fall upon Gus Niarhos, who was still on the Yanks' Kansas City farm when spring training opened.

New York's other major-league entry, the Giants, also expect sustenance from the service. They thought they had that long-sought "stopper" of the pitching staff when they paid $25,000 plus four players for twenty-three-year-old Clint Hartung, enthusiastically tagged by observers like Dyer and Rosey Ryan as a sort of "Jimmy Foxx and Bob Feller combined." But Clint re-enlisted in the Army Air Forces, and won't be out until October, so manager Ott is counting on him for '47.

## CAUTIOUS

A sailor lad in a canoo
Asked his girl if she'd like to fling woo.
She said, "On the land
It would be simply grand,
But in a canoo woo's taboo."
—*Grace V. Watkins.*

For more immediate elbowing aid, Ott is looking toward a strapping right-hander named Mike Budnick—a name he never knew before his team made an exhibition trip to Bainbridge last year. Helping coach the Tars was Ray Lucas, who failed to make the pitching grade at the Polo grounds a generation back. Soon after Ott arrived at the base, Ray "bent his ear" about Budnick, Bainbridge's star pitcher of the year before, so Mel asked where he could see this wonder.

Learning that Budnick was in the South Pacific, Mel promptly forgot about him until the fall, when Mike's name popped up on Seattle's draft-eligible list. Mel made further inquiry among his Coast scouts and Giants-in-service who had faced the rapid overhander. When O.K.s poured in, Mel decided to draft him.

Encountering Mize at the winter baseball meetings, Mel asked if he knew Budnick. "Yeah," Johnny growled. "He struck me out in a game on Saipan. Plenty fast. They told me he was known as the Whirlwind of Guam, too." The next day Mel "thanked" Lucas for the tip-off by hiring him to manage the Giant farm at Oshkosh.

Another Giant hopeful is bespectacled Bill Rigney, a shortstopper nicknamed "Topper." While Bill was still on an active fighting front, the Giants gambled by sending Dolph Camilli plus $25,000 to Oakland for him. Rigney was in training camp only five days when Mel Ott proclaimed him the greatest shortstop he's ever seen. And coaching Rigney at St. Mary's Preflight, Charley Gehringer, Detroit's famous second baseman and word miser, went on record with "He's the best young infielder I've seen in ten years."

The market-mad Giants had another hot prospect, but this time the Braves got there first. Tom Sheehan, now back as a Giant scout, was ordered to buy Torgeson even if he had to go as high as $100,000 for the bespectacled six-foot-six first baseman (still in service). But Boston wanted him, too. The first request Billy Southworth made after signing as new Hub pilot was, "Get Torgeson!" They did, by paying $75,000 plus five players who Seattle officials insist are "good enough to make us a pennant contender."

In announcing the deal, Boston general manager John Quinn commented, "Torgeson will be our first baseman for the next ten years!" Coast critics say he's destined to be the game's greatest first baseman.

OVER in the other Boston bailiwick, Red Sox fans are aroused over the sale of Jim Tabor, slugging third sacker. However, we gather from sundry scouts and managers that Ernie Andres, a powerful 200-pounder fresh off a Navy subchaser, will easily acquit himself well in his first crack at Fenway Park's hot corner. A slugging sensation for three years in the American Association before entering service, Andres received valuable polish under Mickey Cochrane at Great Lakes.

The word is also out to notice nuggets like Bill Cox, Pirate shortstop; Frank Lamanna, who left the Braves as a substitute pitcher but will return as a DiMaggio-like outfielder; Chester Hadjuk, who may play either first base or second for the White Sox; Vince Smith, Bob Feller's service battery mate, starting his first full season at Pittsburgh; Buddy Blattner, Giant infielder, who incidentally beat pro tennis champ Bobby Riggs in a Pacific net exhibition last year; Gene Woodling and Ted Scepkowski of the Indians; Grady Hatton, of the Cincinnati Reds, who received more money than was ever given a nonprofessional player for signing a National League contract; Sam Mele, formerly of N.Y.U. and Yale, who was paid $30,000 to sign a Boston Red Sox contract; and many others.

A few of the aforementioned won't live up to their blazing service or preservice reputations, but in the main they're the coming wonders of the national pastime. Expecting to follow the classic pattern of Marty McManus, Bill Regan, and Alvin Crowder, who cut their baseball eyeteeth in World War I, the diamond stars-to-be of World War II are ready to assert themselves.

THE END

# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

## WITH HELEN PARKER

Joan Fontaine introduces the object of her affections (Mark Stevens) to her sister and brother-in-law.

### FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

*(RKO)*
*Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens, Henry Morgan, Rosemary DeCamp*

IT'S gratifying, after all these years, to have a sentimental film about a pair of ordinary, everyday people. And how nice to see Joan Fontaine come to life after being a frightened aristocrat in so many movies. From This Day Forward was adapted from a novel—All Brides Are Beautiful, by Thomas Bell, and it's an uncluttered segment of the lives of some very human humans who happen to work for a living.

The boy, a lathe operator with artistic ambitions, is played by Mark Stevens, a most sincere and talented young man who is tall and handsome without being pretty. He tells his story in retrospect—in uniform, with his discharge papers, and filling out forms at the government employment office. The flashback technique gets a little tangled at times, and there are moments when you're not sure what year it is. But on the other hand, such a scene as the young marrieds drifting out of a movie theater on a warm summer evening while the loud-speaker broadcasts a speech of Hitler's is more comprehensible than the ordinary trick of a newsreel shot of 100,000 marching Nazis.

Joan, as the bride, is employed in a bookshop, and is neither too beautiful nor too well dressed. Her grasp of the role is deep and her love scenes with her husband are not just the sort of female mush that's embarrassing to the male audience.

The milestones are unfolded gradually, and their life together is always pointed up and contrasted with that of her sister (Rosemary DeCamp) whose existence with her jobless husband (Henry Morgan—what an actor!) and two children is an insistent reminder of the unfunny side of a Hoff cartoon.

Mark and Joan have their normal travails: he loses his job; she gets him an assignment to illustrate a book that her boss is publishing, which turns out to be pornographic and he narrowly escapes going to jail for it; they have to give up their cute apartment and go to live in a semi-tenement owned by her brother-in-law's mother (Queenie Smith); and then, naturally, he is drafted. The final note is less depressing but not overly optimistic—she is to have a baby and he has a promising interview in the morning.

Dialogue and photography are superb, and the casting comes close to being inspired, especially in the case of Queenie Smith, the tight-pursed, tyrannical mother-in-law—she sits on the part with a truly humorous vengeance. From This Day Forward is not a soap opera, not a device to make the ladies weep. It's a rich experience for everybody, always excepting the ultra-sophisticated, self-centered ones.

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A. J. CRONIN

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★ ★ ★ ★

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

★ ★ ★ ★

We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town ...and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

★ ★ ★ ★

And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.

★ ★ ★ ★

There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

★ ★ ★ ★

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—Leo

## TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON

*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*
*Kathryn Grayson, Jimmy Durante, June Allyson, Peter Lawford*

THE morals of 1900 come in for a good deal of lampooning in Two Sisters from Boston. And then there's the all-important added factor of Jimmy Durante's making fun of himself. Jimmy's the enterprising owner of a Bowery saloon where Kathryn Grayson, Sister No. 1, sings at night in order to pay for her operatic vocal lessons. Hearing rumors of this, her family in Salem, Mass., are scandalized, and high-tail it to New York. Up to the eyebrows in primness, her uncle, aunt, and sister (June Allyson) arrive and demand to know what is this Golden Rooster where they've heard she was seen? Glibly, she informs them that it's the name, translated from the French, of an opera at the Metropolitan in which she has a part.

They, of course, run out and buy tickets for the opera—and Kathryn has a couple of hours left to bluff her way on to the stage of the Met. So Durante schnozzles her backstage, whispers into a few ears that she is the new "lady friend" of the opera's most influential patron, and she is whisked into a costume. Thus begins her series of misadventures, in most of which her little blonde sister becomes embroiled. As we leave the young ladies, Kathryn is singing a duet with Lauritz Melchior at the Met, June is up in a box being kissed by the personable young son (Peter Lawford) of the sponsor, and Jimmy is in the wings with a grin on his face and his toupee in his pocket, since he's become Kathryn's manager and doesn't have to clown in his Bowery saloon any more.

Pasternak produced this, and it compares favorably with his other light, pleasant pieces. It's neither a side-splitter nor a tear-jerker, but people sometimes do go to the movies just to have a nice time, and this is one of those times.

Allyson, Grayson, and Durante (no, she's not drunk—she just fainted).

## THE BLUE DAHLIA

*(Paramount)*
*Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Bill Bendix*

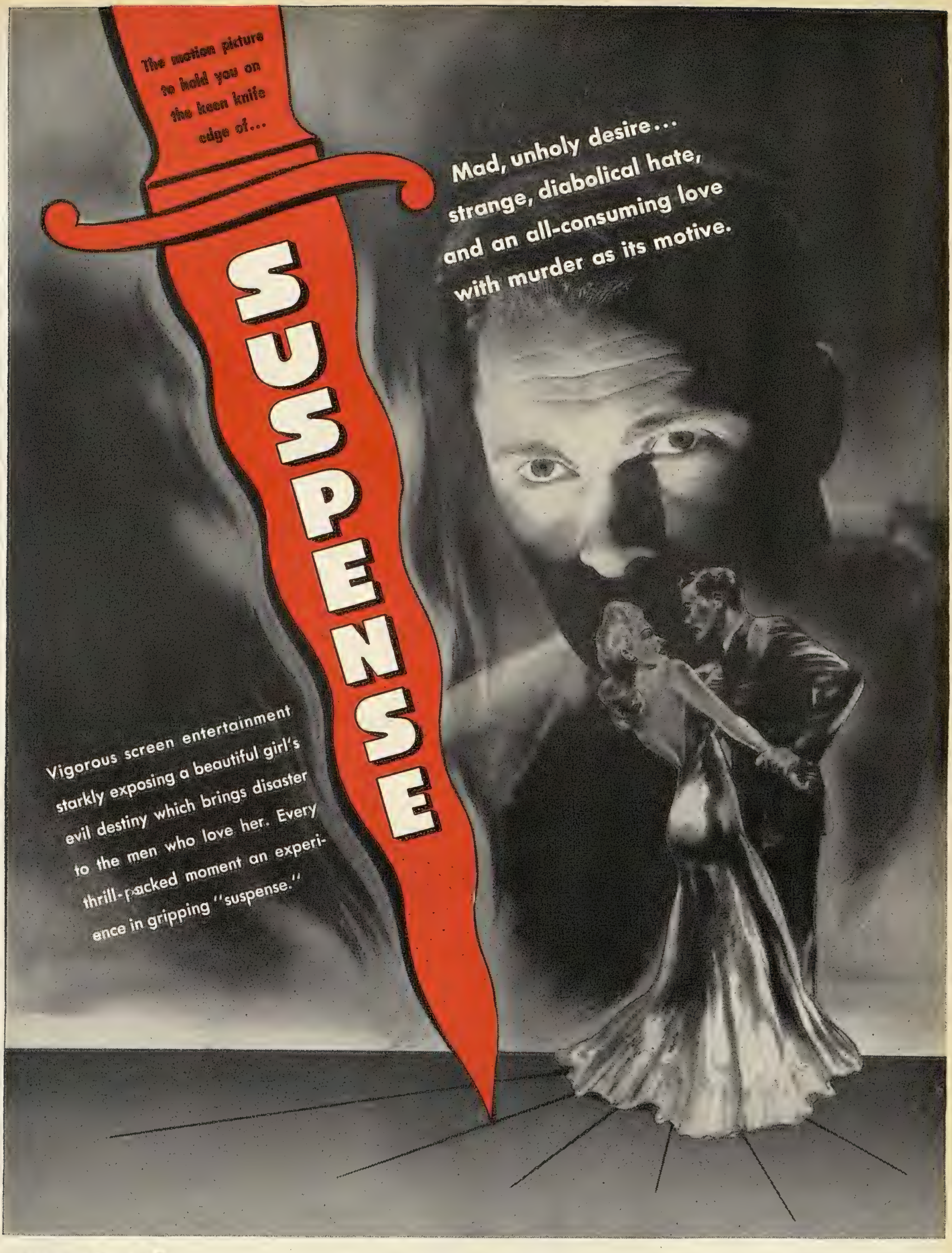
RAYMOND CHANDLER fans—here we go again! The popular mystery writer seems to have made an infinite number of sales to the movies and The Blue Dahlia is the latest—one might almost say the least—of his stories to be so transcribed.

The least because, although all the devices are here, the dialogue is not so tough-smart as formerly, and the action is jerky, illogical. It's the story of a Navy veteran (Alan Ladd) whose reconversion begins with the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling—last seen as the bar hostess in The Lost Weekend). Implicated is the owner of a night club called the Blue Dahlia, who'd been running around with Ladd's wife. He is married, but only legally, to Veronica Lake, who makes friends with Ladd and is concerned with his predicament. Said predicament belongs also to William Bendix, a fellow Navy veteran with a silver plate in his skull, who went to see Dowling the night she was murdered, and who fears he may have killed her in one of his amnesiac moments.

But you can trust Chandler never to point a heavy finger at the guilty party. The outcome is a full-blown shock, and the principals are left all tidied up, breathing steadily, with the presumption that they'll at least have enough time to grow a few blue dahlias before they get involved in another murder.

The Ladd and the Lake perform with their usual nonchalance. William Bendix, with his mental blackouts, does well at conveying an image of a restrained volcano. The Blue Dahlia conforms with the movie stereotype that glamorous violence occurs only in California. Note to Mr. Chandler: There's a little place called Ossining which confines more people on a homicide charge than any other place.

Alan Ladd is wanted for murder, but Veronica Lake doesn't seem to be intimidated.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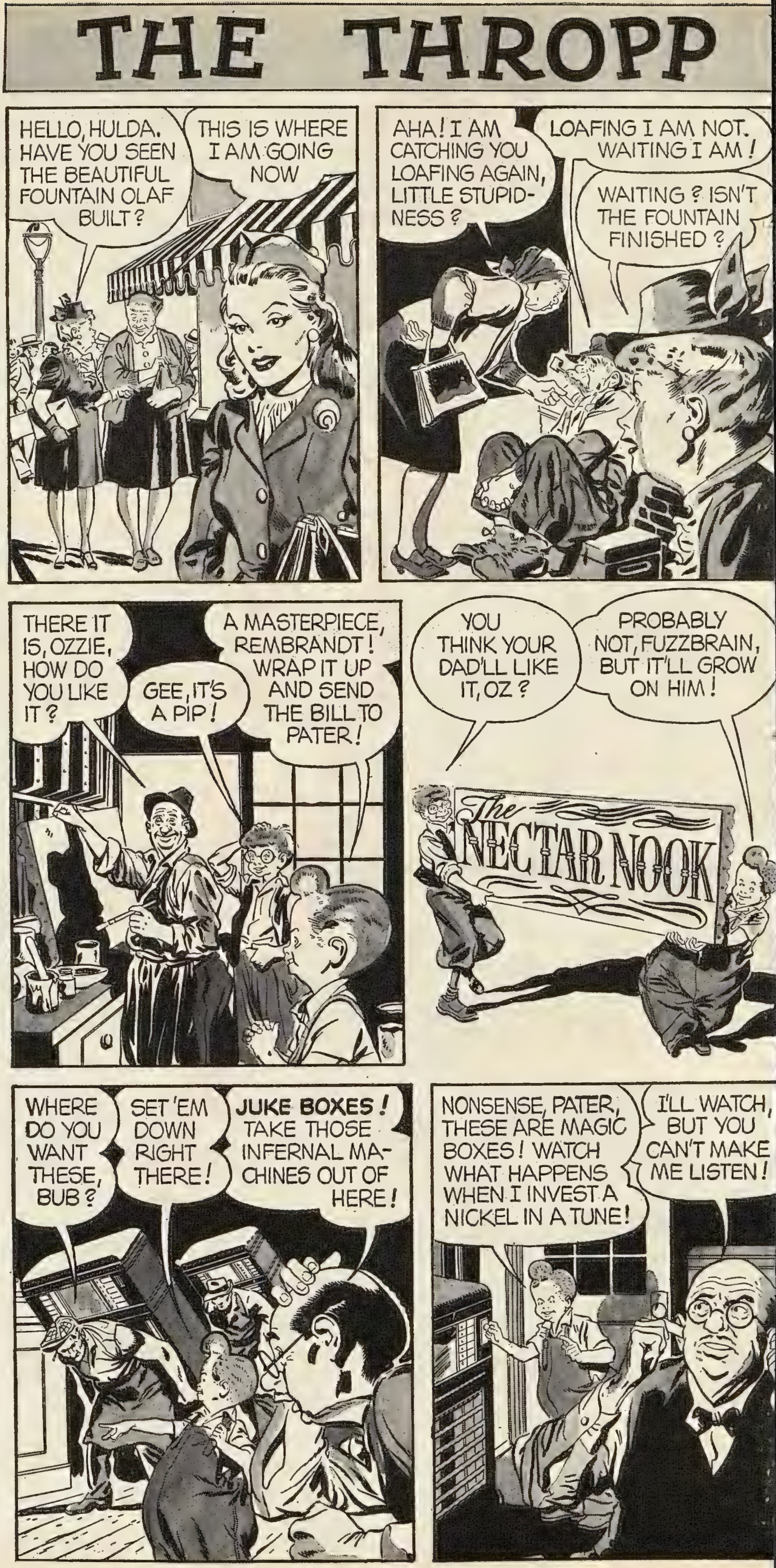
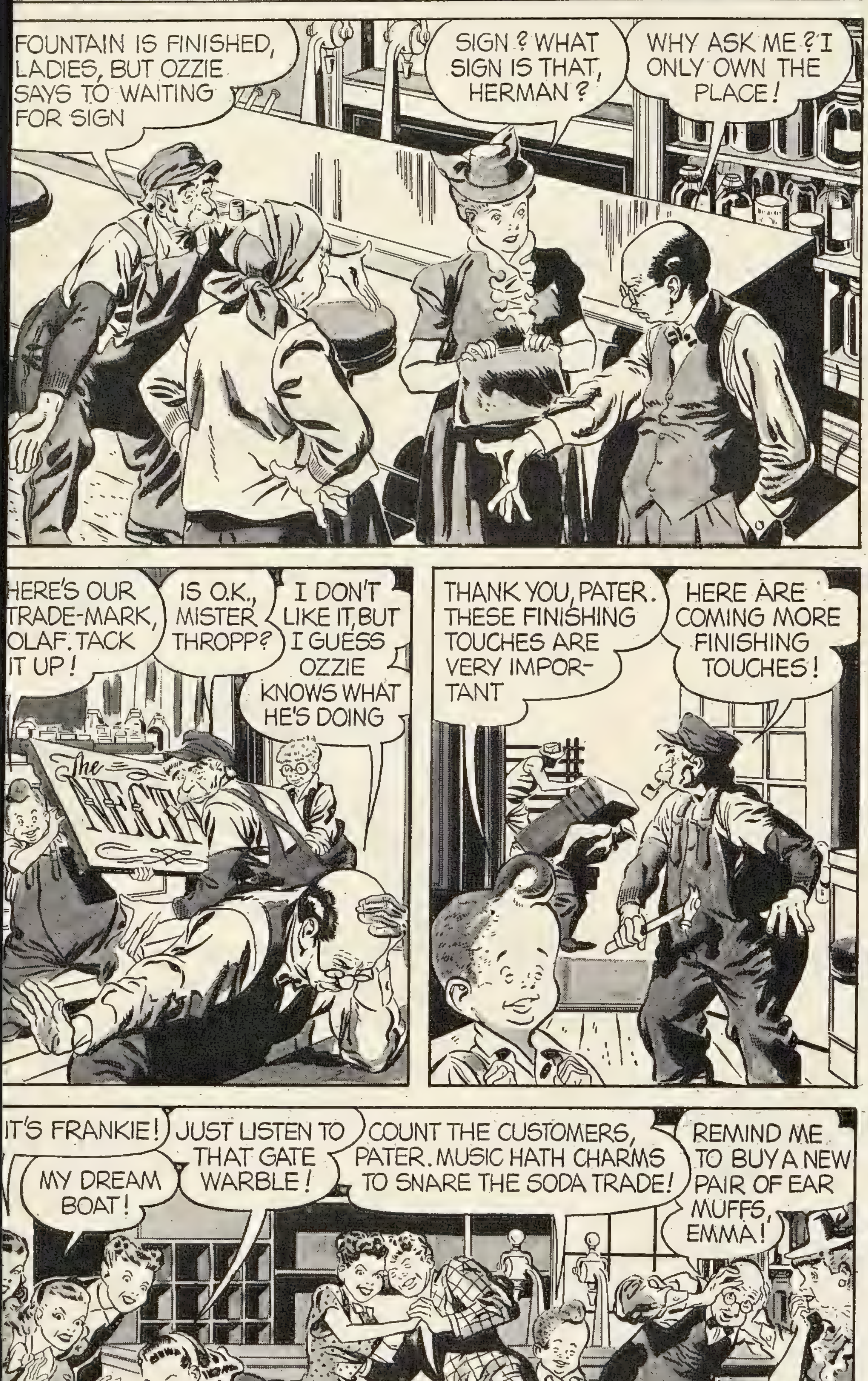

THE THROPP
HELLO, HULDA. HAVE YOU SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN OLAF BUILT?
THIS IS WHERE I AM GOING NOW
AHA! I AM CATCHING YOU LOAFING AGAIN, LITTLE STUPIDNESS?
LOAFING I AM NOT. WAITING I AM!
WAITING? ISN'T THE FOUNTAIN FINISHED?
THERE IT IS, OZZIE, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
GEE, IT'S A PIP!
A MASTERPIECE, REMBRANDT! WRAP IT UP AND SEND THE BILL TO PATER!
YOU THINK YOUR DAD'LL LIKE IT, OZ?
PROBABLY NOT, FUZZBRAIN, BUT IT'LL GROW ON HIM!
The NECTAR NOOK
WHERE DO YOU WANT THESE, BUB?
SET 'EM DOWN RIGHT THERE!
JUKE BOXES! TAKE THOSE INFERNAL MACHINES OUT OF HERE!
NONSENSE, PATER, THESE ARE MAGIC BOXES! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I INVEST A NICKEL IN A TUNE!
I'LL WATCH, BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME LISTEN!

# FAMILY

*Written by* **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
*Illustrated by* **DONLOU**


FOUNTAIN IS FINISHED, LADIES, BUT OZZIE SAYS TO WAITING FOR SIGN
SIGN ? WHAT SIGN IS THAT, HERMAN ?
WHY ASK ME ? I ONLY OWN THE PLACE !
HERE'S OUR TRADE-MARK, OLAF. TACK IT UP !
IS O.K., MISTER THROPP?
I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I GUESS OZZIE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING
The NECTA
THANK YOU, PATER. THESE FINISHING TOUCHES ARE VERY IMPORTANT
HERE ARE COMING MORE FINISHING TOUCHES !
IT'S FRANKIE!
MY DREAM BOAT!
JUST LISTEN TO THAT GATE WARBLE!
COUNT THE CUSTOMERS, PATER. MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SNARE THE SODA TRADE!
REMIND ME TO BUY A NEW PAIR OF EAR MUFFS, EMMA!

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*Continued next week*

# SARAH AND THE GIANT

Continued from Page 35

years as the Tree House, a famous stopping place for stage coaches. Yet for all its three stories and attic and its width of front—kitchen, dining room, hallway, and best parlor—it seemed dwarfed by the tree that soared behind it. For the roof peak didn't remotely approach those first green arms, and the green fingers extended beyond both clapboarded ends.

As for the old cave within the tree trunk, Sarah made that her spring-house. The tree, with an immortal's resourcefulness, had the faculty of drawing the moisture of the fogs down its furrowed bark in rivulets. These she turned, forming a cold pool within, and in it she stood her milk pails and butter crocks.

IN the next three decades Captain Abishai Mowatt almost forgot the sea, though it crashed on great rocks a couple hundred yards from his door, and its winds howled on the mountain in back. But he had become farmer, roadmaster, and innkeeper. He was a bearded patriarch with wide and well-tilled fields. His children were scattered in homes of their own from Stewart's Point to Humboldt Light. Rheumatism bored at his bones. He saw the road he had built become a highway, and part of the traffic on it was the bullock-drawn axles bearing great logs for the Fort Bragg mills.

Out on the water passed many sailing vessels and a few steamships, and then a few sailing ships and many steamers. Within the stout clapboard walls, Sarah's taste in shells and gilt mirrors and horsehair sofas, in smooth fragrant sheets and down comforters and goose-feather mattresses, spoke of earnest housekeeping.

And the tree at the rear of the house had added to its twenty-foot thickness by a thumb width, and to its three-hundred-and-thirty-foot summit by an unnoticed two feet.

The house was old by this time. It was very storm-beaten, for paint doesn't last in Mendocino's climate. House and tree, Sarah thought, were much like an old married pair, the tree sheltering the house, and the house fending for the tree and picking up when he dropped and strewed things about in the masculine manner.

But, like married folks, house and tree also quarreled a little. Sarah noticed the signs but, experienced wife that she was, didn't speak of them.

The year was '88 when Captain Bish, finding that some of the well-seasoned windows and doors of his house wouldn't open without a yank, took them down, planed them, and rehung them, and reslotted their latches.

And with spring an important crack appeared in the foundation.

"Beg pardon—did you say 'Soo-ey' or 'Chloe'?"

LIBERTY

Captain Abishai, investigating, shouted for Sarah and showed her balefully where a root as thick as a flour barrel had exposed its top inch and heaved the stonework up. He got out his adz and chastised this root, and fitted the stones back.

It seemed to Sarah that the tree never had been as lovely as in the ensuing summer, which was a fair one.

IN a gale of the following winter a limb tore off, smashing through the roof with three cords of wood. Fortunately there were no guests at that season.

Captain Bish got out his crosscut saw, ax, wedges, and sledge, his frow and beetle and wood wagon, and went up to the grove in the canyon for repair materials. He swore that the task was becoming a great one, keeping eye on foundation and treetop, on keel and masthead, at one and the same time.

Sarah went with him to the grove. It was a hall of giants whose shapes rose grave and timeless into the common overhead; a house of meditation whose naves and apses were dark at noonday, dry in squall, hushed in tempest; an abbey whose floor was the incorruptible mat of ages, patterned with ankle-deep mosses and delicate ferns, whose aisles and altars were banked with the pink of rhododendron and oxalis, the green of thimbleberry and huckleberry, and the white of azalea, and whose stillness was broken only by the hovering bees.

Sarah loved to climb the shoulders of some fallen titan and, seated, watch her husband saw and wrest and quarry and mine for timbers that were sound and sweet though grounded through time almost geologic.

And she loved to wander away between the piers of cedar, hemlock, sugar pine, and yellow pine until, coming on the great buttresses that were the redwoods, she had to stop and gasp and, peering upward at their grace, taper, beauty and poise, try to believe the visible, tangible fact of their immensity.

But returning behind the slow-moving wagon to the home down by the shore, she would know that she loved her own tree the best.

Spring came, and that guardian tree, with a stir of his toes, sent a rent from bottom to top through the three-story chimney.

Sarah had adored her chimney almost as fiercely as her tree. Abishai finally said:

"Roots again. Seems like the old tree ain't as friendly as he used to be."

Sarah replied, "We'll hitch up the stoneboat and load it, and I'll drive it down from the mountain, and you shall build a new chimney."

Captain Bish's rheumatism hurt him, and it seemed farther than formerly to the top of the mountain with its stock pile of slabs and cobbles. But he went up there with Sarah. And turning, he could see far out over the ocean. And he felt godlike, because from that height he could even look down into the top of the tree. The tripod for the loading winch, though he'd set it up there in the '50s, was made of heart redwood and therefore still sound, so he got what he needed. He tore down the old chimney with its thirty tons of rock and laid it up again, this time in cement mortar.

Yet, carefully as he worked, he could not put back a flue that drew as well as before. Sarah charged that he had been too long away from Maine, where kitchen masonry is understood. Captain Bish snapped that the fault was with the tree. It must have grown, though they hadn't noticed, and changed the air currents.

BY the summer of '92 there wasn't a window in the house that would open without a hammering, and some not then. Sarah was locked in her own attic for one day because the door wouldn't pull.

Captain Bish spent another winter planing and rehanging doors and sash. But by spring, cracks had sprung in the foundation in five places, some so big that they served the field mice for runways.

By this time Captain Bish gave up most of his days to digging trenches along the back of the house, searching out rogue roots. He neglected his farm and road, and travelers had to go to the barn and put up their own horses. Sarah wasted a deal of time too, following Captain Bish around. Every instance when he stopped trenching and reached for his ax, she had to see what he was up to.

One day he said, "The tree has it in for the house."

"He's only being playful," she responded.

"Then he plays durn rough.

There'll never be peace for a house so near to a growing thing."

Sarah retorted, "There never is peace for a house anywhere. If it isn't roots it's lightning. If it ain't lightning it's blizzards. Put out to sea and it's waves. This tree was our first friend and he's still our friend. He'll get his growth one of these days and stop fidgeting."

"I can hardly wait for a tree as big as that feller to get growed up."

In 1900 the entire northwest corner of the foundation leaped apart as from an explosion and its pieces went rolling down the slope, and the best parlor and the best chamber immediately above lost their floors and outer walls. Abishai and Sarah dashed out in their flannel nightclothes. Running hard, Abishai recaptured the melodion halfway down to the breakers. But he and Sarah never did get to say good-by to their guests—a bride and groom, Abishai was pretty sure—who'd had their bed drop out from under them.

"They probably thought it was an earthquake," said Captain Bish.

"Or the judgment," said Sarah. She hadn't been convinced that the young couple were churched, and hoped this had been a good lesson to them.

Captain Bish walked around and around the disrupted corner of his house and reported to his wife:

"It was roots again. I can repair it this time, but I'd hate to do it twice."

"The stoneboat is ready for hitching, and I'll drive it as usual," said Sarah grimly.

"There's not room here for both a tree and a house. I'm too old to build another house. I ought to fell this tree."

That was intended to be jocular.

Nevertheless, a few hours after he made the remark, his twelve-foot crosscut saw and his razorlike double-bitted ax unaccountably disappeared.

ONE day travelers who stopped at the house were a gang of fallers, buckers, and ski-road builders who were on their way over the range to an interior valley where timber estimated at half a million board feet to the acre was ripe for cutting. They had come down from Humboldt Bay, where sawmills were numerous. They told at dinner of their method of dropping the big fellows by setting a ladder of springboards, or platforms, up to a point sixteen feet from the ground, which was above the swell of the butt, and notching in deeply, and then going around to the other side with twenty-four-foot saws. They told of felling one monumental old-timer who had shaped up into two hundred thousand feet of lumber, enough to build ten houses. Two men present at the table had dropped this monster in a week.

"In how long?"

They repeated it.

Sarah took the dinner off the table, returning it to the kitchen. She directed the boss and his crew to be gone instantly. In vain Abishai protested this treatment of their guests. After that, lumbermen were never permitted at the Tree House again. And though Captain Bish was seventy-six years old, and the tree over his house farther around at its base than he could reach though he spread his arms ten times, he found soon after that even his twenty-seven-inch handsaw had disappeared. On all the farm there was nothing to work wood with but bucksaw and hatchet.

The Mowatts of the Mendocino and Humboldt shore line had become a numerous outfit, well into the fourth generation. On a springtime the youngest granddaughter of Sarah and Abishai returned to the Tree House, as Mowatts had been doing since '75, to have her own baby. Sally Mowatt Trask was a fair-haired girl who, each year of her life, had looked exactly like the Sarah Neddock who once had played on Bramhall's Hill. Sally's husband had been to Alaska in the gold rush. He had a good mine up there and often was called on the jump to defend his interests. He was away at this juncture.

Twenty-two Mowatts had been born in the old house under the great tree, with never a loss of mother or babe. Matriarchal Sarah Mowatt, Captain Bish's wife, with her lips attributed this to the God of all good Protestants, and in her heart to the omnipresent lovingkindness of the protecting tree.

CAPTAIN BISH, when these tremendous doings were afoot in the house, never shook off the extreme anxiety that he'd felt with his own first fatherhood. It was exactly as when his brig had hurried through uncharted waters between a full gale, and a dark shore. As his favorite grandchild approached her moment, his horses stood in the barn grained and ready to whirl the trap off for Fort Bragg and fetch the doctor.

On a midnight, Sarah woke him. "You can go now."

"Little Sally?"

"She's walking the floor. She's gripping the footrail to the bed and lifting her knees, first one, then t'other."

At eighty-one a man does not move rapidly of habit, but Captain

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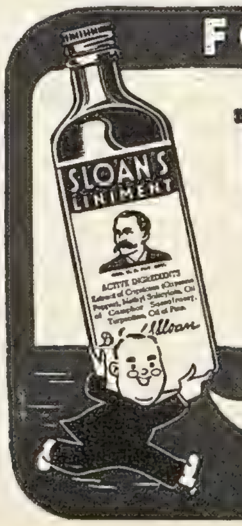

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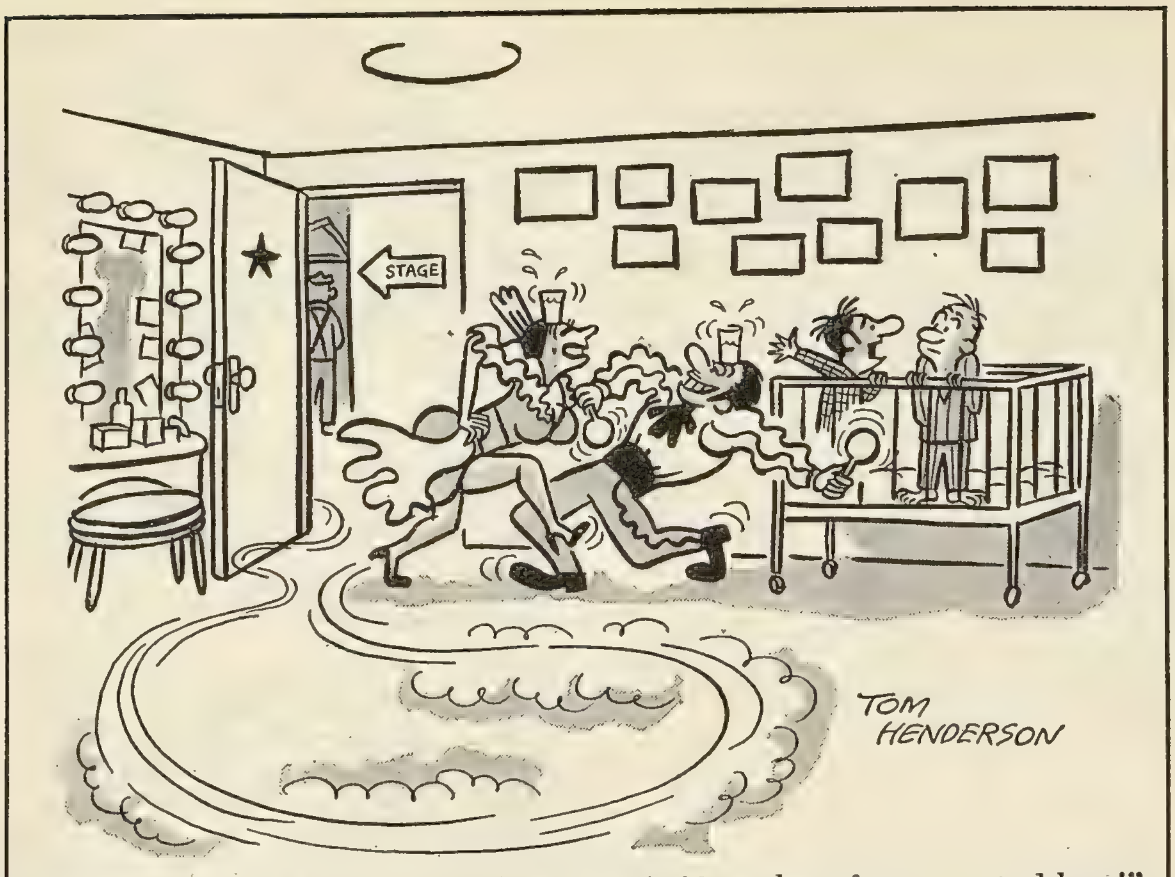

"This sort of thing goes on every time you mention a glass of water around here!"
LIBERTY

Bish could not remember ever getting into his clothes so fast.

It was an hour's trip to Fort Bragg under the best conditions; but a hundred and ten inches of rain had fallen between October and April, and the road was a bog. Dawn was faint above the hemlocks atop the coastal range when he started homeward with Dr. Brace.

Captain Abishai's first notice that this was a momentous date in local annals was when the road slewed sideways eight feet. This movement was attested by breaks in the roadside fence which could be seen and measured for a long time after. At the instant of the sudden slew, a roar came from the bottom of the world. The sea boiled and whipped. Pieces of shore cliff toppled. From mountains on the east, dislodged rubble swept avalanching paths through the timber. One such slide buried the road a quarter mile ahead. As for Abishai and Dr. Brace, they had been hurled into a blackberry patch when their trap went over.

The horses were out of their traces and gone completely. The two men hurried on afoot.

They did not yet know, that April 18, 1906, that San Francisco and many other California towns were in ruin. But they sensed that it well might be so, and the Tree House also.

At nine in the morning they arrived at the Tree House.

Captain Bish clutched the doctor, and pointed.

The great chimney, which he had restored in 1900, was utterly down. But the house stood fast.

Behind it the tree, its shaft and crown reaching high into sunlight, extended arms in benediction.

Captain Bish and the doctor made their way over broken glass to the doorstep. Later they would examine the boulder, straight off the mountain, that the tree had caught with its twenty-foot bole. Caught and deflected, though the carom had taken out the chimney. They would inspect that stone, big as a woodshed, down yonder in the surf; and also others, cannoned from the lofty stock pile of slabs and cobbles, that had come to rest against the shaggy shield.

From the floor above sounded the yell of the house's twenty-third baby.

The old house is empty in this year 1946. Each springtime its foundations grow more fissured, more of its supporting stones scamper away to the sea. For the tree on whose feet it sits fidgets playfully. He is young and hard-muscled and storm-nourished, and still growing.

THE END

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## THE LADY IS NO MONKEY

Continued from Page 25

share of the responsibilities of the farm. And attractive seventeen-year-old Renée is preparing to study medicine with chimp rather than human ills as her ultimate interest.

The Denis-Roosevelt Farm isn't the African jungle, but the sunny moist climate of Florida is this country's nearest approximation of African weather conditions. Only large and uncontrollable apes are kept in cages. "Chimps," Mr. Denis explains, "dislike cages as much as a man dislikes solitary confinement. Living alone may even affect the chimp's growth. A successful ape is socially well adjusted. He likes his friends, gets along with them, and generally enjoys life."

Armand Denis has experimented successfully with electrically fenced areas in which young chimps can run and play. There are dangers of infection, however, when animals are kept in large groups and allowed contact with the ground. Most of them, therefore, are kept near the log buildings of the farm on "exercise stands." Made of pipe, with platforms at several levels and a roof, these stands accommodate two chimps. Animals who have been on the same stand together often form a close companionship which may last a lifetime. Years later they'll recognize each other and embrace like long-lost brothers.

The Denises have an endless fund of interesting and amusing stories about chimps. For instance, Chico, Marco, Chad, and Suzanne gathered round a dinner table was a high spot of nursery life a few months ago. Renée Denis attempted to teach this quartet table manners according to the best Emily Post rules. She considered herself successful when she got them to keep a napkin tucked under their chins, eat with a fork, and keep their feet off the table. The fork was the least difficult. It was the feet-under-the-table rule that called for self-control. A chimp is so constructed that he likes to keep his feet close to his vest. The dinner would progress with a maximum of eating and a minimum of noise when a foot would appear surreptitiously in front of, say, Marco. Chico would see it first, then Chad, then Suzanne. All three would let out anthropoidal shrieks, at the same time pointing at the offending foot as much as to say, "Look! Look! Marco has his foot on the table!" But on a word from Mrs. Denis, Marco would retire his foot. All would be reasonably silent for thirty seconds. Then Chad's foot would appear. And so went the dinner. Chimps enjoy being mischievous, but they don't like to see another chimp get away with anything. In their way, they love to shout, "Teacher, teacher!" just as do their small human counterparts.

As chimps grow older they retain this mischievous childlike quality. They can be destructive, but as a rule not viciously so. It is just that every day is Halloween to a chimpanzee.

Because chimpanzees have the best dispositions and are probably the most intelligent of the anthropoid apes, they are the most desirable for medical research. Gorillas, orangutans, and gibbons may be valuable for special studies for which the chimps are unsuited, but it is unlikely that they will be used in great numbers. Gorillas are the least desirable because of their vicious dispositions and prodigious strength. The average full-grown gorilla has the strength of ten strong men and only a cage built like a fortress will hold him. He can grasp a man by both shoulders and split him in two much as you might break a slice of bread. The problems involved in working in a laboratory with such beasts are obvious.

The task of providing the large number of chimps which will be required for even a small amount of research is not an easy one. The first step, securing the original animals from Africa and transporting them to this country, is a hazardous and complicated undertaking. The Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation has permission from the African authorities concerned to capture the necessary animals. But native hunts must be organized, equipment such as nets and cages provided, assembly points set up on the west coast of Africa, and arrangements made for transportation to the United States.

Most chimpanzees are captured by natives, using a time-honored technique. When a "scout" discovers a group of chimps has nested down for the night in the trees near his village, he spreads the news. Practically the whole village population slips noiselessly into the forest under cover of darkness. At dawn the hunt begins.

Shouting and beating drums, some moving on the ground, some swinging through the trees almost as agilely as the chimps, they drive their quarry before them. Usually a medicine man, swinging his juju of old teeth and dried flesh to keep off the rain, directs the hunt. Their aim is to drive the chimps into any small clump of trees which extends out from the forest into a clearing. The natives cut down the trees between the clump which harbors the apes and the forest proper. This done, they surround the isolated trees with ground nets. Then, one by one, they cut down these remaining trees. When these come down, so do the apes. This is the most exciting and dangerous part of the hunt. As the chimps try to escape through the nets, the natives leap on them like football tacklers, tie them up and drag them into improvised cages. Then begins the long journey to the shipping points on the coast.

THERE are no known figures on whether it costs more to import apes or to breed them here. But even if it were less expensive to import them as needed, the requirements of research make it essential that they be bred in captivity. Those born in captivity are infinitely superior research subjects because their medical history from the hour of their birth is on record. There's no telling what diseases captured apes may have had. They frequently arrive in this country infected with a variety of parasites. They are most likely to acquire dysentery, mange, and other infections commonly carried by the natives who captured them. Such ills may inject uncontrollable factors into research projects and make the results unreliable.

Laboratories which supply small animals for research work have developed a "standard" rat and a "standard" mouse which can be counted on to behave in a definite, predetermined way. Fed a given amount of food, for example, a group of them will all gain the same amount of weight, within extremely narrow limits. This makes for accurate laboratory results. Apes cannot be so standardized for many years, if ever, but it is extremely important that their life history be known and controlled as far as possible if research results are to be dependable.

Once a sufficient number of the animals have been brought to this country and have been acclimatized, the foundation will begin the slow and costly process of breeding and raising the young chimps. Chimpanzees have a life cycle approximately the same as that of tropical man—thirty-five to fifty years. They reach maturity, a weight of 110 pounds for males and ninety pounds for females, at the age of ten. The female produces, at the most, one baby a year and that for only a limited number of years. The rate of increase of a "herd" of anthropoid apes is thus not much faster than would be that of a human group systematically bred.

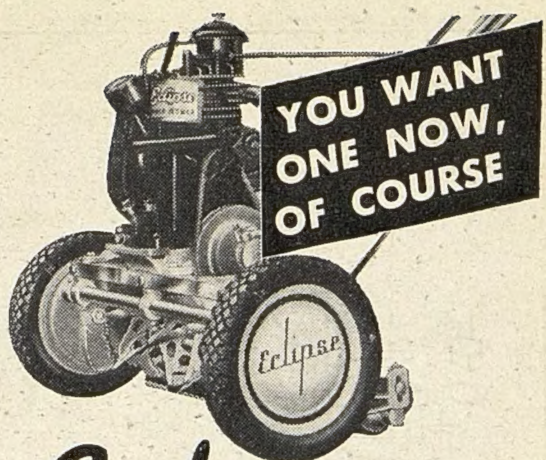
THE chimps also must have carefully planned meals if they are to thrive. After five years of experimentation at the Denis-Roosevelt Farm, the proper menu has now been worked out. A growing, near-adult animal needs 3,000 calories a day. His fare includes a milky concoction made by mixing four ounces of dried milk, four ounces of soya flour, and two ounces of molasses with water. For his solid food he gets a pound of sweet potatoes, a pound of bananas, and eight ounces each of whole-wheat bread, carrots, and oranges. About four ounces of a green vegetable such as kale, turnip tops, or spinach completes his daily intake. Denis says this diet, which costs about forty-five cents a day, is superior to the fare of the average American because it's scientifically balanced.

A two- or three-year-old chimpanzee freshly imported from Africa is, at present prices, worth only a few hundred dollars. However, an acclimated animal which has weathered its first year of captivity and become tame enough to be handled is worth several times that amount. Feeding the young chimp, the Denis diet at forty-five cents a day means it will have consumed well over $1,000 worth of food before it reaches the breeding age. Add to this such costs as constant care and expert medical attention, and a mature chimp represents an investment of well over $2,000.

A circus or a motion-picture producer may be able to afford such a price for the few animals that are available. But medical laboratories have seldom been able to afford one ape, let alone the number that urgent experimentation would require. Large-scale research with chimpanzees will have to wait until the animals of the Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation are ready.

When that day comes, Colette and her kinfolk will help solve the problems of medical science.

THE END



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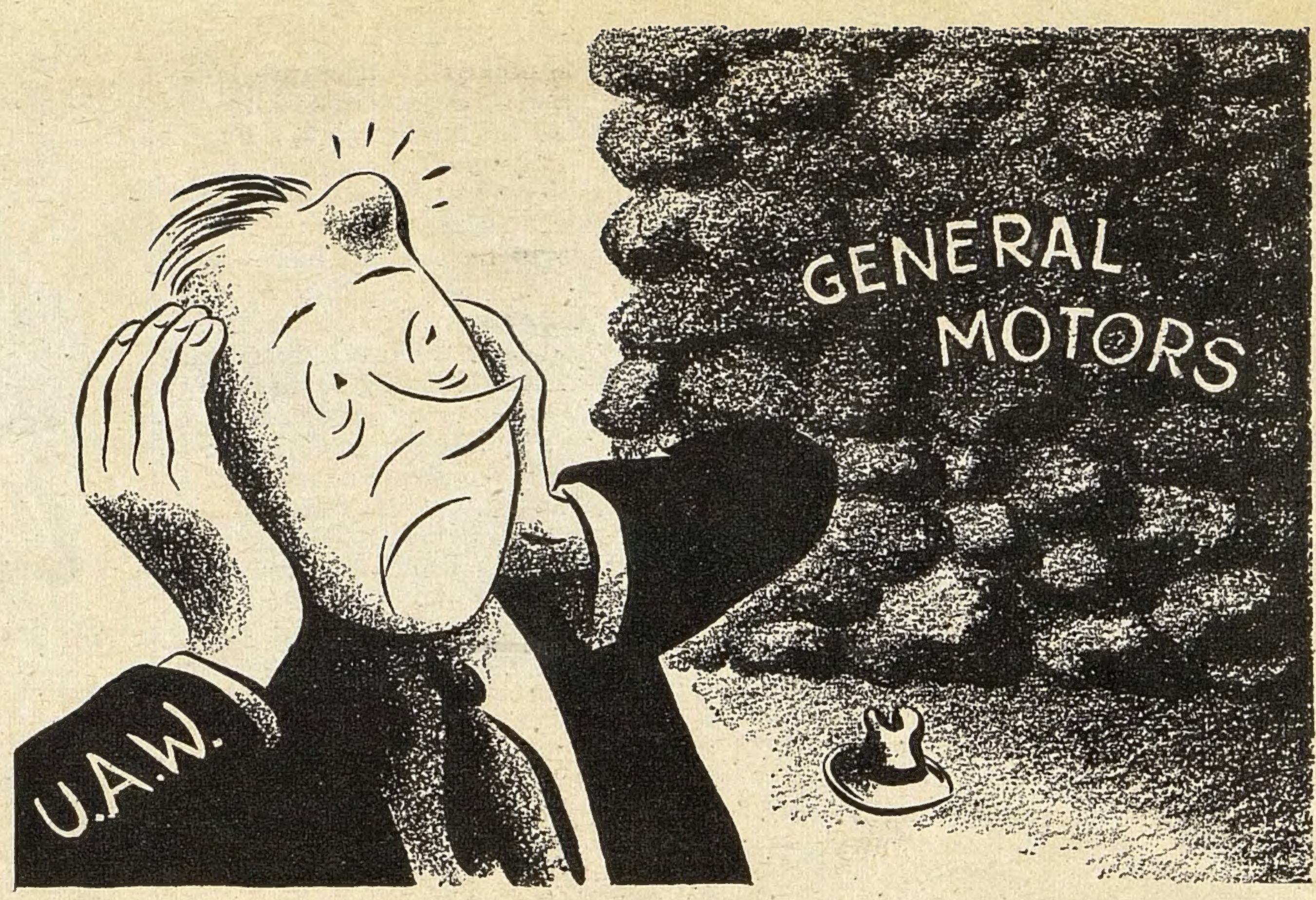


# LOSSES AND GAINS OF THE G. M. STRIKE

THE recent General Motors strike is reputed to have caused economic losses somewhat in excess of a billion dollars. However, as often happens in this blindly fortunate land, this loss may turn into an eventual gain. The long and costly G. M. strike will cut down the frequency, magnitude, and length of future strikes in the mass-production industries.

Sooner or later the growing power of labor and the increasing frequency of its misapplication had to run up against the facts of economic life as we live it in the U. S. A. A point had to be reached where business would be forced to choose as the lesser of two evils to keep its plants idle rather than accede to union demands which were exorbitant and inoperable.

It has now been demonstrated that labor cannot have everything its own way. For a long while it looked as if it could. Some leaders of labor, completely convinced of their power, grew more and more arrogant in their exercise of it. It began to seem that any demand could be enforced by strike techniques which grew ever bolder. It was believed that if plants could be kept closed, the employing companies would have to capitulate. We know now that this isn't so.

No matter how you slice the outcome of the G. M. strike, the union lost. G. M. workers, after nearly four months of idleness, gained for themselves almost the identical deal achieved without losing a single day's pay by their brothers at Chrysler and Ford. The savings of the G. M. folks were dissipated and thousands of families brought to the edge of penury through the peculiar strategy of their leaders—a strategy which boomeranged badly. General Motors was to be isolated and subdued while its competitors were kept in production. It didn't work. The union attempted to inject a radical new principle into wage negotiations—ability to pay. It lost.

In the final settlement this point did not even come into consideration.

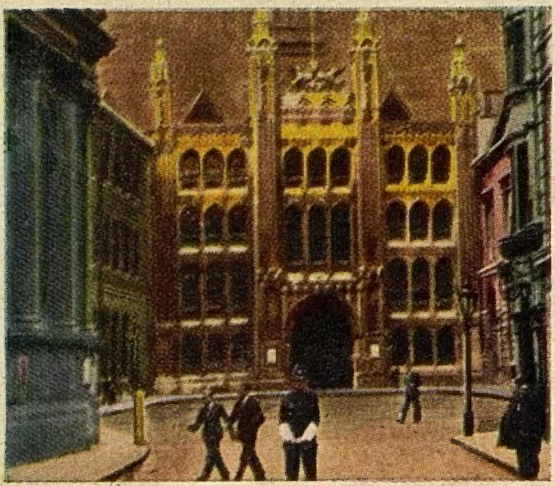
The whole country, including organized labor, will benefit in the long run from the clear vision and courage of the General Motors Corporation. From the staunch stand of this company many lasting benefits will flow. We will see a new and more constructive approach to collective bargaining.

There will be a marked lessening of arrogance among the tough guys of labor. They have discovered to their surprise that it can happen here. Instead of costly strikes, we will see a growing realization among workingmen and their employers that their aims are identical—more production and thus a better standard of living for all concerned.

A billion dollars is a lot to lose, but it is cheap if thereby we discover this early in the postwar era just how far it is possible to get by demanding, and settle down to earning our way to a better life by production.

Paul Hunter

# How old is the labor union idea?



**1141** **London Guildhall,** erected 805 years ago. If you consider the labor movement a recent development, this first of all labor halls may change your mind. Guilds go back to the eighth and ninth centuries. However, they were craftsmen's groups, different from unions today...

**1881** **Sixty-five years** ago, when the name Corby's had been a Canadian landmark for 23 years, a call was sent out for a national labor meeting. Labor organizations took five more years to come together in a national unit in 1886 at a meeting in Columbus, Ohio...

**1935** **The idea** of industrial unions vs. craft unions became strong in a national labor conclave in Atlantic City. A year later, when Corby's reached its 78th anniversary as a famous Canadian name, a second national labor union was formed by a committee meeting in Washington, D. C...

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